


# Current Literature

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## A Review of the World

 OUR poets, one President, one Vice President, one cardinal, two governors, three ambassadors, one Japanese admiral, a Canadian postmaster general, several judges, senators, congressmen and clergymen, together with many soldiers and Indians constituted what Mr. Taft jocularly termed the "traveling show" that last month gave a continuous performance of five days' duration in honor of historic Lake Champlain. There were three centuries of history to be celebrated and it required three nations to do the subject justice—France, Great Britain and the United States. We are getting well into the stream of tercentenary celebrations on this continent. Last year it was Quebec; last month it was Lake Champlain; next month it will be the Hudson river. Thus as we pass on down the twentieth century, the thrilling and dramatic panorama of the seventeenth century—the days of the explorers, missionaries, adventurers, colonizers—begins to unfold before our eyes again, and the race for a new empire is seen again in which the competitors were France, Spain, Great Britain and Holland, not to mention the dusky North American aborigines. It was a race in which none of these old-world competitors won, yet a race in which they have all won. No European nation holds this land in fief, yet no European nation but can point to the names of many of its illustrious children who have helped to make and are now helping to make our national institutions. Even the Indians have, in a sense, triumphed with the rest. According to a statement made by Seth Low, in one of the speeches of the celebration, on authority which we believe is somewhat controverted, there are more Indians now living than there were when Samuel de Champlain, about July 4, 1609, first disturbed the waters of the Lake now bearing his name with the prows of his little flotilla of canoes.

THEREFORE did it happen that Ambassador Jusserand and Ambassador Bryce could, without any heart-burnings or notes of bitterness, stand upon the same platform with President Taft and pay eloquent tributes to the long list of men who fought and dared and blundered and achieved during two centuries of strife in this now peaceful and beautiful region. Not a note of racial antagonism was developed.

"Where rapt in beauty sleeps Champlain,  
Lulled are the passion and the pain;  
The legend and the race remain."

So ran Percy Mackaye's lines, and they expressed the spirit of the occasion. It was a celebration of two centuries of strife, but it was also a celebration of nearly a century of peace. No more striking object lesson exists in the world today than the five thousand miles of border between this country and Canada, undefended by a single fort, practically unguarded by war ships and unprotected by armed garrisons. Said President Taft, referring to the Canadians: "They cannot have a prosperity that we cannot and must not share. And we cannot have a prosperity on our side that they will not derive a benefit from. Therefore, each may look upon the growth of the other with entire complacency and with an earnest desire that the ideals and conditions that they have formed may be carried to fruition, and I am glad to feel, from a National standpoint, that these celebrations, these memorials, are a permanent step forward in bringing about that union of feeling and sentiment and neighborhood effect that ought to be encouraged between those two great powers on the North American continent." This note struck by President Taft was heartily taken up by Rodolphe Lemieux, postmaster general of Canada, who pointed to the fact that for nearly a century the policing of



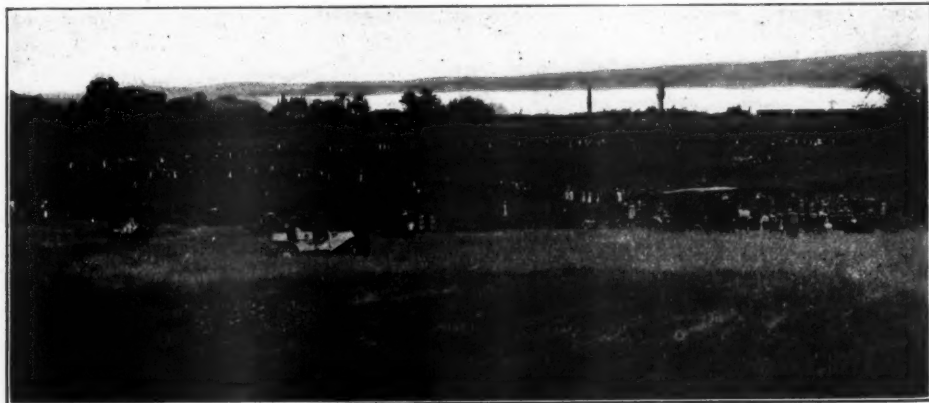
AT TICONDEROGA

"Never again," said President Taft, "may this fair valley be given a name in history by reason of its being the seat of bloody wars."

the Great Lakes has been reduced to a minimum of armed cruisers and that there are now in existence five treaties between the United States and Canada, a sixth is awaiting ratification, and a seventh is almost completed.

IN A brilliant sketch of the history of Lake Champlain read by Hamilton Wright Mabie at one of the meetings of the celebration

and published in full in *The Outlook*, there file before us, in review, the picturesque figures that have made memorable the various scenes round about the lake. There is, first, Champlain himself, "a gentleman by birth and training, brave and hardy, of great strength, calm in danger, resourceful and swift in action . . . a man to be loved and honored." Of his battle with the Iroquois, Charles M. Harvey, writing in *The Atlantic*



PEACEFUL MANEUVERS ON A BLOODY BATTLEGROUND

The celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain was marked by the note of amity on the part of the three nations—France, Great Britain, United States—that made the region a scene of bloody contest for two centuries. The evolutions of Canadian troops with those of Uncle Sam was a feature of the series of meetings.



AT CROWN POINT

"Amid these ruins of ambition," said Governor Hughes, "were laid the foundations of the Republic under whose banner we meet to-day, the friend both of France and of England, in whose blessings the children of both the ancient rivals share, whose peaceful progress is a boon to all mankind."

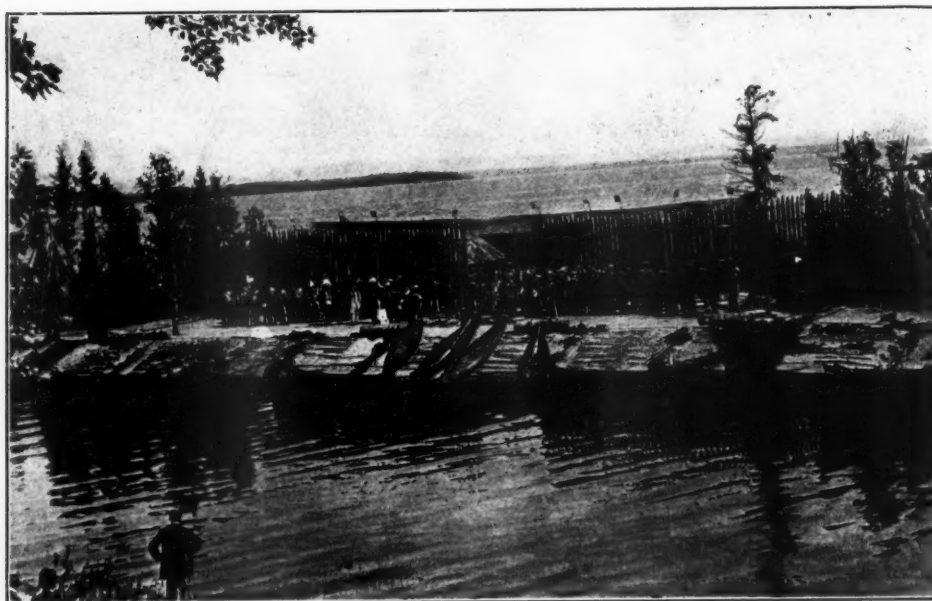
*Monthly*, says: "Altho Creasy has not put it on his list of the decisive battles of the world, yet very few on that roll, from Marathon to Waterloo, had larger consequences." Yet it was a very tiny battle, as battles go, participated in, on one side, by three Frenchmen and sixty painted Algonquin braves, and, on the other, by about two hundred Iroquois warriors. The battle is thus vividly described by Parkman:

"The canoes approached the shores [where Ticonderoga now stands] and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade—tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide



THE ENTERPRIZE

What is left of Benedict Arnold's schooner, with which he assailed the British ships on Lake Champlain. He "fought four hours with desperate courage," to quote Mr. Mabie, "and ran his sinking schooner covered with dead and dying men into a small creek and set her afire, her flag flying until the flames plucked it down."



#### THE SONG OF PEACE

On a floating island, made of barges, and towed from point to point of the Champlain celebrations, Indian pageants were conducted reproducing scenes of three hundred years ago.

and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fiber supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

"The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished gaze of the Iroquois, who, beholding the war-like apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement. But his arquebuse was leveled; the report startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there rose from the allies a yell, which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunder-clap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows. For a moment the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets on their flank, they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned and many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The arquebuse had done its work. The victory was complete."

THAT shot from Champlain's arquebuse, says Senator Root, in one of the addresses of the celebration, "determined the part that was to be played in the approaching conflict by the most powerful military force

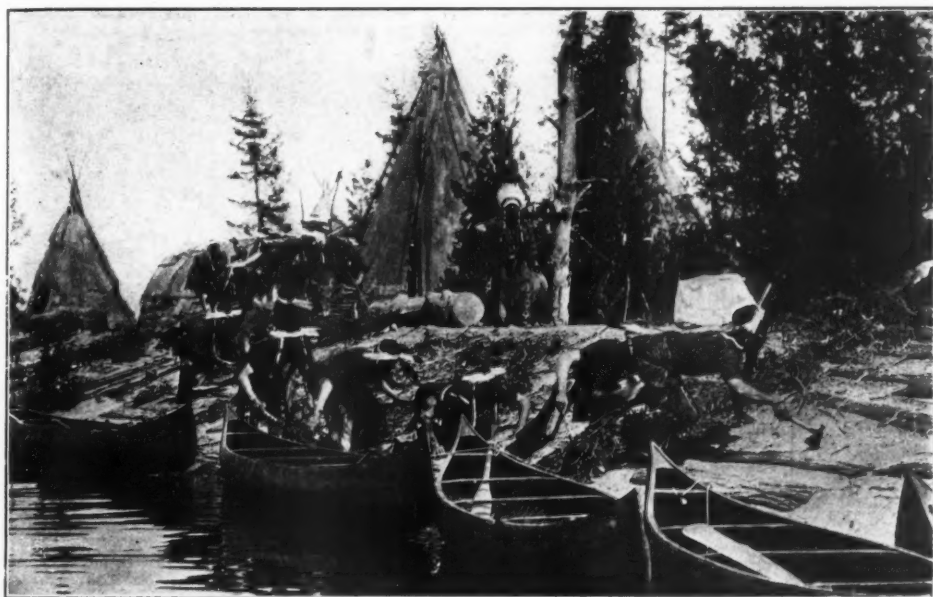
among the Indians of North America. It made the Confederacy of the Iroquois and all of its nations and dependencies the implacable enemies of the French and the fast friends of the English for all the long struggle that was to come." That enmity of the Iroquois is given by the Senator as one of the two primary causes for the defeat of the French. The other cause lies deeper: "it is that peoples, not monarchs, settlers, not soldiers, build empires; that the spirit of absolutism in a royal court is a less vital principle than the spirit of liberty in a nation." The French Ambassador put the case a little differently and with rare tact and grace. The French, he said, were better sowers than reapers; and no matter what had occurred as to the reaping, he was glad to find that they had been good sowers of a sturdy civilization, and if they had not reaped all that they had sown, they had reaped one thing which was the most important of all, and that was a full measure of American friendship. The British and Japanese ambassadors were no less polite and hardly less felicitous in turning their compliments for America and in their expressions of hope for continued peace. Their mutual felicitations seemed to reflect back upon the Anglo-Japanese alliance a new and more significant reality and permanence.

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THE ATTACK

"Emerging from their island palisade, the redskins canoed to shore, and after climbing stealthily up the bank sprang with wild yells"—To be continued at the quadri-centenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain, one hundred years hence.

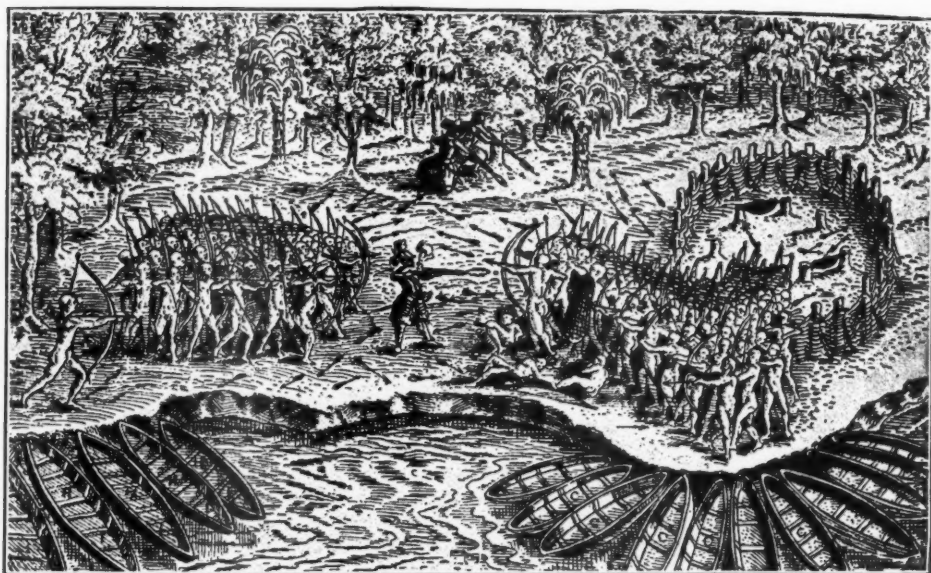
FRANCE, says the New York *Sun*, commenting on the subject, did not lose this continent because of any failure on this side of the sea, either in design or execution. It was in Europe that America was lost by the French. Almost from the inception of their operations in the New World, their design "grasped a continent and not a seaboard and launched from New Orleans as well as Quebec expeditions which aimed at real empire while British colonies were still huddled to the eastward of the Alleghanies. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries it was France, not Great Britain, which was thinking imperially." This same breadth of vision, and daring of action, *The Sun* continues, has marked the operations of the French in Africa in these later decades, and with much the same results. "When Major Marchand crossed Africa from the Congo to the Nile and sat down at Fashoda the analogy with America was complete. Egypt was cut off from Uganda. England had several spots upon the crust, but the heart of Africa belonged to France, had been won by precisely the same methods, the same genius in conception and ability in execution which won America, the vast bulk of the North American continent, for France two centuries before." Again, *The Sun* continues,

in Africa as in America, continental necessities forced France to relinquish her triumph. Before the English threat of war, France, mindful of Germany's proximity, abandoned Fashoda and the Bahr el Ghazel, in much the



DON DE DIEU

The schooner on which the adventurous, high-born and high-souled Champlain made one of his voyages to the New World to establish the New France.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S DECISIVE BATTLES

"Altho Creasy has not put it on his list of the decisive battles of the world," says a writer in *The Atlantic*, "yet very few on that roll from Marathon to Waterloo had larger consequences. This cut is from Champlain's own drawing of the encounter between the Algonquins, under French leadership, and the Iroquois in 1609.

same manner as the Continental wars had forced her to abandon New France three hundred years ago.

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IT IS amazing the way in which a very slight thing may become the center of a great political agitation. During the last few weeks, New York city has been visited by a civic cyclone that may have an important influence upon the city election to take place next November. The cyclone has carried police commissioner Bingham and several of his deputies out of office, has resulted in a wholesale shifting of other high police officials, and has set all the political and civic and many of the business organizations into heated discussion and more or less frantic endeavor. At the center of this cyclone and the occasion of its origin is an object no more important than the photograph of a hitherto obscure and unimportant young man of twenty, whose name is George B. Duffy, and who is engaged in the modest employment of delivering milk on a route in Brooklyn for eighteen dollars a week. Two years ago young Duffy was arrested near his home, without a warrant, as "a suspicious person," and locked up overnight. In the morning he

was taken to police headquarters, where he was measured on the Bertillon plan and his photograph was taken and hung up in the Rogues' Gallery. The next day he was conducted to court and, no complaint of any kind being made against him, he was discharged. It seems that a window had been broken in a saloon and some whisky bottles extracted, but the saloon keeper disavowed having had anything to do with Duffy's arrest and could make no complaint against him. But the photograph of Duffy remained in the Rogues' Gallery.

YOUNG Duffy, unaware that greatness was already beginning to be thrust upon him, pursued the even tenor of his milky way. Had he only dispensed malt or spirituous instead of lacteal fluids, his relations with the police might have proved much less trying. The fact that his picture was in the Rogues' Gallery had a two-fold effect. It subjected him to the ridicule of his friends and to the constant suspicions of the police. His father tried in vain to have the picture removed. In the meantime the police continued to arrest Duffy for one cause and another. The second time he was charged with "obstructing the street." The third time he was charged with assault and highway robbery; but the man who was

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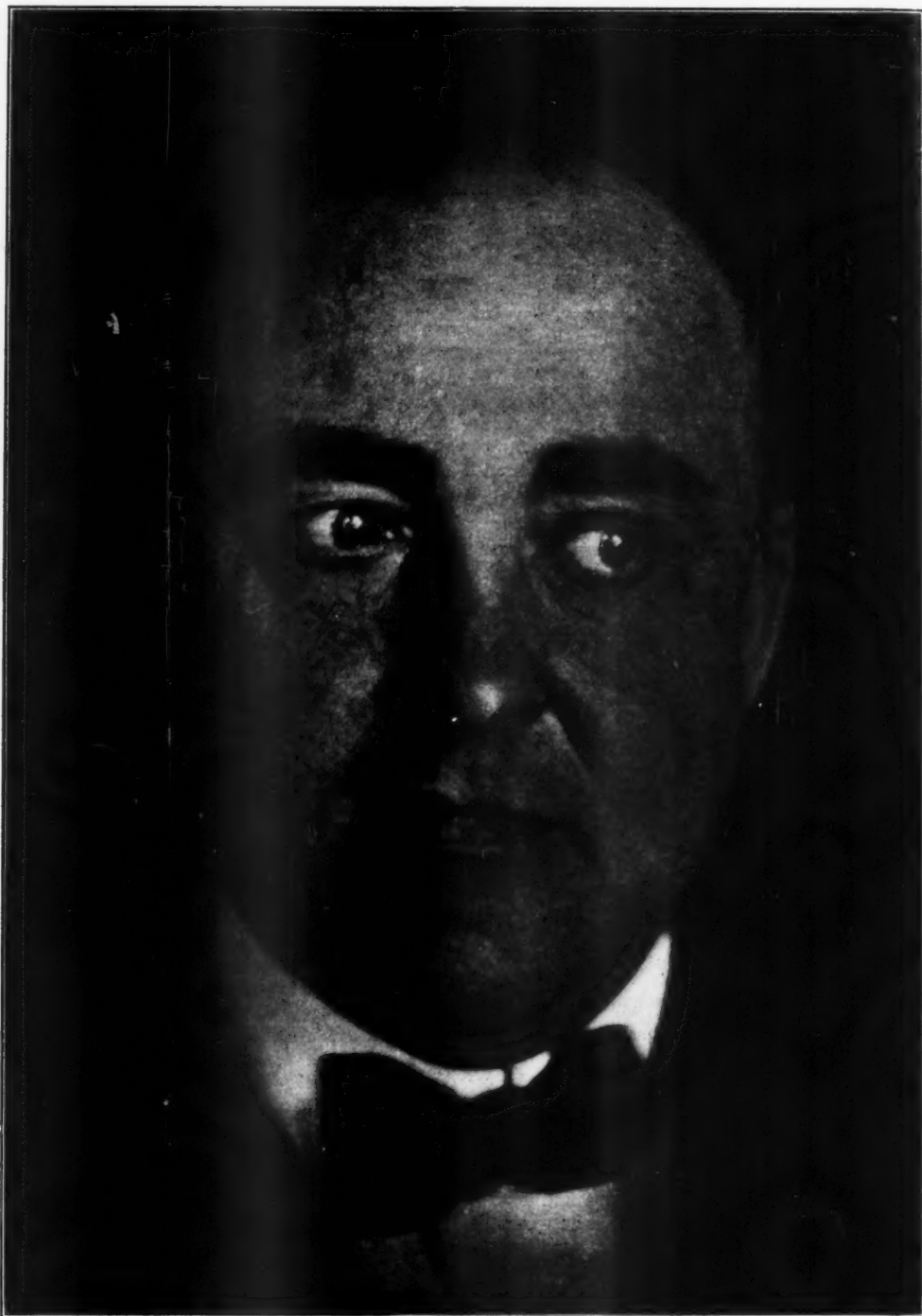
robbed said as soon as he saw Duffy that he was not the robber. The fourth time he was arrested for vagrancy; but again no charge was made against him in court, and he was discharged. In the meantime, Duffy senior, a reputable man, had gone to William J. Gaynor, justice of the supreme court, and asked his aid. Judge Gaynor engaged in correspondence on the subject with Commissioner Bingham.

BINGHAM offered to have the boy's photograph removed and his record expunged if Judge Gaynor personally requested it. The Judge seemed a little shy, saying, "I am averse to asking outright for I would prefer that if it be done you should get the credit of it yourself." Bingham says that after that he sent word over to Brooklyn twice for young Duffy to call on him. The message was delivered in a blind way so that Duffy didn't understand the nature of the summons and did not appear. Bingham wrote to Gaynor stating why he had done nothing and received an angry response, in which the Judge said, "nor do I believe that you ever sent for him [Duffy] to come and see you. I would have brought him to you myself if you asked." That ended the correspondence. Bingham did nothing further. Gaynor, after a lapse of twelve more days, wrote a letter to Mayor McClellan detailing the facts of the case, and concluding as follows: "He [Bingham] is possessed of the most dangerous and destructive delusion that officials can entertain in a free government, namely, that he is under no legal restraint whatever, but may do as he wills, instead of only what the law permits, and that only in the manner it prescribes." The letter was published in all the newspapers. Bingham has since instituted a suit against the judge for damages.

AFTER receiving this letter the Mayor became busy. He conducted a personal examination of the Duffy case. Two Catholic priests declared that the lad was "a truthful, honest, manly chap," who did not drink, who went to confession regularly and to mass every Sunday, and who frequently acted as an usher in church. The president and foreman of the milk company for whom he worked said he was capable, conscientious, honest and industrious, and they had never heard him use profane language. The principal and a teacher of the public school where Duffy had been a pupil testified to his good character, as did also a number of his neighbors. The mayor

sifted the police "evidence" against the boy and found it all rotten and flimsy. He found out also that, while he was examining into the case, Bingham's secretary, Slattery, was busy trying to secure evidence against the personal character of Judge Gaynor. Then the mayor acted. He issued a series of orders. One of them was that Duffy's photograph be removed from police headquarters and all negatives and Bertillon measurements be sent to Duffy's father. Another order was that deputy police commissioner Hanson and secretary Slattery be forthwith removed from office. Another was that first deputy Baker and inspector McCafferty be designated to entertain all applications hereafter for the removal of photographs from the Rogues' Gallery and to rule thereon. Other orders were that all complaints hereafter made to the police headquarters be copied and sent to the mayor; that inspector Kelly be made inspector at large and stationed at the mayor's office to consider these complaints; that all future promotions of captains to be inspectors, all reductions of inspectors, and all assignments of inspectors be submitted to the mayor for approval; that boro inspector Russell be reduced to the rank of captain and inspector Hollahan be made boro inspector in his place. At some of these orders Commissioner Bingham balked. He positively declined to remove Slattery from office. Thereupon the mayor removed Commissioner Bingham himself from office for refusal to obey orders, and the fat was in the fire.

THERE is but little attempt to defend the course of the police department in the Duffy case. There is practically no criticism of the mayor's action on the Duffy matter. But why, ask the mayor's critics, should it have been necessary, in order to do justice to Duffy, to force out of office Commissioner Bingham, who, despite his sometimes lurid oaths of speech has been true to his oath of office and has steadily refused to let the police department be run by the politicians; and why, these critics ask with still stronger emphasis, was it necessary for the mayor, in order to right the Duffy wrong, virtually to assume personal control of the police department, as he has done in these orders? Those who ask these questions do not pause for a reply. They proceed without pause to furnish a reply, which consists of one word—Politics. In the election that is to take place in a few months, it is pointed out, Tammany's control of a municipal government with a



Photograph by Van der Weyde

**"BIG TIM," KING OF THE EAST SIDE**

Timothy D. Sullivan, or "Dry Dollar" Sullivan as he is called, is to-day counted the most powerful political leader in New York City. He is head of the "gorilla" districts, which George Kibbe Turner says are dominated by organized gangs of professional criminals.

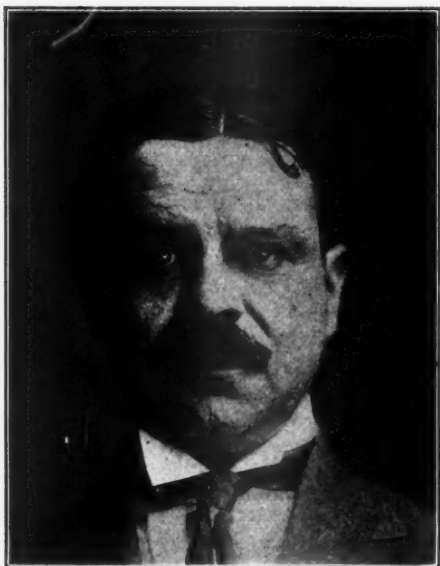


Photograph by Van der Weyde

**"BIG TOM," THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE EAST SIDE**

Sheriff Foley, leader of the second assembly district, represents a change from the old order of Tammany politics, dominated by the Irish peasant vote, to the new order, in which Irish leadership is still maintained, but the dominant vote is Jewish and Italian.





INSPECTOR-AT-LARGE

One of the results of the shake-up in New York's police department is the stationing of Inspector Kelly at the Mayor's office to consider all complaints sent into the police department. It means, say many, that the department is hereafter to be run by the mayor and the police commissioner is to be a figurehead.

yearly budget of \$150,000,000 is at stake. Several months ago, Mayor McClellan was reported to have made up his differences with the ruling powers in Tammany. Commissioner Bingham's independence of the politicians has since become irksome to the mayor

and he has used the Duffy case as an occasion for getting rid of Bingham. The mayor, it is asserted, desires to become a governor. Baker, the new commissioner appointed in Bingham's place, was asked for his resignation as deputy last winter by Bingham, it is reported, on the ground of incompetency; but he pleaded so hard that he was simply transferred to another bureau instead. Now he is the head of the whole police department.

THE significance of the changes made in the administration of the police department is thus interpreted by *The Tribune*:

"Mr. Baker is simply the man who was ready to be the figurehead that General Bingham would not be. Some subordinates of his are bigger men than he is, such is the topsy-turvy system the mayor has introduced. One of them, a protégé of Murphy, has an office in the City Hall, and reports only to the mayor. Other subordinates have control of the Rogues' Gallery and the commissioner has no authority over them in respect to that function. Autonomous Brooklyn, too—will the figurehead of the police department have anything to say in that domain, where the new deputy commissioner may elect whether he will consult the new inspector general at the City Hall, the mayor himself or Senator 'Pat' McCarren?"

*The World* has not been over-friendly to Bingham, but it thinks that "in the manner of his removal" the mayor has dealt to the cause of good government "the hardest blow it has sustained in years," and thereat "every criminal, every dive keeper, every crooked policeman, every corrupt politician in New York has reason to be glad." *The American*, also critical of Bingham's course because "he broke the laws that he was set to guard," censures the mayor none the less for having done "the right thing in the wrong way." It says: "What the mayor actually did on Wednesday evening was as lawless as the 'mugging' of Duffy—and far more sinister in its suggestions. The mayor struck a blow at the integrity of the commissioner's office. He planned, against the charter and laws of the city, the overthrow of the responsibility of the police chief—reducing him to the rôle of a puppet worked by strings from the mayor's desk." *The Evening Post* sees accumulating proof that the mayor's action in abasing Bingham "is but the culmination of a plot to get the control of the police into Tammany's clutches before the next election." *The Globe* thinks the removal of Bingham will prove a shock to many cities whose

"THE BEST MAYOR NEW YORK EVER HAD."



ON THE JOB  
—Macauley in *New York World*.

method of government has been patterned after that of New York, in which the mayor is given absolute power of removal.

ONE voice is lifted up in no uncertain tones in defense of Mayor McClellan's course. It is that of *The Morning Telegraph*, a thick and thin defender of Tammany. It extends its sincere compliments to Mayor McClellan "for the deed of good he has performed in the interests of the whole community," and to Mr. Bingham it pays its disrespects as follows:

"Bingham during his term has seemed possessed of but two ideas. The first and most important was to obtain an increase of his salary. Just by what argument he arrived at the conclusion that he was worth \$7,500 is shadowy. He was educated and trained for a soldier by a paternal government, paternal so far as Bingham and his kind are concerned, and the greatest salary he received on active duty was \$3,750 per year.

"The next idea which seemed to possess Bingham was to put the town under martial law. In the vernacular of the masses, his effort was to 'buffalo' this liberty-loving, peace-desiring community. His orders to his officers seem to have all been in the line of establishing a reign of force. Men were reproached and reduced for failing to make many arrests. It cut no figure that the magistrates protested and discharged innocent persons dragged into court to make a police record—relays of policemen brought in further consignments of prisoners to be dismissed. Bingham was in no sense a success."

Comment outside New York City is on the general line of that in the *Springfield Republican*, which wonders if it will ever be possible for New York to settle down for a considerable period with the police department out of politics and the head of it efficient enough to be kept at his job.

SPECIAL interest is given by these recent developments to an article in *McClure's* for June on "Tammany's Control of New York by Professional Criminals." The article is by George Kibbe Turner, who is one of the best of that series of brilliant magazine journalists developed by *McClure's*, which has included the names of Lincoln Steffens, Miss Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker and Burton J. Hendrick. The article is to a considerable extent historical, going back to the days of the Irish famine and the consequent emigration to this country, in large numbers, of Irish peasants, many of whom settled in



THE NEW POLICE COMMISSIONER

The removal of Commissioner Bingham, the appointment of his first deputy, W. F. Baker, in his place, and other accompanying changes ordered by Mayor McClellan has for the time being made New York politics even hotter than the weather.

New York city. It follows the developments of the alliance between the criminal classes and the politicians of the East Side down to the present day. This is the situation as Mr. Turner finds it in the nation's metropolis today:



THE CHIEF OF POLICE

—Triggs in New York Press.

"No stranger spectacle has ever appeared than the present organization of this criminal population of New York as professional fraudulent voters. The two-thirds of a million registered votes of the city are divided so closely along conventional party lines that only a slight balance is needed to secure control of the government. This balance is furnished by these organized criminals, trained to manufacture fraudulent votes at elections and primaries. And by this means not only the city but the party organization is held in absolute control. The government of the second largest city in the world, when the system is in full working order, depends at bottom upon the will of the criminal population—principally thieves and pimps. The eighteenth-century governments founded on mercenary troops offer mild examples of social decadence compared with this."

FROM 1870 to 1890, we are told, two thirds of the voters of New York City were Irish and German peasants and their sons—persons who had never before been under a free representative government. Beginning with the '80's, the great Jewish and Italian immigration commenced, which has since overwhelmed the two earlier races. The professional criminals of the earlier period were chiefly Irish and their specialties were thieving, burglary and crimes of violence. They were as a rule heedless, dissipated and quite unorganized. It has been in the later period that the criminal classes have become organized for political purposes. Tammany's natural dominance passed away with the submergence of the Irish vote and an artificial method of control had to be resorted to. This method was the organization of "repeaters," men hired to vote repeatedly on false names. Under this method and under "Big Tim" Sullivan's sway, the Bowery district developed into the banner Democratic district of New York, and "became the recognized metropolis of American criminals, as it is today." To Jewish commercial acumen Mr. Turner attributes the development of the business side of prostitution, not only in New York but in the country at large; and no part of this development has been more noteworthy than the appearance of the Jewish pimp, "a product of New York politics, who has vitiated, more than any other single agency, the moral life of the great cities of America in the past ten years." Yet of the Jews as a class, Mr. Turner says that they make the most alert and intelligent citizens of all the great immigrant races that have populated New York. They debate civic questions more earnestly and manifest more independence in voting than any other race.

THE first general leader of the gang of "repeaters" was "Monk" Eastman, "a pimp, a thief and a trainer and manager of young Jewish pickpockets." He was arrested once too often and in 1904 was sent to prison for ten years. "Monk" was Irish. His successor was a Jew, "Kid" Twist, a much more acute leader, who increased the gang of "repeaters" to easily one thousand, each man being good for from five to ten votes at election time and for from ten to twenty at primary elections. He was arrested dozens of times, but always escaped by reason of his "pull," but after four years' reign was killed in a Coney Island row by an Italian gang-leader. In the meantime the Italian criminals were organizing their "repeaters" and Antonio Vaccarelli became their leader, assuming the Irish name of Paul Kelly. These two gangs, the Jewish and the Italian, furnish about 2,500 "repeaters," casting, perhaps, 20,000 illegal votes. They operate in strong Democratic districts only, where the Republican half of the election officials are weak or complaisant. In several assembly districts the "repeaters" themselves elect the Republican district organization, to give them greater security in their operations on election day. "Altho thousands of 'repeaters' are operating at the polls in Manhattan every year, the average annual number of persons convicted in election cases for the past nine years has been fifteen." The "gorilla" districts, as those districts where these operations are most freely carried on are called, soon furnished the strong Tammany majorities and their leaders became the most powerful men in Tammany Hall. They held the balance of power that elected Murphy. Their peculiar leader is "Big Tim" Sullivan.

THE mainstay of the whole system is prostitution, which is now, in New York, "almost entirely a political business,—that is, its affairs are conducted almost exclusively by men who are active lieutenants or 'repeaters' at the polls for the Democratic organization." Says Mr. Turner:

"The large dealers in prostitution—the owners of the notorious saloon market-places—are still more clearly political workers. Practically all of the saloons and so-called hotels in the large cheap market around Chatham Square and the Bowery are in the hands of men who are active political workers, or leaders of gangs of election 'repeaters'; on Fourteenth Street the same condition exists; and in both of these markets, the hangers-on and waiters, who are generally

pimps, are active 'repeaters.' In the large markets in the Tenderloin more of the owners contribute money than active work to the political campaigns, but the waiters are in exactly the same position as those in the other districts, as, in fact, they are throughout the town, as far as Coney Island. Election and registration days see a scanty outfit of waiters in the lower places of amusement in Coney Island, or, in fact, in any of the notorious saloons in New York City."

Directly or indirectly, we are told, 10,000 to 20,000 persons are engaged in this criminal business. Arrests for the offence are in six cases out of seven followed by a small fine only. Only once in seven times, on an average, is the prostitute sent to the workhouse, and only once in fifty times is she sent there for more than five days. The pimp is practically secure from conviction, because legal evidence against him must come from the prostitutes themselves.

**S**UCH is the condition of affairs as found by Mr. Turner existing in Manhattan today and spreading rapidly to Brooklyn. In the past eight years, despite Jerome in the office of district attorney and Bingham in the office of commissioner of police, the convictions for burglary, assault and larceny have doubled while the population has increased less than twenty-five per cent. The present situation is thus set forth in conclusion:

"Tammany, now in a considerable and growing popular minority in New York—stands to lose control of the most tremendous political prize on the continent—the handling of a municipal expenditure of \$150,000,000, and the control of tens of millions more in semi-public expenditures. For its mercenaries, the criminals who have carried its past elections, this fight means life or death—the chance or loss of the chance to make a living. The professional criminals and politicians, whose whole careers are concerned in the control of the city, will make the most desperate fight of their lives to carry New York this fall.

"On the other hand, the general public is more than usually interested in the coming election. Its concern has been aroused by two notorious and closely related facts—the approach toward bankruptcy of the richest city in the world, under the class of rulers it has had; and the continued raids of thieves and burglars upon the private property of citizens. There is an excellent chance to defeat Tammany this fall. Once thoroughly defeated, that moribund and unnatural social growth—founded for years upon the thief and the prostitute—would collapse. By natural processes it should have been dead twenty years ago."

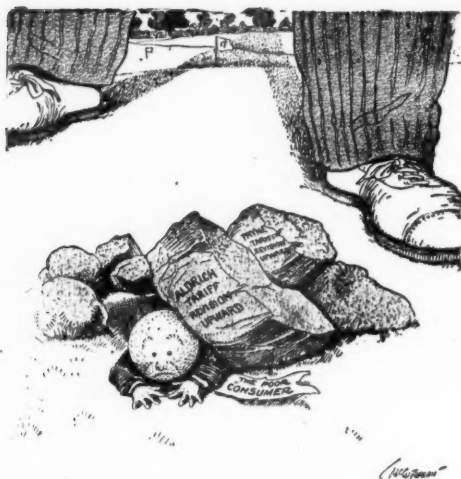
**T**HIS article of Turner's has aroused some lively protests and some of the details given have been successfully disputed. *The World* criticizes it especially for the way in which the responsibility for this appalling condition of affairs is laid upon the Democratic organization. The "Tenderloin" district, it notes, is now and has been for years a Republican district. The "Red Light" district was, when at its worst, a Republican district. "Big Tim" Sullivan, it asserts, has banished "certain forms of vice," and Florrie Sullivan smashed the odious "cadets'" club rooms. There is less "open prostitution," *The World* thinks, in New York today than in any other big city in the world, much less than in Buffalo, Syracuse or Albany, let alone Chicago, Philadelphia, or Pittsburg. The main points of Mr. Turner's article have not, however, been assailed,—that is, the organization of criminals for political purposes, the important part played in this unholy system by prostitution, and the inadequate treatment of the thieves, pimps and prostitutes who play this game, by the magistrates' courts. The newly organized Committee of One Hundred, formed by various civic organizations for the coming election, has issued a report, after an investigation of its own, that confirms, in substance, much of the *McClure* article. Into the situation as thus described, therefore, the upheaval in the police department has come as a first-class sensation both to the upper and the lower world of New York city. It may prove to be the one necessary factor that was needed to create a new and successful fusion of the anti-Tammany elements. If so, the Duffy photograph will become an historic object and young Duffy himself may obtain an unexpected immortality. What a delicious satirist is Fate!

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**S**HORTLY before midnight of July 8, the long tariff discussion in the United States Senate came to an end. The bill of the finance committee—the Aldrich bill—was adopted by a vote of 45 to 34. The Democratic senators, with the single exception of McEnery, of Louisiana, voted solidly against the bill. Ten Republican senators—the "insurgents"—voted with the Democrats. They comprised the two senators from each of the states of Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota, and one of the Senators from each of four other Republican states, namely, Indiana, Kansas, South Dakota and Wisconsin. This ended the





## ON THE NATIONAL GOLF FIELD

"Taft needs his niblick to get me out of this hole."

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

four months of general discussion in the two houses of Congress, a discussion which has filled nearly 4,500 pages of the *Congressional Record*, the printing of which costs a trifle more than \$29.00 per page. As each page of the *Record* contains about 1,700 words, the total number of printed words for the extra session approximates 7,650,000 words, enough to fill all the pages of this magazine every month for about seven years! The cost of maintaining Congress while it is



## A JOY RIDER

—Phil Porter in The Boston Traveler.

in regular session has been estimated as \$88,000 a day. This includes salaries, and the actual cost of the extra session can not, therefore, be figured nearly as high, as an extra session does not mean extra salaries. The total cost of maintaining Congress is about seven and one-half millions of dollars a year. It is an expensive luxury, but we cannot do without it. But there seems to be a rapidly increasing number of those who think that when a tariff bill is to be revised we might perform the operation in a less expensive and more efficient method than by assembling for that purpose a body of 1,322 men, consisting of 92 senators, 395 representatives and delegates, and 835 employees of the two houses. One notable result of the session is the increased popularity (outside of Congress) of the tariff commission idea.

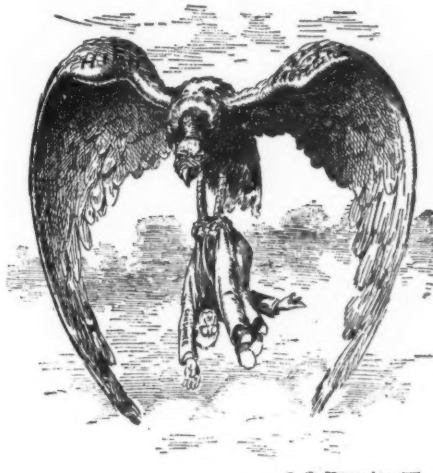
AS THE Aldrich bill passed into the hands of the conference committee for adjustment of the differences, some 840 in number, between it and the Payne bill, there was hardly a voice lifted in its defence in the country at large, so far at least as the press utterances indicated. It is not accepted by Republicans as a fulfilment of the pledges made by President Taft, with at least the tacit assent of the party at large. It is difficult to obtain a specific analysis of the bill showing exactly the proportions of increase and decrease over the Payne bill or the Dingley bill, for the reason that in many cases *ad valorem* rates are changed to specific rates, the effects of which are fiercely disputed. Senator Lodge lays stress upon the fact that in 379 paragraphs of the bill there are 379 decreases in duty and but 30 increases, leaving us to infer that that is the probable proportion of increases and decreases in the whole bill. Senator La Follette says that the increases in the whole bill, as adopted by the Senate in committee of the whole, number 248 and the decreases number 529; but that the increases apply to articles that were imported in 1907 to the amount of \$149,716,619, while the decreases apply to articles that were imported the same year to the amount of only \$96,369,619. He maintains, therefore, that the Aldrich bill is a revision upward to the extent of 5.65 per cent. A number of weeks ago a table was prepared in the New York custom house showing how the Dingley law, the Payne bill and the Aldrich bill compare in regard to a list of common necessities and comforts. On articles of clothing valued at \$97, for instance, it was found that the duties imposed by the Dingley law amount to



\$32.12; by the Payne bill, \$32.26; by the original Aldrich bill, \$31.98. On household furnishings, about the same results were found. Of the total imports of 1907, according to *The Outlook's* analysis of figures furnished by the Bureau of Statistics, the duties are left undisturbed by the Aldrich bill on 75½ per cent. of the valuation; on 15 per cent. they have been increased; on 9½ per cent. they have been decreased. "The assault on the Senate bill," says the New York *Tribune*, "comes from both parties. That bill is almost without defenders in either the Republican or Democratic press."

**I**N THE last few weeks of the session of the Senate the revision of the tariff schedules was overshadowed by the discussion of an entirely different subject and one which may soon overshadow not only it but all other political subjects as well, since it involves a change in the federal Constitution. This is the income tax and its temporary substitute, the tax on the net earnings of corporations. By a unanimous vote, the Senate, on the recommendation of the President, proposed an amendment to the Constitution empowering Congress to levy an income tax "without apportionment among the several states and without regard to any census or enumeration." The lower house adopted the recommendation with but fourteen dissenting votes. This amendment, if it receives the consent of the legislatures of three-fourths of the states, will become the Sixteenth Amendment, and will be the first change made in the Constitution for forty years. Twelve state legislatures, by an adverse vote or by inaction, can prevent its adoption. In addition to this action, the Senate, also on the President's recommendation, added to the tariff bill a provision for levying a tax of two per cent. upon the net earnings (above \$5,000) of all corporations operated for profit. The genesis of this action on the income tax and the corporation tax is told as follows by Senator Root.

**I**N HIS speech of acceptance last year, Mr. Taft, referring to the Democratic plank in favor of an amendment to the Constitution allowing Congress to levy an income tax, said: "In my judgment, an amendment to the Constitution for an income tax is not necessary. I believe that an income tax, when the protective system of customs and the internal revenue tax shall not furnish income enough for the governmental needs, can and should be devised which under the decisions of the Su-



"We find the same old vulture of high protection soaring above the minimum of the Dingley act and the maximum of the Aldrich bill, holding the American consumer by the seat of his pantaloons."—From speech by Senator Bob Taylor.

—Macauley in *New York World*.

preme Court will conform to the Constitution." As soon as he was inaugurated, President Taft directed his attorney general to make a study of the Supreme Court's decisions and to draft an income tax which would conform to the Constitution as interpreted in those decisions. The attorney general did so and the result was laid before the house committee of ways and means last March. The committee did not adopt it, preferring, instead, to adopt an inheritance tax already recommended by the President. When the Senate took up



## ANOTHER KIDNAPPING CASE

—McKee Barclay in Baltimore *Sun*.



MAKING A PACK MULE OF A RACER

"Say, do you fellows expect me to do any fancy sprinting with that load on my back?"

—McKee Barclay in *Baltimore Sun*.

the tariff bill, no voice was heard in favor of an inheritance tax, but a strong movement grew up in favor of a general income tax, headed by Senators Bailey, Cummins and Borah. It became apparent that this movement would receive the support of a majority in the Senate. Then the President, seeing this situation, sent a special message recommending the bill drafted by his attorney general and already submitted to the house committee. That bill is the corporation tax bill, which, in the opinion of President Taft, Attorney General Wickersham and Senator Root is as near as we can get to a general income tax without challenging the decision of the Supreme Court. The finance committee of the Senate took the same view, and adopted the Wickersham provision. Senator Aldrich frankly stated that he supported it not because he favored a corporation tax but because it seemed the only way to prevent the adoption of a general income tax by the Senate. Senator Root was almost equally outspoken. He said: "I am for the corporation tax because I think it is better policy, better patriotism, higher wisdom than the general income tax at this time and under these circumstances. I wish to beat the income-tax provision because I think it unwise, and to pass the corporation-tax provision because I think it is wise."

SENATOR ROOT'S narrative seems to have disposed effectually of the report that the corporation tax originated with Senator Aldrich and that President Taft was wheedled into supporting it. The fact is just the reverse. The President originated the corporation tax not in hostility to the principle of a general income tax, but in support of that principle as far as he believes the decision of

the Supreme Court allows Congress to go. At the same time he recommends the constitutional amendment that will enable Congress to go farther and impose a general income tax. The difference between the two taxes, according to Senator Root, is one of extent. The general income tax includes, first, the tax on corporate incomes and, second, one upon individual incomes, and, third, an inheritance tax. The corporation tax is the same thing *as far as it goes*. The objection to going farther and including individual incomes, before amending the Constitution, is that such action "is plainly, avowedly in violation of the Constitution of the United States as that Constitution has been declared by the Supreme Court."

THIS is admitted by Senators Bailey and Cummins, but they are confident that the Supreme Court, as now constituted, would reverse its decision in the Pollock case if a new law were passed and brought up to it. Against this program Senator Root spoke as follows, evidently voicing the administration's view:

"Mr. President, what is it that we propose to do with the Supreme Court? Is it the ordinary case of a suitor asking for a rehearing? No; do not let us delude ourselves about that. It is that the Congress of the United States shall deliberately pass, and the President of the United States shall sign, and that the legislative and executive departments thus conjointly shall place upon the statute books as a law a measure which the Supreme Court has declared to be unconstitutional and void. And then, Mr. President, what are we to encounter? A campaign of oratory upon the stump, of editorials in the press, of denunciation and imputation designed to compel that great tribunal to yield to the force of the opinion of the executive and the legislative branches. If they yield, what then? Where then would be the confidence of our people in the justice of their judgment? If they refuse to yield, what then? A breach between the two parts of our Government, with popular acclaim behind the popular branch, all setting against the independence, the dignity, the respect, the sacredness of that great tribunal whose function in our system of government has made us unlike any republic that ever existed in the world, whose part in our Government is the greatest contribution that America has made to political science.

"I can not see, Mr. President, in this proposal any result short of a most serious injury to that power in our system which is the weakest, which controls no purse and orders no soldiers, but upon respect for which rests the perpetuity of our institutions and the distinction between the American Republic and those war-torn republics of the past that have so long been the object of compassion and commiseration."

THIS view prevailed in the Senate. The President's recommendations were adopted. But there is no lack of protest in the press of the country, and much of this protest applies to the general income tax amendment as well. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* calls the corporation tax "a trick, an evasion, a juggling with words," referring to the effort to bring it within the limits of the Constitution by calling it an "excise tax" instead of an income tax, and levying it not directly upon the corporation as such but upon its "privilege of doing business"—a legal distinction which gave rise to a debate filling many pages of *The Congressional Record*. The same paper opposes no less the income tax amendment on the ground that it is "tinkering at the Constitution for a special purpose," which it regards as "destructive of all rational regard for its fundamental purposes." The New York *Times* also opposes both forms of taxation, terming the corporation tax "a brat kidnapped out of the Denver platform of Bryan" and asserting that it stands "as the mark of a low depth of degradation in lawmaking." The New York *Press*, as radical as *The Times* is conservative, says that with the single exception of the "free silver superstition," this country "has never known anything less worthy of serious consideration" than the corporation tax. The Hartford *Times* thinks the newspaper opposition to the corporation tax "is without precedent in the case of any administration scheme in recent years," an accurately based generality.



A CRITICAL MOMENT  
"Two strikes and three balls!"

—McKee Barclay in Baltimore Sun.

THE main objections made to the tax are that it applies to the small holder of corporation stock equally with the large holder, that it does not affect the holders of corporation bonds, and that it discriminates against corporations as against individuals doing business, the latter not being touched by the tax no matter how large their business. "The tax would not," says the New York *Press*, "come from the great and opulent individuals; it would come rather from the small investor who buys five or ten shares at from \$20 to \$70 a share, but has not bought, perhaps cannot buy, bonds at \$1,000 each." But there are also voices raised in defense of the corporation tax. The Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Charles P. Taft's paper) points out that there is



A SUMMER IDYL—"NOBODY LOVES ME"

—Hy Mayer in New York Times.




Photograph by Van der Weyde.

#### PITTSBURG BY NIGHT

The lurid lights are the banners of returning prosperity—the flare of steel mills in full operation, in unparalleled defiance of four months' tariff agitation in Congress.

a reason for discriminating against corporate business in levying such a tax. "As a matter of fact," it says, "capital invested in corporations enjoys certain privileges for which it is only fair that it should pay. The limiting of liability and the power of concentrating large masses of capital under one management are two ways, for instance, in which the corporation enjoys a distinct advantage in competition with its individual or partnership rivals. Even if it has to pay two per cent. on its net earnings in return, the corporation will still be at no disadvantage in competition with firms and individuals." The same journal is of opinion that the real cause of the outcry against the tax is the provision for publicity that goes with it. The tax is levied not on dividends declared but on net earnings, and corporations will be made, under the operation of the law, to file with the federal government facts and figures enabling the federal officials to determine whether the return made of net earnings is a correct return. *The Outlook* views this feature of the tax with marked favor. It says: "The corporate form of commercial organization is, like machinery, a great economizer of energy. It is a human tool capable of democratic development. It should not be hampered, repressed, destroyed; it should be regulated, controlled, governed. The Federal corporation excise tax is the first step toward placing corporate industry in America under the only power that is big enough to control and regulate it—the United States Government." The same view is taken by the *New York World and American*. The latter journal thinks that President Taft "has built better and wiser than we knew," and *The World* thinks that many of the arguments advanced against the tax are "palpably insincere," and most of those advanced in good faith "are founded on mistaken theories."

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MID the grandeurs of that palace at Chapultepec to which the master of modern Mexico repairs, when the heat of summer oppresses him, Porfirio Diaz is now concentrating his intellect upon the message he will shortly transmit to the legislature of his country. The Congress that assembles next month is to hear the formal acquiescence of the venerable Diaz to his own election as chief magistrate for the sixth or seventh time. Contrary to the tradition and usage north of the Rio Grande, the President of the

Mexican Republic insists upon reading his annual message to the Senators and Deputies who twice a year gather in the capital to hear him. Within the past fortnight, however, rumors have gained credence to the effect that the veteran ruler finds himself physically incapable of reading ten thousand words to the listening law makers. That duty, it is hinted, may devolve upon Ramon Corral, the Vice President, and a candidate for the succession to that office. All this, to be sure, is rumor; yet it finds its place in the comments of all sorts of Mexican dailies, now unexpectedly and unusually outspoken as the presidential election draws nigh. The old days of a strict censorship have not wholly passed, but a new interval of something approaching license reflects itself in the *Diario*, the *Dia* and a host of provincial papers, which suggest that this contest, at least, must not go by default. Reelect Diaz if we must, they say, but keep Corral out of office by all means.

FOR the moment, Corral strives to dissipate a general impression that he is under the influence of American railway financiers. That charge has been rather freely bandied about, but the friends of Corral will have it that the tool of the American Wall street is José Yves Limantour, the Mexican Minister of Finance. Limantour, if we may trust the *Diario*, has waxed fat politically less because of his superior knowledge of finance than because of his adroitness in stimulating the ambition for investment of the European bourses. He is a hot favorite for the presidency among those newspapers in this country and in Europe which open their advertising columns to the glowing prospectuses of the Ferrocarriles Nacionales or National Railways of Mexico. During the years that he has been in office, insists the refugee press springing up in our own country, Limantour has been conducting not a government department but a private banking business. False to Mexico, he holds her down in chains of gold.

BEFORE Limantour became a member of the cabinet, avers *The Mexican Herald*, a daily appearing in the capital, government bonds were a football for the speculator. "That stage was left behind long ago. Mexican threes, rescued from the rubbish heap, were transformed into respectable six per cents. After ten years of financial quarantine, the republic was put on a five per cent. basis and still remains there." Nor was Mex-





THE REINCARNATION OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE IN PRESIDENT DIAZ OF MEXICO

Thus does the genius of that brilliant cartoonist, Marius de Zayas—himself a scion of one of the old families of that country—actualize the soul, as he sees it, of the "grand old man" of Chapultepec.



**"DIAZROTISM"**

The personalities are different, but the thing is the same, the name for it being invented by Carlo de Fornaro, who deems the Mexican President a replica of the deposed Turkish Sultan. The drawing is by Marius de Zayas.

ico content with a return to solvency. Under the "firm government" of Diaz and through the "capable financing" of Limantour, the republic saved money and became a capitalist. "President Diaz and his finance minister had to ask themselves what they should do with the growing heaps of silver dollars." After due reflection, they resolved on a sort of investment which, to the financial editor of the *London Outlook*—no partisan of Diaz—seems bold and original. There were half a dozen railroads in the republic just getting their profits as high as the dividend line after a Noachian deluge of insolvency due to drought, bad trade and depreciating silver. Their securities were bought up by the government.

TO DIAZ Americanization is what the Spanish Armada was to Queen Elizabeth. He had the railroads bought up by the Government in order that the rule of Wall Street might not extend south of the Rio Grande. Such is the officially inspired explanation. It is given a sinister aspect in the revolutionary organs—organs which are still too censored to be quite outspoken. There is a game of finance going on between Wall street and the Mexican treasury, but whether it be a corrupt enterprise for the enrichment of Limantour, Corral and the other statesmen surrounding Diaz or a display of patriotism in comparison with which *Regulus* himself seems a mercenary, depends upon the point of view. Diaz, instigated by Limantour, himself lusting for the presidency—we reflect here the opposition—has had the skill to disarm American opinion. The merest hint from our State Department procures redress for any American investor with a grievance. That is Limantour's trump card. Before all else, he and Diaz live in dread of an exposure of their system to the American masses. Limantour perceives that under a form of government like ours, where ideas, not men, rule, his first step must be the control of the dissemination of ideas. The foreign journals, like the inspired ones at home, derive their "news" from the creatures of this Limantour, who daily hymn his eulogies and achieve his ends, while the financial interests everywhere, in Wall Street, in the Bank of England, in the Wilhelmstrasse, collapse in ecstasy before the abysmal profundity of his financial genius. Even the members of the diplomatic corps, upon peril of being found *personae non gratae* and sent home in disgrace, write fulsomely of Limantour and of Diaz in their despatches. Thus the wells of information are poisoned.

IT begins to be matter of comment that the venerable President of the Mexican Republic has gone into something very like seclusion at Chapultepec. Public audiences have been for some weeks suspended for days at a time. The excuse is the General's great age. The real motive, according to the hostile organs springing up on both sides of the border, is the dread of the clique lest some accident happen. Reports that Diaz is gravely ill have been circulated of late, but these invariably meet with official denial. A comparison of Diaz and Abdul Hamid is instituted by that well-known Mexican journalist, Carlo de Fornaro, in the columns of a New York Socialist daily, *The Call*. In the same month of the same year, Mr. de Fornaro reminds us, Abdul Hamid became commander of the faithful and Porfirio Diaz assumed the chief magistracy of the Mexican republic. "Both climbed to power through trickery and lying promises. Each found a constitution and destroyed it. Each found a treasury which was almost empty and each filled it with gold for his own purposes, enriching his henchmen, his courtesans, his spies and all the foreigners and adventurers who could be used to his ends." Thus does a certain element of Mexico's population refer to that Porfirio Diaz of whom the *London Times*, echoing the universal European estimate, tells us that "his humanity is no less conspicuous than his ability." To quote further from this source: "He has worked steadily for the suppression of disorder, for the encouragement of industry and for the establishment of the national finances upon an orderly basis; and in these endeavors he is said to have been seconded, in a surprising and unexpected degree, by the awakening energies of a people newly released from misgovernment and oppression."

DIAZ never wrapt himself in the raiment of his country's ruin with a finer fitness than when seven hundred men and women were slaughtered in the state of Vera Cruz at his command. It all happened two years ago, and Mr. de Fornaro, who concedes in the Socialist *Call* that there had been a strike and disorder, adds that on the same night about five hundred mangled corpses were shipped to Vera Cruz and there thrown into the bay as food for the sharks "so as to conceal the appalling number of the dead." In the prison of San Juan de Ulloa in Vera Cruz, Fornaro insists, and in the jail at Belem, "they have special cells called the editors' cells." For, precisely as Abdul Hamid "killed the in-

dependent press outright," so, Mr. de Fornaro assures mankind, has his Mexican congener, Porfirio Diaz, plunged the dagger of censorship into the bosom of free speech. Outgoing and ingoing telegraphic news is embargoed. Letters are tampered with. Books and magazines in Spanish are suspiciously scanned. Foreigners have been subsidized to compile panegyrics of Mexico and dub them studies of conditions today. Every line of every chapter has been submitted for "verification" to the bought minions of the presidential imperialist. "These books," to quote the precise words of Mr. de Fornaro's indictment, "naturally speak only of the wonderful progress of the country and the marvellous genius and patriotism of the grand old man." Never was mortal the object of a more systematically remunerated puffery. Notwithstanding these indictments, Europe still beholds in Diaz, the father of his country. "As Pericles represents the golden age of Athens," to quote the *London Standard*, "so Diaz stands for the new era in Mexico. To his genius and devotion and courage is largely due the good fortune of the present Mexican Republic, the stability of its institutions and the high place it holds among the nations of the earth."

TO THE outcome of the struggle for the vice presidency—a struggle for the moment between Corral and Reyes—Mexicans are looking with a feeling of excitement altogether novel in the political history of the Diaz era. Meetings just now assume many of the aspects of political gatherings in the United States. Orators address the people with less restraint. That oratorical majesty derived from the power of the lungs and the coloration of the countenance manifests itself with unwonted license in the great states south of the Rio Grande. So far, however, the campaign charms the frivolous without pleasing the grave. Newspapers tend to spring up in out-of-the-way corners and to criticize Ramon Corral to the advantage of General Reyes. But anything remotely resembling what we Americans understand by a presidential election could not possibly occur in the present evolution of the country's institutions from a militarist autocracy of the republican form to an administrative democracy expressing the popular will. No eulogist of the Diaz system has ever gone the length of describing it as government of the people by the people. The country will rally mechanically to the will of its chief magistrate. If

that will be for Ramon Corral as vice president, he must succeed himself. If it be for Limantour, that financier will have attained a height second only to the summit of his ambition. Nothing seems more certain to students of modern Mexico than the early departure of Diaz from the scenes of his earthly power, and the man to step into his place has to be chosen by himself. Mexico has not learned how to make the choice for herself.



ONE witnessed the actual tender, by the German Imperial Chancellor to Emperor William II, of that resignation which his Majesty at first refused to accept. When the pair emerged from the private audience room aboard the imperial yacht at Kiel, they authorized an official announcement that the Prince would continue to act in his familiar capacity for the present. Later in the week it was announced, altho not officially, that the Prince would retire. In another forty-eight hours the appointment of Doctor Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg was definitely announced. What the Prince got, the *Vorwärts*, organ of the Socialists, opines, was a severe scolding. Emperor William was annoyed at his chancellor for resigning in the face of an adverse vote from the Reichstag. Such a proceeding was quite too much on all fours with what a British Prime Minister would have done in like circumstances to please the head of a dynasty who repudiates ministerial responsibility to the representatives of his people. The Emperor was additionally vexed because the situation had been thrust upon him by the conservative element among the deputies. The leaders of that group, avers the well informed *Süddeutsche Reichskorrespondenz*, one of von Bülow's own organs, knew that the resignation of the chancellor would be "a necessary consequence" of the rejection of the death duties. The conservatives wanted to be rid of von Bülow.

ALTHO Emperor William delayed his acceptance of the chancellor's resignation merely "to save his face," as dailies outside the Fatherland believe, the conservative pressure upon him to retire von Bülow was quite too overpowering for even a Hohenzollern to resist. The net result, says the *Magdeburger Zeitung*, is to increase the influence of the Reichstag and to "reduce very considerably the time which separates Germany from a sys-



THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE

Doctor Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg has just succeeded Prince von Bülow as—in the German sense of such a term—Prime Minister to Emperor William II. He is said to incline to liberal ideas, altho generally "old-fashioned."

tem of parliamentary government." This, to be sure, is the opinion of a national liberal daily, and altogether out of touch with the standpoint of such a Bismarckian daily as the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which is profuse in its rejoicings that the Emperor will not be moved to let his chancellor go just when he loses a division in the popular branch of the law-making body. "Thank God," it says, "we Germans have nothing in the shape of a ministry responsible to deputies elected at the ballot box. That would be the worst of national calamities." Emperor William is known to agree cordially with the Hamburg paper on this one point.

THAT von Bülow would be succeeded by a man of iron, an independent statesman like Clemenceau in France or Asquith in England, was unthinkable to the press of Europe. The personality of von Bülow's successor, to quote the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, must be

amiable and yielding where Emperor William is concerned. A study of the character of the retiring chancellor will afford us, it infers, a clue to the task of the next chancellor—as is indicated by the selection of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg for the post. Now von Bülow, it says, is interesting. "In this word lie the limitations of his personality." The "next man" is readily understood before he appears. "He will not be portrayed with the club of Hercules and will have nothing monumental that condenses itself to statuary and towers in marble figures upon public squares. He will not excite the imagination to recount in sagas what he really was." Von Bülow was, however, this daily adds, one of the ablest German diplomatists of the day, "a parliamentary speaker without an equal in his own land." Yet he did nothing for "the powerless middle classes" and never seriously tried to establish an equilibrium between them and the powerful nobility. "His position was no doubt rendered difficult by the personality of the Emperor and he often needed to tread warily to avoid a fall." What finished von Bülow, this critic surmises, was the request he had to make of William last November to be more guarded in his public utterances. The new chancellor is presumed, altho definite details on this point are lacking, to be colorless and academic, the sort of man to do what the Emperor bids.

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HE fall of the Shah's capital and the triumph of his rebellious subjects in the long civil war they have waged against him has cost Mahomed Ali his throne. The exasperation of his people dates from the time eighteen members of the parliament of Persia, having been seized by the soldiery in Teheran, loaded with chains and led into the presence of the Shah, were ordered to summary execution. Throughout the whole of the previous day the narrow thoroughfares of the capital had been heaped with the bodies of men, women and children shot down indiscriminately, mutilated or tortured in pursuance of the royal policy to stamp out the popular movement now so general throughout the realm. The Shah invited this series of crises when he restored to favor those detested courtiers whose banishment had been insisted upon by the masses of his subjects. Heedless of all protests against these unpopular advisers, the Persian sovereign, so far from complying with remonstrances against their tyrannies, hurried



complainants to prison. The evil genius of the sovereign is said to be a Jew of Russian extraction who has for years had the ear of the Persian potentate. Then there is the man from Tabriz who came in the suite of the Shah to the capital when the present reign began. These men urge their master to exercise his sway with so unsparing an absolutism that their suggestions, secretly made and as secretly endorsed, render the new constitution of the country a burlesque. Faction ran so high that one of the reactionaries sought refuge in the Russian legation. The Shah consented to his exile. In another week he was as powerful at court as before. The parliament sent a deputation to the Shah and the Shah sent the deputation to prison. Thus a sovereign who professes the fondest devotion to a constitution granted by his father flagrantly violates the most imperative of its mandates.

**I**N MARKED contrast with the respect accorded the leader of the Shah's subjects in rebellion, is the contempt with which all Europe is beginning to be filled for the Shah himself. This was manifested conspicuously when his Majesty, receiving a deputation under the auspices of the remnant of the diplomatic corps, promised to restore the constitution he had so surreptitiously suppressed. The incident was a repetition of similar scenes. Pledges have been given without effect many times in the past year by this sovereign, described in the *Paris Matin*, as "a combination of more varieties of poltroonery with more shades of duplicity that have incarnated themselves in the same human physique since Mithridates." What happened on the occasion of a recent pledge of the kind has been detailed in the informing letters and despatches from Teheran to the *London Times*. The description they afford of the language and demeanor of the Persian potentate suggest to our contemporary that his Majesty may possess more character and more courage than Europe is just now disposed to concede him. The Shah ensconced himself gorgeously in a royal pavilion, draped in banners and shields, as the petitioners for restoration of the constitution drew near. His Majesty was hemmed in by the military. "It must have been slightly nervous work for men familiar with the traditions of the Persian monarchy to make their way to the presence on such an errand as theirs, through the rows of horse and foot drawn up along the approach to the pavilion."



THE RETIRING GERMAN CHANCELLOR

Prince von Bülow has always been accused by his political enemies of having more of the Italian than of the German in him. Now that he is to leave office he has chosen Italy as his permanent home and Italians as his servants.

**W**ITHOUT flinching beneath the severity of the look fixed upon him by his fat little sovereign, the eminent Persian at the head of this deputation, pulled out a long paper, unfolded it and began to read. It was a humble plea, signed by many members of the dispersed parliament, for a restoration of the constitution. Before the document had been half read, the Shah took it from the hand of his bold subject and finished its perusal for himself. His countenance assumed an expression of marked severity. "That is not surprising," comments the *London Times*, "to judge from the samples which have reached us. It was all strictly constitutional and in conformity with the best European precedents, but it was a little frank for submission to an oriental monarch." The Shah "pulled a long face" before he began to reply. First of all, in the metaphorical language of the classical poets of Persian, he protested love for all his "dear children," even for those then in rebellion at Tabriz. Next, he "clutched the hilt of his bejewelled

scimitar" and cried that his immortal forefathers had won the Persian throne with the sword. The deputation retreated in confusion only to return last month when the constitutional forces had driven the Shah to the suburbs of Teheran to await that conference between the Russians and the holy men which is to decide the destinies of Persia for many a year to come.



SELDOM has the Washington government made diplomatic representations in Peking of so direct and insistent a character as those laid a few weeks ago before the Wai-wu-pu on the subject of China's latest railway loan. Upon this point all despatches from the far east to the great daily newspapers of western Europe harmonize. On the face of it, the particular transaction seemed of no great importance. In reality, as the *Paris Temps* understands the complication, the whole policy of the Taft administration in the Orient was threatened. That policy has been the subject of numerous despatches to their respective foreign offices from the ambassadors of the great powers now stationed in Washington. "The foreign policy of the Taft administration," to give it in the words of the *London Post's* accurately informed authority, "it will be seen as it slowly develops, is not European but is centered in the far east and it will be found to be a logical policy with a well-determined end in view. The Taft diplomacy will be aggressive in China altho as traditional as that of any other American President in Europe. In China the Taft policy is to depart from the old tradition of holding aloof, on which, until recently, American public opinion insisted." As a colonial administrator with experience of affairs in the far east, President Taft realizes, to follow still further this analysis—said in Europe to be officially authorized—that in the Orient diplomacy and finance are closely related. President Taft is declared to be watching the development of Chinese finance with something approaching anxiety. He fears it may involve the powers again.

FEW diplomatists in Peking seemed to be giving a thought to the Taft policy, however, when the twenty-five million dollar loan for the construction of the Canton-Hankow and Hankow-Sze-chuan railways was agreed to. The Americans were completely eliminated from this transaction. The issue was

taken up entirely by British, French and German bankers. No proposition from bankers in the United States received the slightest consideration. Such is the account in the *Paris Temps*. Prince Ching, the keen Chinese statesman who usually conducts negotiations for railway loans with foreign bankers, explained that our State Department did not want American bankers to involve themselves in this transaction. The question was one of likin, or inland transport dues, likin having in the recent past led to many a crisis with the diplomatic corps at Peking. Our own government now authorized a statement on the subject. "If the railway loan is secured or even partially secured by the likin which has been made the security for former Chinese loans, the Washington government will not regard American participation with favor, because it would perpetuate a form of taxation which the administration regards as detrimental to the progress of China." This was taken in the Wai-wu-pu—or Peking foreign office—to mean that the American bankers must be excluded to please Taft. The fact was that until more could be known regarding the method by which China proposed to secure the pending loan the Washington administration maintained a neutral attitude.

BEFORE this feature of the transaction had shaped itself, the British foreign office in London was—or professed to be—amazed to learn from a Peking cable despatch that Washington would lodge with the Wai-wu-pu a protest against the elimination of American financiers from the loan. London at once suggested that the bankers in the United States arrange with the English bankers for a share in the transaction. This hint, if we may depend upon despatches in the *Temps*, gave some offense to our government. The British Foreign Office was somewhat stiffly informed that the United States, while having no contract with any foreign bankers, has an agreement with the Chinese government "by the terms of which the United States government was to be permitted to supply a part of the money needed for the railway." In these circumstances, consequently, official Washington preferred to deal directly with official Peking instead of with a clique of German, British and French bankers. This precipitated some bewildered comment in the Berlin and London press, German dailies implying that Great Britain sought to "expel the United States from China," as the *Kölnische Zeitung* had it. The Wai-wu-pu, summoned in a hurry

to deal with this dilemma, amended the railway loan edict in terms that admit the Americans on terms of equality with the French, Germans and British.

HAD the British Foreign Office understood the American opposition to *likin* as security for a railway loan, this episode would never have ruffled the waters of Anglo-American diplomacy, says the *London Post*. But the Foreign Office in London never once remembered *likin*. That allegation provokes the *Kreuz Zeitung* to a display of sarcastic skepticism. Nevertheless, insists the *London Post*, even the diplomatists in Peking who watched the efforts of the United States to secure for the American bankers a share in the loan forgot *likin* too. They were puzzled to understand why "seemingly so much importance should be attached to what, in international finance, is a comparatively trifling transaction." Moreover, if the Washington government opposed *likin* why should it interest itself in a loan secured by *likin*? The United States has been foremost in the effort to secure the abolition of *likin* as one of the measures essential to the establishment of Chinese finance on a sound basis. The reply is that the Taft administration regards a railroad secured by *likin* an important political factor. "If any further efforts are made to reform the internal taxation of China, the United States might be placed at a decided disadvantage, diplomatically, if she is the only one of the great commercial powers having no direct interest in taxation." Hence, for the sake of this position of equality with France, Germany and Great Britain, our State Department insisted upon recognition for America in a loan for which Chinese revenues stand pledged. "The lesson of the episode," thinks the *Paris Figaro*, "is that the Taft administration has entered upon a bold and aggressive policy in the far east, a policy suggesting that Washington, when the greater Chinese issues of the immediate future are raised, will have fresh surprises for the world."

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FOR the first time since Miss Christabel Pankhurst became the Joan of Arc of Great Britain's militant suffraget cause, she was overshadowed last month by those champions of votes for women who employ the tactics of Charlotte French Despard. The lady last named, who happens to be a sister of that Lieutenant-General Sir John



THREE GENERATIONS OF BRITISH ROYALTY

The King of England, the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward Albert of Wales—grandson of the King—are in naval officer's uniform aboard the royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*.

D. French who led the cavalry at the capture of Bloemfontein, dragged King Edward into the fray to the extent of having the Home Secretary, Herbert Gladstone, receive for him what has never been received before—a deputation. Miss Christabel Pankhurst had to be content with a mere verdict of guilty on a charge of slapping a policeman's face, and with a threat to starve herself to death if she is put into prison again. Meanwhile she is out on bail pending her appeal on a constitutional question dating back to Charles II. In the reign of the merry monarch a law was enacted giving all English subjects the right of personal petition to the ministers of state. King Edward is presumed to have had that statute in mind when he bade his secretary refer the followers of Mrs. Despard to the Secretary of State for the Home Department as "the constitutional channel of communication with the sovereign." This hint sent Mrs. Despard and a score of her followers in hot haste to the Home Office, where Mr. Gladstone received them with the urbanity for which he is so famed. The ladies argued that Mr. Asquith's declination of an audience with them was unconstitutional. Mr. Gladstone

took refuge in observations of a very general signification and, taking the petition handed him by Mrs. Despard, agreed to give it to the King.

NATURE has not denied Charlotte French Despard those exterior advantages of person, gesture and voice of which she has been so prodigal towards Christabel Pankhurst; but time has robbed the former of her youth. Even Sarah Grand, who has long protested against that "policy of nag," as she terms it, for which the Pankhursts go to prison so frequently, seems to have doubted whether Mrs. Despard, with her rival organization, could rescue the suffraget cause from its militant Amazons. The events of the month just closed have delighted the feminine champions of votes for women who loath the Pankhurst policy with a hatred even hotter than they feel for man-made laws. "We are militant ourselves," so Sarah Grand, whose devotion to the enfranchisement of her sex is beyond cavil, puts the matter in the *London Chronicle*, "but our combativeness is tempered by discretion. We condemn the policy of nag, but we approve the policy of fair fight. We are ready to die for the cause, but not to make ourselves ridiculous." If the followers of the Pankhursts, according to Sarah Grand, "had the power to appreciate the amount of ridicule, to say nothing of the ill feeling, they excite by their eccentricities, they certainly would not repeat maneuvers which result in nothing but laughter, jeers and ridicule." This acidulated depreciation was, warrantably or the reverse, received by the Pankhurst battalions as the trumpet blast of treason to the cause of Hypatia, Madame Roland, and Susan B. Anthony.



THE BLACK HAND IN ENGLAND

—Morris in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

NOT a moment was lost by Mrs. Despard in her campaign for the vote, a campaign directed just as much against the Pankhursts as against Mr. Asquith. That statesman had last month two separate armies of women to dodge, each systematically organized, each with its chiefs, its advance guards, its flank and its main body, each with its separate plan of attack and defense. Vainly did the Prime Minister notify Christabel Pankhurst's mother in her capacity as head of the Women's Social and Political Union that he has already expressed his own views and those of the government on the question of woman's enfranchisement to deputations both of men and women. Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, now out of jail and more militant than ever, replied to Mr. Asquith, in the first place correcting him on a point of fact by reminding him that he has never, since he became Prime Minister, received any deputations of women on the subject of woman's enfranchisement, and, in the second place, informing him that, notwithstanding the refusal contained in his letter, the deputation would, "in exercise of the constitutional right of petitioning the King or his proxies," present themselves at the House of Commons and demand an interview. The woman of iron was as good as her word, but the result was a Pankhurst Waterloo. The militant suffragets labored under the tremendous disadvantage of having to charge up hill over miry ground. The police, stationed on a crest, charged straight down hill. Christabel Pankhurst slapped the police inspector's face, but over a hundred of her mother's followers went to jail.

FOUR women were all this time besieging the house of the Prime Minister night and day. They bore the monster petition favoring votes for women with which the Pankhursts are trumping Mrs. Humphry Ward's best trick. Mr. Asquith could get in and out the front door only through the intervention of the constabulary. The back garden was under the strictest surveillance. The spectacle elicited a characteristic outburst from Sarah Grand. "The country sees nothing now of the movement," to quote her own words in the *London Chronicle*, "but women in ludicrous positions—women chained to railings, to the grille in the House of Commons, to statues in Westminster Hall; women torn and dishevelled in the hands of the police; a woman ringing a bell by way of argument; a woman whirling a dog whip in a box in the



Albert Hall to defend herself from the brutality she had been helping to provoke; a woman going up in a balloon to show that her cause is just; members of parliament and ministers waylaid and worried; meetings incessantly interrupted by nagging yells of votes for women—everywhere women lost to all sense of dignity and decency, covering us all with shame and confusion by conduct which proves nothing except that they do not see themselves as others see them." After this fashion were the forces of woman's enfranchisement rent by internal faction on the night Christabel Pankhurst and her mother were made prisoners. The scores of suffragets who found themselves in Holloway Jail as the result of these events inaugurated a policy of insubordination there. They refused to obey the orders of their keepers. They would not don prison garb. They threatened to starve themselves to death.

THE idea of involving King Edward in the crisis originated during the first week of last month in the mind of Mrs. Despard. She is known to be in heartiest accord with the attitude of Sarah Grand and to have felt that the Pankhursts had almost hopelessly compromised the movement. Charlotte French Despard, who is now in her sixty-fifth year, was for a time one of the most vehement of Mrs. Pankhurst's lieutenants. There was a time when Mrs. Despard, too, believed in hurling frenzied cohorts against ministries entrenched behind police. She has since been brought to see with Sarah Grand that "it is by the respect we inspire that our cause will be won." Widowed twenty years ago, Mrs. Despard has been prominent as a Socialist, as an author of works dealing with India and as a publicist endowed with many gifts of style. After serving as a poor law guardian on various municipal bodies, she built a hall for working men and helped start the labor party. She has been accused of aristocratic tendencies, the result of her patrician birth, and to be slightly too fond of leadership. But this, say her friends, is also the defect of Mrs. Pankhurst. Their serious differences have threatened once or twice to put the feminist forces to confusion. A little over two years ago Mrs. Despard was sent to jail because of her participation in one of the many Pankhurst descents upon the House of Commons. Not long after her release she helped to found that Women's Freedom League which now opposes the Pankhurst policy while striving for the Pankhurst principle. Mrs. Despard

won the greatest victory achieved in behalf of votes for women throughout the entire campaign when Mr. Asquith opened the front door of No. 10 Downing street to the deputation from the Women's Freedom League and deferentially received from Mrs. Despard's own hands the huge roll of linen parchment upon which are inscribed the names of over a hundred thousand of the women of England petitioning for the vote.



ELLOWS, scarlets and blues colored highly the flowing costumes and the Orientalized headdresses of the scores of guests in the Jeghanghir Hall of the Imperial Institute at London when, as all began streaming to the street about midnight, a young native of the Punjab fired four shots from a revolver at Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. H. Curzon Wyllie, political adviser to Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India. Sir Curzon Wyllie, one of the most brilliant of Anglo-Indian officials, famed for his years of service in Britain's great dependency, fell dead before his wife, who had gone down stairs ahead of him to the cloak room, could reach his side. The assassin, as he saw other guests rushing to disarm him, put a bullet into the head of that well-known Parsee physician, Doctor Cawas Lalcaica, who died in an hour. Only the day before, Sir Curzon Wyllie, while lunching at his club, had pronounced the In-



THE MODERN JOAN OF ARC

—Nelson Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.





THE REVOLUTIONARY TERRORIST WHO ASSASSINATED AN INDIAN ADMINISTRATOR

Madha Lal Dhingra was sketched in court by an artist of the *London Chronicle* when the youth from the Punjab was using the British naval panic as a justification for his own act.

dian crisis graver than any Great Britain has faced there since the days of Warren Hastings. "God knows what may happen there during the next five years," he said, laying stress upon the "imprudent language too frequently employed in the House of Commons." This assassination, as the *London Times* reminds its readers, follows the initiation of fundamental reforms in the government of India, including the popular choice of provincial councils on a wide scale and the admission of the native element to the viceroy's council. "The crime is almost certainly political. It is of the same type as the long list of murders and outrages which have disgraced India during the last two years." In


putting the case thus, the *London Times* reflects the feeling of all the British dailies.

IN LITTLE more than a week after his crime, Dhinagri, whose name is given in some accounts as Madha Lal Dhingra, and who is a well-educated and able adherent to the terrorist section of India revolutionists, set forth his standpoint in a police court. "I maintain that if it is patriotic for Englishmen to fight against Germans if they were to occupy this country," he read in clear tones and in perfect English to the magistrate, "then it is much more justifiable and patriotic in my case to fight against the English. I hold that the English people are responsible for the murder of eighty millions of my countrymen within the past fifty years. They are also responsible for taking five hundred millions in gold every year from India." The young assassin from the Punjab added that he holds the English responsible for the hanging and deportation of his patriotic countrymen who but do as the Britons in England are bidding their own countrymen do. "If the Germans have no right to occupy this country, then the English people have no right to occupy India, and it is perfectly justifiable on our part to kill an Englishman who is polluting our sacred land."

THIS revolutionary terrorist from India, who in this fashion justifies the killing of Morley's political adviser, belongs to the most enlightened as well as the most advanced of the many secret organizations now conducting their campaigns of violence and sedition throughout the ancient empire of the Moguls. Madha Lal Dhingra merely introduces for the first time into the capital of the British Empire methods familiar enough by this time to Calcutta and to Simla. The latest despatches point to a possibility that Morley himself was to have been done to death as soon as he could be made a target. For the past six weeks he has been closely guarded. Such, as the wrathful comments of conservative British organs put it, are the first fruits of those "reforms" in the government of India from which Morley predicted complete pacification of that dependency. So far from assuaging the severity of the revolt of Indian extremists against Britain, Morley, according to critics of his policy in the Commons, has stimulated the movement originated by the Brahmins. For it is all a Brahmin agitation, so that well informed observer, Mr. Perceval Landon, insists in the *London Standard*.

# Persons in the Foreground

## ALDRICH, THE MASTER OF DETAILS

BOUT a year ago, when Mr. Bryan was advocating the plan for a federal guarantee of bank deposits, he met some objection to the plan with the observation that it pertained to a "mere detail" which could be attended to when the time came to draft a bill. This observation gave occasion to one of the New York journals—*The Evening Post*, we think—for an editorial on Mr. Bryan's fatal lack in the matter of "mere detail" in affairs of legislation, and on the unreliability of any statesman who proposes an important public policy without first thinking it out in its details.

In this as in many other respects, Senator Aldrich, variously denominated "General Manager of the United States" (by ex-secretary of the Treasury Shaw), "the uncrowned king of American finance" (by the late Senator Morgan) and "the master of the Senate" (by various journalists), is a direct antithesis to Mr. Bryan. The power of Senator Aldrich arises from the patient mastery of details. He is not an orator, as Bryan is. He is never swept off his feet by the glow of his own rhetoric. He can not make a successful appeal to public sentiment. In the country at large he is distrusted, disliked, even hated and vilified as few other men in public life now living are hated and vilified. The rule of newspaper correspondents in Washington, so one of them says, is: "When you haven't anything else to write about, swat Aldrich." And yet the man has held his power year after year, carried his points in unnumbered controversies, and extorted tributes of respect and admiration from political foes. Even President Roosevelt, who certainly was far from being his political friend, once said of him: "If I could just bring him over to my side, I would rather work with him than with any other man in the Senate." Gus J. Karger, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Charles P. Taft's paper), says: "It makes no difference, here in Washington, whether you like, or whether you hate, or whether you distrust Aldrich. On one point all are agreed: Head and shoulders above them all, Aldrich is by far the ablest man in the United States

Senate today. It makes no difference whether you call him crafty or capable, cunning or courageous, brutal or brainy, slippery or strong—Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich dominates an organization in the Senate that is effective and efficient. His leadership is undisputed and if he weren't the strongest and most capable man there he couldn't dominate. The Senate isn't an aggregation of weaklings. Crane, and Kean, and Lodge, and Elkins, and Smoot and others—it isn't necessary to name them all—are men of positiveness, force and individuality. If Aldrich weren't there, all of them would stand forth as dominant figures in the body of which they are members. And yet these strong men do not dispute Aldrich's leadership; they fetch and carry for him meekly and obediently. Which they surely would not do if they had not been 'shown.' Those men do not trail on behind another man unless there's a reason for it. And there's a reason."

The principal reason is, as we have said, that when Aldrich tackles a legislative job, he never ignores "mere details." He goes into them as an engineer who is building a bridge goes into the figures that indicate the stresses and strains he is to overcome, as the construction architect of a sky-scraper goes into the details of the size and material of his girders and beams. Aldrich leaves the pyrotechnics to others. He is the man that knows the facts and can give you the figures. Never was his mastery of detail shown to better advantage than in the recent tariff discussions. One might think, from some of the newspaper reports, that the "insurgents"—Dolliver, Beveridge, La Follette and the rest—were badly routing him in the debates, showing him up, flaying him, covering him with ignominy. The exact reverse was true, as one who has read the full debates in the *Congressional Record* must have observed. Not only did Aldrich always have the votes when the time for roll-call came, but he made even Dolliver, the ablest of the insurgents, "look like thirty cents" time and again when it came to a close debate on the schedules, and his poise and temper and courtesy were, so far as the printed records can reveal such things, admirable throughout. Others were able to ask

questions. Aldrich was the man that was able to answer them. He not only had the details of his own bill in his head, but the details of all the tariff bills, so it seemed at times, for twenty-five years or more back—the Dingley bill, the Wilson-Gorman bill, the McKinley bill and the rest. Senator Gore's "marvellous exhibition of memory," of which so much has been made, was simply an exhibition of the power of "cramming" for a special speech, much as a college boy "crams" for an examination. Aldrich never attempted to make an exhibition of his memory, but the exhibition is there, just the same, in the pages of the *Congressional Record*, and it is a far more wonderful one than Gore's.

The personality of all the older Senators seems to have eluded the pens of our usually quick-eyed newspaper and magazine writers. Hale, Frye, Aldrich and the late Senator Allison,—how much less real and vivid they seem to us than some of the new men seem who have not been before the public one third as long a time. Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich has been a senator for thirty years, and yet nobody has ever given us a really intimate view of the man. "There is a dearth of Aldrich literature," remarks Alfred Henry Lewis, heroically trying to make a few facts expand themselves into an article for *Human Life*, "and beyond the raw fact that Mr. Aldrich was born in Foster, R. I., in the Lord's year, 1841, there is little to be gathered." The "biography" in the Congressional Directory takes up less than ten full lines. Lesser men have four or five times as much. He is a man of means evidently, but the guesses as to his wealth range all the way from one to one hundred millions. He has a family of seven children—three daughters and four sons. One of his daughters—Abby, the second daughter—it is well-known, became the wife of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. His eldest son, Edward, figured a number of years ago in a rather ostentatious wedding, followed not long after by an unostentatious divorce. The family, as a whole, have furnished few paragraphs to the newspapers beyond these two events. Mrs. Aldrich has had rare opportunities, with her husband's power and wealth, for queening it in Washington society. She has embraced them very rarely, keeping herself constantly out of the public eye. There is nothing theatric about the family from the head down. Mrs. Aldrich, it is said, inherited a considerable fortune, which, adeptly handled by her husband, has been the basis of the family's present wealth. They have a handsome but by no

means a magnificent home in Providence—a three-story frame, surrounded by fine old elm trees—and a much costlier estate at Warwick Neck, ten miles from Newport, every building on which is constructed of stone quarried on the place. There is an elaborate boat house, a sea wall, a rich garden of eight acres, a lofty water tower and a golf course. The Senator is fond of golf, he is an expert motorist and a fairly assiduous reader of novels. He swims, rides horseback and sails a boat. A book was published several years ago to prove that the keyword in nature, the clue that will bring us to the ultimate philosophy, is the word Balance. Aldrich is a living epistle written on the same subject. He balances marvellously well. He never goes to extremes. He knows how to play as well as work, but he never lets the one spoil the other.

Here is a not over-successful attempt, by Mr. Lewis, to describe his personal appearance:

"The Aldrich brain is big and balanced. The Aldrich eye is black, keen, deep-searching and sparkles at times dangerously like the eye of a snake. The Aldrich brows have a down-drawing, threatening, falcon trick of intimidation, which a high, beakish nose helps out. The Aldrich chin is bony, hungry, foxy and the vulpine effect communicates itself to the coarse, irregular mouth, which the Aldrich moustach—full of charity—does its curtained best to hide. Commonly a moustach does not help, but hurts the looks of any man. The Aldrich moustach is the exception. It softens, conceals, ameliorates, even as the trailing honeysuckle softens, conceals, ameliorates the harshness of what wooden angularities belong with a front porch.

"The Aldrich hair—thin, wispy, white—is not what it once was. It has nothing of a luxuriant, heyday hilarity, and, tho the breezes blow, it does not toss and float. For all that there be those whose heads at sixty-eight have more in common with eggs and billiard balls than has the Aldrich head. In raiment Mr. Aldrich will pass muster. You would not call him an Alvanley; you would not call him a tramp. No old clothes man would follow him for a bargain; no tailor point to him as an 'ad.'"

The only schooling Senator Aldrich ever had was in the common schools and in an academy in Killingly, Conn. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and at the age of seventeen he left his text-books to earn a living. He began as Russell Sage and Mr. Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers began—as a grocer's clerk. He later became bookkeeper in a wholesale grocery store,

and still later we find him the proprietor. He was a private soldier in the Civil War, but hardly anybody knows even that. He may not be secretive among his friends, but he certainly does not flaunt his life before the public, and but once or twice in his long career has he gone an inch out of his way to deny injurious newspaper aspersions. He can "say nothing and saw wood" as successfully as any man in the nation. When he does talk he talks effectively. The *New York Press*, to whom Aldrich's political ideals and inclinations are very distasteful, regards him as the perfect master of the technical machinery of Senate legislation, and thinks he knows the tariff problem "better than all the [other] Senate members put together." He has thus obtained command by "sheer capacity." Here is a description of Aldrich on his feet in the Senate, as given in the *Boston Transcript*:

"His specialty is the business question, which he proceeds to handle with the regularity and vigor of a trip hammer. Any address of his contains a surprising array of facts, not of the kind that smell of the lamp or bespeak the diligence of a private secretary, but stand out as pertinent, clean-cut statements, each of which carries the argument a little further than the one before it. No one can listen to Aldrich without realizing that he knows what he is talking about; unless this is the case he does not speak. His remarks are not of the *World Almanac* variety. They lack fancy and sentiment, to be sure, but they carry a great deal of prophecy. His recent speech on the cotton schedule, for example, contained the prediction that when the next tariff bill was constructed the South would have three-quarters of the entire cotton manufacturing of this country under its control. He also predicted for cotton as a textile a wonderful future in its race with other fabrics. His perception of business forces and tendencies has always been extremely keen. His figures are so presented as to illuminate the schedule with which they deal. While seldom appearing in the rough and tumble of debate, few men contribute to the *Congressional Record* more of substance and of worth. Thoroughly readable, tho on supposedly dull subjects, are Aldrich's speeches. The galleries are always full after he has been on his feet for some minutes, no matter how thinly peopled they may be as he takes the floor. Not an orator, he says something that compels people to listen."

One strange fact is that Mr. Aldrich takes little part apparently in the making of Presidents. He seldom goes to a national convention, and manifests comparatively little interest in the preliminaries of such conventions. Rhode Island is big enough for him politically

—Rhode Island and the United States Senate. There is a strong disposition, in the South and West especially, to resent the power acquired by him and by the other Senators from the New England states. There is no group of men from any other section that can cope with Aldrich and Hale and Frye and Lodge and Crane and the rest of the New England group. But the reason is obvious. New England not only selects able men but keeps them in the Senate term after term. They get, by the rule of seniority, the choice positions on the Senate committees. They know the rules of procedure, the precedents, the laws of the game. Another reason for their power is given by Senator Beveridge in the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*. He writes: "These Senators seldom give the slightest attention to patronage. There are only one or two New England Senators who ever call at the White House to solicit an appointment to office. Some of them have not the remotest notion as to who occupy the appointive official positions from their states, which, in other states, are so fiercely fought over. Senator Hoar, for example, never went near the White House except when asked to go there to discuss some important legislation or some critical matter of national policy. Three of the most powerful of them seldom attend a state convention, and never a national convention. Therefore, these Senators have just about twice as much time to give to the country's laws and policies as have Senators from what may be properly called the changeable states."

Senator Aldrich has announced that he will retire at the close of his present term in 1911. But before that time he has on hand another task that he hopes to accomplish which is even more tremendous than the revision of the tariff schedules of which he is now seeing the end. The new task is the reconstruction of our currency system. As chairman of the finance committee he has been amassing a large amount of information in foreign countries and he is said to be ambitious to introduce and carry through a currency bill that will terminate his senatorial career in a grand climax. One might think that the work he has done in this extra session would glut the appetite of any man of seventy for some time to come. It is likely, however, that he will be just as prominent a figure in the regular session of the Senate that opens next December. The currency question will probably be the biggest subject up for consideration and he will be the central figure in the discussion.



## "MARGOT": THE IRRESISTIBLE WIFE OF THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER



EVER in the social history of London did the official residence of the British Prime Minister witness a more dramatic invasion of its portals than attended the irruption there of that famous Paris dressmaker whose superbly gowned models paraded last month the length and breadth of the cabinet room. Mrs. Asquith herself presided in the chair usually occupied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer while young women of the class known in this country as cloak models tried on, one after another, tunics of black tulle, overdresses opening on the two sides and dinner toilets of sky-blue silk covered with mousseline de soie. Hats of the new rough straw trimmed with flower rosetts were piled high on the mahogany, normally littered with David Lloyd-George's memoranda of the budget. It was the first official appearance of "Margot," the fascinating wife of the head of the British ministry; in her capacity as an arbitress of style. To the retail trade of the English metropolis the event was no whit less important than the introduction of a Home Rule bill must have seemed to all Ireland. The seal of French taste was set upon fashionable London by the one woman in England capable of superseding her Majesty the Queen in the immemorially royal function of determining what shall be worn. Mrs. Asquith has made the social history of more than one season since her husband became Prime Minister, and that, it seems, because nobody can resist her.

Photography is notoriously unjust to the contour of Emma Alice Margaret Tennant Asquith's mischievous face, a point insisted upon in those descriptions of its loveliness which adorn the columns of so many society organs in London and Paris. Her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her chin and the trick of her tongue in protruding timidly between two rows of immaculate teeth afford subjects to the ablest paragraphers in the personal journalism of the old world. The eyes, to begin with, are mischievous. They can be homes of silent prayer, too, upon occasion, it seems, and then they are as gray as squirrels. In the lady's laughing hours—and she laughs so readily that one detects her presence by the mere music of her merriment—the eyes seem deeply and pellucidly blue. The eyebrows are the despair of all portrait painters, and are

matched by lashes long, sweeping and golden.

No woman in London society can be persuaded that Mrs. Asquith dispenses with the services of a complexion specialist. She is no longer, of course, in the first flush of youth, for her thirtieth year has come and gone long since. She has been a wife for fully fifteen years, but her skin is as white, as satiny and as translucent as if she had been born last autumn. The countenance, while rosy, is destitute of that tendency to extreme redness about the upper cheeks and at the chin which renders so many an English beauty a fright—at times. Certain ungallant insinuations that the lady steams her face twice a week have been the theme of gossipers in trivial prints, but the authorized assertion that paints and powders are never resorted to by the lady's maid is implicitly accepted as final. Mrs. Asquith's complexion is the result, it seems, of a liberal utilization of cream and porridge as articles of diet when she was in the nursery. She was never out of bed after nine o'clock in her life until she was nineteen, according to another biographer, and she never leaves her bed in the morning until ten o'clock, unless some domestic crisis of exceptional importance necessitates such recklessness. The absence of wrinkles from her brow and the smoothness of her skin where crows' feet might not unreasonably be expected now are attributed to a skillful system of Swedish massage.

However it is the expression of the countenance of "Margot," to give her her pet name, which constitutes its perennial charm. The nose is undeniably inconsequential and critics have objected to the size and shape of the mouth. The chin—to quote the expression of a writer in the London *Throne*—is "too saucy." But the face as a whole is inexpressibly ravishing in its perpetual transitions from grave to gay, from the divine wistfulness of a Mona Lisa to the contagious hilarity of a Beatrice. That circumstance alone accounts for the prodigious popularity won by "Margot" in the private theatricals she is never weary of organizing for the delectation of country house parties. On the stage, the wife of the British Prime Minister, according to those competent critics, the reporters for the society papers, would have reduced the most brilliant of French actresses to an imbecility of envy. No one outside the





QUEEN ROSE OF THE ROSEBUD GARDEN OF ASQUITHS

The British Prime Minister has no less than seven daughters, but his wife—here seen in a characteristic attitude with her little girl beside her—is thought to surpass them all in the sprightliness of her ways, the loveliness of her face and form and the fineness of her wit.

precincts of all that is finest in social London under King Edward's sway has been privileged to witness "Margot" in her glorious impersonations. The one-act plays of a well-known statesman's wife afford Mrs. Asquith her best parts. She has upon occasion essayed even Ophelia in the mad scene, but as a general thing she seems herself, her own mischievous, irresistible, adorable self, only in what is technically described as the lightest juvenile. "Margot" shows her audience the girl in love through the medium of many delightful little touches and her play of feature is wonderful. Then there is the voice—loud, yet always musical, high but not shrill. Mrs. Asquith is one of the very few society women in England who has no fear of the sound of her own voice. She can "halloo" quite audibly across a golf field and does it deliciously.

The character of this gifted lady is Gallic rather than British. That repose of manner which is presumed to denote the daughter of a hundred earls she has, to employ an Americanism, no use for. Her manner expresses every shade of every emotion, as the *London World* affirms, each delicate gradation of feeling, with a touch so direct and fine that one carries away the impression from her merest nod of an intense capacity to live. She forgets nobody and remembers everything, even one's sick aunt and the baby's exact age. Her interest in life is incredibly personal. Mrs. Asquith is always eager to learn the likes and dislikes of people, their past history and their present prospects. These details she arrives at without the slightest trace of an impertinent curiosity. She is interested in the people she meets and she takes care to meet only the people who interest her. To this one fact, possibly, is due her success as a matchmaker. Not one marriage in London society made by the wife of the Prime Minister has yet turned out a failure and she has made, if we may trust the gossips, dozens. A young peer without a wife is a source of positive dread to Mrs. Asquith, who is affirmed to regard marriage as the supreme duty of man—especially when he has money.

It is, of course, as a dresser that "Margot" has won her supreme contemporary renown. The angelical slenderness of her form, the whiteness and suppleness of her long arms, the roundness of her shoulders and the Olympian regality with which she sits down are familiar things to the vast constituencies of the society press. The tantalizing elegance of her rather tight-fitting dresses is admired

in Paris as much as it is imitated in London, for Mrs. Asquith has made the fortune of one immense French establishment upon the basis of its chic simplicity of effect in the gray-green satin she loves. She is one of the extremely few Englishwomen who walk without inconvenience in the tightest restriction fashion can now impose upon the knees in a *directoire* gown. It is characteristic of Mrs. Asquith's consideration for others that she purposely relaxed the severity of the lengths her Paris dressmaker was disposed to go in the sheathed skirt. Her influence has effected the most decided modification in prevalent *directoire* and empire modes, which, in London, at any rate, are not extreme today.

The captiously critical have inferred from the well-known skill of the Parisian artist who monopolizes Mrs. Asquith's patronage that she means to introduce a swagger note into London fashions. Her object has been presumed to rival the flamboyance of taste with which rich American women monopolize attention at Ascot and in the "row." The truth, as London society organs retail it, is that English dressmakers lacked the courage to introduce modes not countenanced at court. The Queen, contrary to popular impression, no longer initiates anything. Her Majesty's growing deafness and her tendency of late to a retired life tend to obscure the court as a model of smartness. Mrs. Asquith's ambition, as it is interpreted in London, was to bring the waist line back to its natural place. She wanted also to popularize a shorter skirt. In both these purposes, the success of "Margot" is beyond dispute altho there is some rebellion at her decree against the flaming colors coming into vogue at Paris for evening wear. The Queen, as is hinted by those who record the history of this controversy, is quite on the side of Mrs. Asquith. The waist line of the wife of the Prime Minister defines itself just at present in the nicest harmony with nature. Her favorite color in dinner gowns is sky blue, a ribbon of the same hue running coquettishly through her dark masses of hair.

As the daughter of a very eminent financier and commercial magnate, "Margot," a fond variant of one of her given names, received a careful home training embellished by much travel and the finishing touches of a Paris school. Mrs. Asquith speaks French, the *Gaulois* thinks, as *Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse* spoke it and with twice her charm of manner. She shares her illustrious husband's fondness for golf, a game to which she de-

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voted herself in the days of her vigorous girlhood. The Prime Minister, who married twice, has a large family of daughters and to their education Mrs. Asquith has devoted no little time and attention. She is a wife in the homely English sense of the word, it must be remembered, as well as a leader of society and of fashion. Her aim, notwithstanding her very domestic instincts, has always been to impart to the social activities of the Liberal party some measure of the brilliance associated with the sway of Conservative governments. There happens to be in the present ministry no other statesman with a brilliant wife. With one member of the cabinet from the working class, another devoted wholly to pious meditation, a third living in social retirement as a husband and father, a fourth a disconsolate widower and others lacking for

one reason or another the appropriate feminine element, it has become necessary for Mrs. Asquith to attempt the part reserved hitherto for political peeresses. A woman less gifted or one not so splendidly endowed with courage must, the London *World* ventures to think, have failed ignominiously. "Margot" has scored heavily. More than one ill-natured suggestion that she is stepping beyond the limits allowable to the wife of a British statesman is ascribed to nothing more definite than the inspired jealousy of the Duchesses she outshines. Meanwhile our British contemporary urges patience until winter comes, bringing with it "Margot" in her opera gowns, when the naval panic will be eclipsed by the greatest sensation London has enjoyed since Reginald McKenna married for love.

## THE AUSTERITY OF JUDGE GAYNOR



IT IS an open question whether a keen sense of humor is an advantage or a disadvantage to a man in public life. It was said of William McKinley that much of his political success was due to the fact that he rarely indulged in any kind of jest in his campaign speeches. It is certain that Grover Cleveland handled all public questions with a ponderous seriousness that never suggested a smile. Each of these men had a sense of humor, it is certain; but they kept it in restraint. It was not allowed to deal with subjects that naturally called for serious consideration. There is a good deal of moral laxity in the American people, it is more than probable, due to the indiscriminate newspaper joker who turns vice and immorality and injustice into a subject of merry jest. Read the next "funny column" or look over the next comic supplement and note how often you are led into laughter over an exhibition—not of frivolity or ignorance or conceit or other legitimate subject for merriment—but over drunkenness or deceit or brutality or misfortune. It may not do you much harm to laugh over these things—and then again it may. But how about the effect of bringing up children on that sort of mental pabulum? And, to return to our main point, is the man who makes you laugh over such things the man you are apt to choose for positions of grave responsibility? Perhaps yes, once in a long time. But as a rule we prefer that sort of thing in

the cabin boy rather than the ship's captain, in the Pullman porter rather than the engineer at the throttle, in the barber rather than the bank president.

Judge William J. Gaynor, who has just caused such a commotion in the police department of New York City, is not a man given to jesting. He is even described as mirthless and smileless. Look upon his counterfeit presentment and you will see austerity writ large on every feature. He cracks no jokes in his court, he laughs not at those the lawyers may crack. He takes life seriously and lives it earnestly. He is no sour cynic, not at all. His faith in the power of an idea and his confidence in the righteous intentions of the people are a splendid tonic; but if he were the husband of the heroine in "What Every Woman Knows," we have an idea she would have to work even harder than in Barrie's clever play to get the saving guffaw that finally comes from her hard-headed Scotch spouse.

But if Judge Gaynor can not be relied upon to add anything to the hilarity of the nations, his power as a force that makes for civic righteousness has been exceptionally great, and his resultant value as a political asset is correspondingly large. He has had to decline any number of overtures for high office. In 1893 he was called on by a mass meeting of citizens of Brooklyn to run for Mayor of that city. He declined. Then he was unexpectedly nominated for justice of the Supreme Court.

He declined again, but was persuaded to withdraw his declination and was elected by 35,000 plurality over the candidate of the then dominant boss. Later the boss—McLaughlin—offered him the nomination for mayor. He declined again. Then he was solicited to run for governor of the Empire State. Another declination. Still later Croker wanted him for mayor of Greater New York. The declining habit again prevailed. And once more in 1904, when Parker was running for President, Gaynor was importuned to make the race for governor on the same ticket. He wouldn't do it. Three times, therefore, he has refused to be a candidate for mayor, twice he has refused to be a candidate for governor. Now he is again prominently mentioned—not prominently mentioned than any other man—for the mayoralty. Verily austerity is not such a bad thing in politics after all.

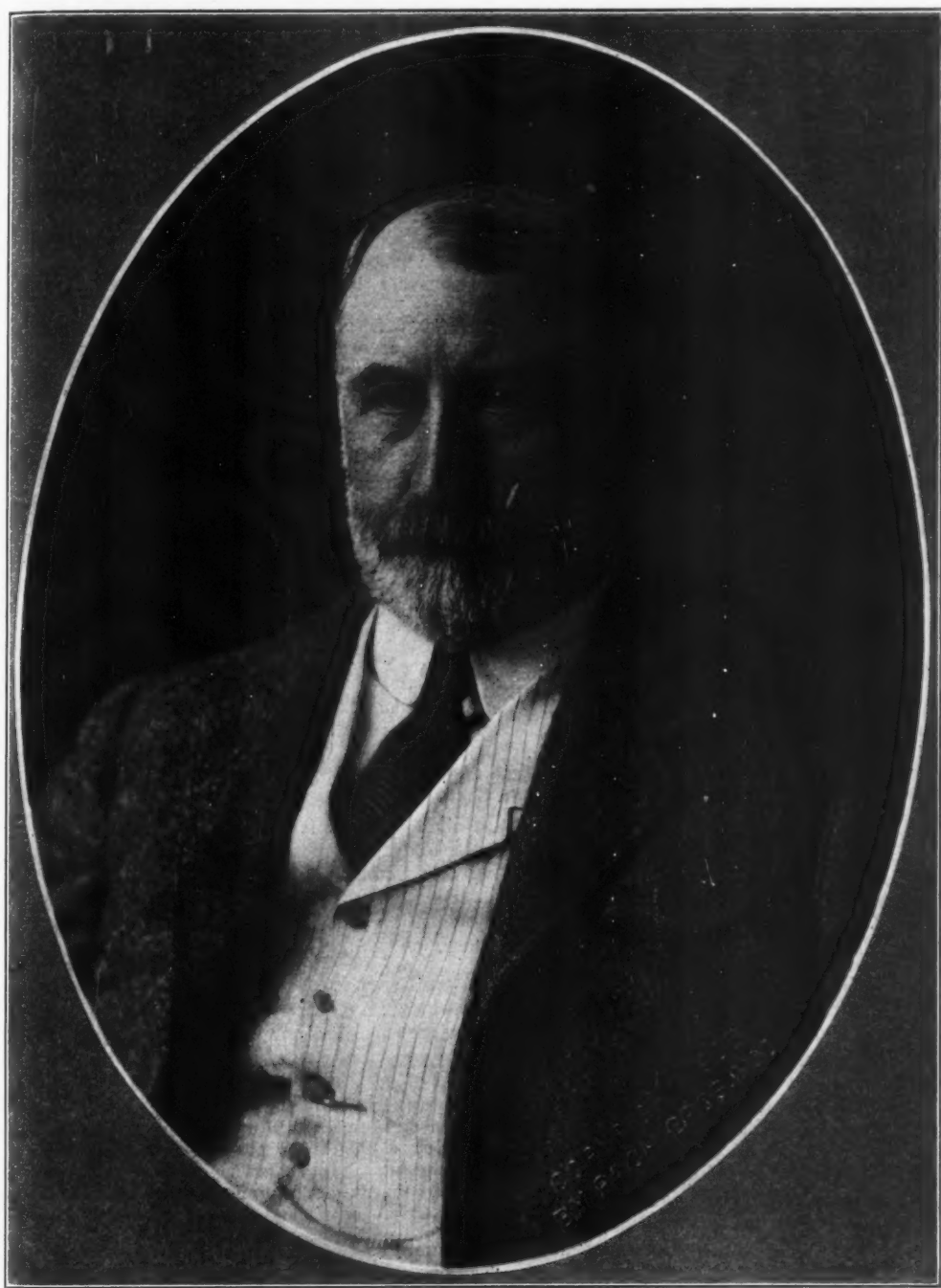
He began the struggle for existence as a farm boy up in Oneida county, N. Y., where his Irish grandfather had felled the trees and broken the turf, and where his father in his turn pulled out the stumps and drained the marsh by day and devoured the editorials of Horace Greeley by candle-light. This father was an ardent abolitionist, a friend of Gerrit Smith's and one of the sixty odd thousand voters in the nation who voted for Birney for President. Young William J. picked rocks off the fields by day and chased through the woods at nightfall listening for the tinkle of the cowbell. In the winter he went to the district school and later to the Whitestown seminary. Then he went to Boston to teach and to Utica to read law, and in 1875 the old and picturesque town of Flatbush, on Long Island, found him one day in its midst with his austerity even then, at the age of twenty-four, thick upon him.

He began to do things a few years later. Flatbush had one duly licensed saloon and thirty-nine other saloons that were trying to get along without any license and succeeding fairly well. Young Gaynor, with the spirit of the reformer instilled in him from the cradle, began to study the situation. He found that the unlicensed saloons were hand-in-glove with the local political ring. He said nothing, but collected evidence. Then he had the saloonkeepers arrested and compelled them to take out licenses and to close up on Sundays. It was not a great reform, perhaps, but it was a declaration of war upon the ring and it made him a leader of the opposition. He called a mass meeting and told what he had found out about Flatbush politics. Then he started

his fight in the primaries and, when the nominations were made, a large share of the young reformer's austerity communicated itself to the countenances of the ring leaders. They were beaten two to one, and at the polls the reform ticket was elected by a sweeping majority. Gaynor himself was appointed police commissioner, and with a force of twenty-five uniformed men he proceeded to spread austerity a little farther by closing some disreputable road houses on the Ocean Parkway leading to Coney Island. He did no raiding, but he got legal evidence and within sixty days there was a series of convictions that resulted in a wholesale exodus of criminals and the appearance of many conspicuous "To Let or For Sale" placards.

In 1885, then being thirty-four years old, Gaynor moved into Brooklyn. The McLaughlin ring had been in power for a generation. It had weathered many storms and was considered impregnably intrenched. Gaynor watched civic affairs narrowly and built up his law practice. He waited for some concrete abuse to develop and in 1889 it came. The town of New Lots was annexed to Brooklyn, and as a corollary to that action the Long Island Water Supply Company was purchased by the municipal government for \$1,500,000. Gaynor ascertained that the ring had first secretly secured possession of the company for \$185,000, thus standing to win a profit of about \$1,315,000. He denounced the steal and proceeded to find some public spirited individual who would allow a suit to be started in his name to stop the deal. William Ziegler, a wealthy baking powder manufacturer and real estate dealer, finally consented to enter into the fight, and a resounding victory over the ring resulted. James Creelman, to whose article in *Pearson's* several years ago we are indebted for most of the facts of this narrative, asserts that Gaynor himself, not Ziegler, paid out of his own pocket the costs of this fight and that they amounted to \$14,700. The result was a solar plexus blow to the ring, and when Gaynor followed it up later with an attack upon the elevated railroads, in which the McLaughlin crowd were deeply interested, forcing them to pay up about one million dollars in back taxes, the McLaughlin machine was so badly shaken up that it never recovered. It went "down and out" later under the attack of "Pat" McCarren.

Then came the famous fight by Gaynor and others against John Y. McKane, the political boss of Coney Island, who held his power by stuffing ballot boxes, assaulting



THE MAN WHO CAUSED THE UPHEAVAL IN NEW YORK'S POLICE DEPARTMENT

The letter of Judge William J. Gaynor to Mayor McClellan, protesting against the police persecution of a young Brooklyn lad led to a special investigation that has resulted in the removal of Commissioner Bingham, and may determine the results of the next city election.



watchers and informing people with Supreme Court writs that "injunctions don't go here." He was mistaken. They did go, and so did he a little later on—to Sing Sing for seven years. Sixteen of his associates went with him. It was dreadfully disturbing to business on Coney Island.

For fourteen years, Gaynor has been wearing the robes of a Supreme Court justice. It is said that he has so expedited legal proceedings that he tries twice as many cases as any of his associates. He is regarded by many lawyers as harsh and severe upon them, but they admire his legal ability while denouncing his temper. Judge Gaynor says in his own defense: "It isn't the lawyer I see in court; it's the litigant behind him, pale with anxiety and eating up his substance in dragged-out legal expenses. It is for his sake I use all my authority to compel a more rapid determination of cases."

Judge Gaynor has been outspoken, despite his judicial position, in denouncing corporate abuse and political chicanery. But he has been rigid in his demand that all movements in vindication of law must proceed along lawful lines. Here is his creed:

"Crimes and vices are evils to the community; but it behooves a free people never to forget that they have more to fear from the one vice of arbitrary power in government than from all other vices and crimes combined. It debases everybody, and brings in its train all other vices and crimes. Societies, and private enthusiasts for the 'suppression of vice' should read history, and learn the supreme danger of trying to do all at once by the policeman's club what can be done at all only very gradually by the slow moral development which comes principally from our schools and churches. It would be difficult to speak with perfect forbearance of the strange pretence that the police could not enforce the law if they kept within the law themselves."

This is the key to his acts. He found the law flouted in Flatbush, in Brooklyn, in Coney Island and he proceeded to vindicate it by legal methods. He has found the railroads of the country doing the same thing, and he has denounced the secret rebate system as "the greatest crime of our day and generation," an utterance that deeply impressed one Theodore Roosevelt. He has unlimited faith in the moral purposes of the people. "No one," he says, "however rich, need be afraid of the people. The people are not revolutionary by nature. They are never dishonest. Even in the French Revolution, when they destroyed prisons and fortresses, not a bank was looted. The Bastille was torn down, but the

Bank of France remained undisturbed." And again:

"There is no prejudice in this country against honestly acquired wealth, however great. On the contrary, people who make fortunes by their industry and honest ability in honest pursuits are subjects of honor throughout the country, wherever you go.

"It is only wealth acquired by trick and device, by favoritism of Government, by purchased laws, by the dishonest exploitation of government franchises, which is under the ban of the splendid intelligence and integrity of the people of this country.

"And the impudence of the few who have made and are making so dishonest fortunes and are using them to corrupt and debauch government, in crying out 'anarchist' and the like against those who have come forward to oppose the continuance of such an order of things, will only fan that integrity and intelligence into a consuming flame if persisted in."

This same man, himself a judge, is equally outspoken in his protest against what he considers undue exercise of power by the courts. He believes with Chief Justice Walter Clarke, of North Carolina, that the United States Supreme Court, in undertaking to declare this or that enactment by Congress unconstitutional and void is guilty of an assumption of power that was never legally conferred upon it. "A proposition to confer that power on the Supreme Court," says Judge Gaynor, "was voted down two or three times in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. The Congress was left the sole judge of whether its acts were violative of the Constitution."


Here is Creelman's description of the Judge's appearance, as he found him on his farm on Long Island pitching hay up on a hay-wagon:

"The ring-breaker and judicial crusader plied his pitchfork swiftly. It was easy to see that he was farm-bred.

"A slight, straight, prim figure clad in coarse linen and a small straw hat. A thin face, flat at the cheek bones and white at the jaws, with a thick, close-cropped gray beard coming to a blunt point. Serious hazel eyes which look so intently that they seem to listen. A high, smooth, symmetrical brow, and a Celtic head showing benevolence and pugnacity. The whole personality dominated by an almost melancholy earnestness."

The Judge's family outnumbers by one the Roosevelt family, but only two of his seven children are boys.

## THE VITAL FIGURE IN THE MEXICAN CRISIS

O animated has become the contest for the vice-presidency of the Mexican Republic that, as all journalists on the spot agree, the political situation there has, for the first time in many a year, almost got beyond the control of President Diaz himself. That venerable statesman is assumed to be wedded to the cause of Ramon Corral, but, paradoxically enough, Ramon Corral turns out to be lacking in unpopularity. No one can become vice-president in Mexico unless he wins and earns a decided unpopularity. Ramon Corral has striven zealously to avoid anything like enthusiasm for himself. That is why it became possible for him to take the oath of office as vice-president not quite five years ago. The office was created for him by a constitutional amendment, for since the early days of her history Mexico had dispensed with the functionary whose position is now so important. It is necessary for a vice-president in Mexico to be unpopular, according to contemporary revolutionary literature, because Diaz would be apprehensive and jealous of a popular idol in that capacity. Ramon Corral is accused by Mexican refugees of aspiring to succeed Diaz when that grand old man is no more. For the sake of retaining the post he now adorns, he cultivates the indispensable unpopularity, thus conciliating Diaz, who, it is predicted, will use his influence for Corral.

The insinuating geniality of his deportment and the perpetual effervescence of his humor differentiate Ramon Corral from the rest of those makers of modern Mexico upon whom Porfirio Diaz leans. More than anyone in the splendid official life of the capital, the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels thinks, Ramon Corral, thanks to a combination of unusual capacity with unusual character, has extinguished the ancient aristocratic mode of provincial sovereignty. Time was when Porfirio Diaz himself could dare nothing against the ruler of a state. Sonora happens to be the state from which Corral hails. In his young manhood, as an impecunious but diligent and judicious journalist, Ramon Corral waged fierce contests with the territorial aristocrat who swayed the destinies of his native state. That was some thirty years back, when Mexico was made up of fiefs, owned wholly by "caudillos" or men of influence and means, men who regarded a state as large as Sonora in the light of a personal appanage. The au-

thority of the President of the Republic was set at nought in Sonora. Then it was that Ramon Corral thundered in one newspaper article after another against irresponsible power. Then, too, he developed that capacity for disappearing at the right time which has saved him in more than one political crisis. Diaz is said to have helped Corral with money and official recognition at a time when the President sorely needed aid in his own efforts to metamorphose Mexico from a group of separated and contending provinces into that administrative unit which is so admirable a thing for the European investor to contemplate.

Once in control of Sonora as governor of that state, Ramon Corral inaugurated that era of what his critics call "graft," but which in the banking houses of New York and London goes by the name of economic development. "It all depends upon the point of view," says our Belgian contemporary, reminding us at the same time that, tested by the same standard, the regenerator of the Congo, Leopold, sovereign of the once independent state, would seem no better than he should be. Certainly Ramon Corral, at the outset, manifested a genius for exploitation. Mines were worked regularly. Railroads crept in and out of the forest primeval. Something like administrative coherence was displayed in the art of local government. Corral, with a self-effacement rare in those days, never once defied the central authority. The governors of other states were still for the most part but leaders of bands when they were not fomenting revolution in their petty capitals or intriguing with the territorial aristocracy for the supreme power. Corral strung miles of telegraph wire. He met punctually the interest on the state debt. He went on long tours of his little domain, sending out the most glowing forms of prospectus to investors everywhere. Before he had been in power three years Sonora was solvent.

Perhaps, as a writer in the *London News* has hinted, Diaz grew jealous. It may be, as the inspired Mexican press avers, that the brilliant administrative talents of the new man made his presence in the capital imperative. At any rate, Corral was invited to the seat of the central government where a post in the cabinet awaited him. By this time his wealth had grown to splendid proportions. That circumstance is pointed out with suspicion by those Mexican refugees who in New

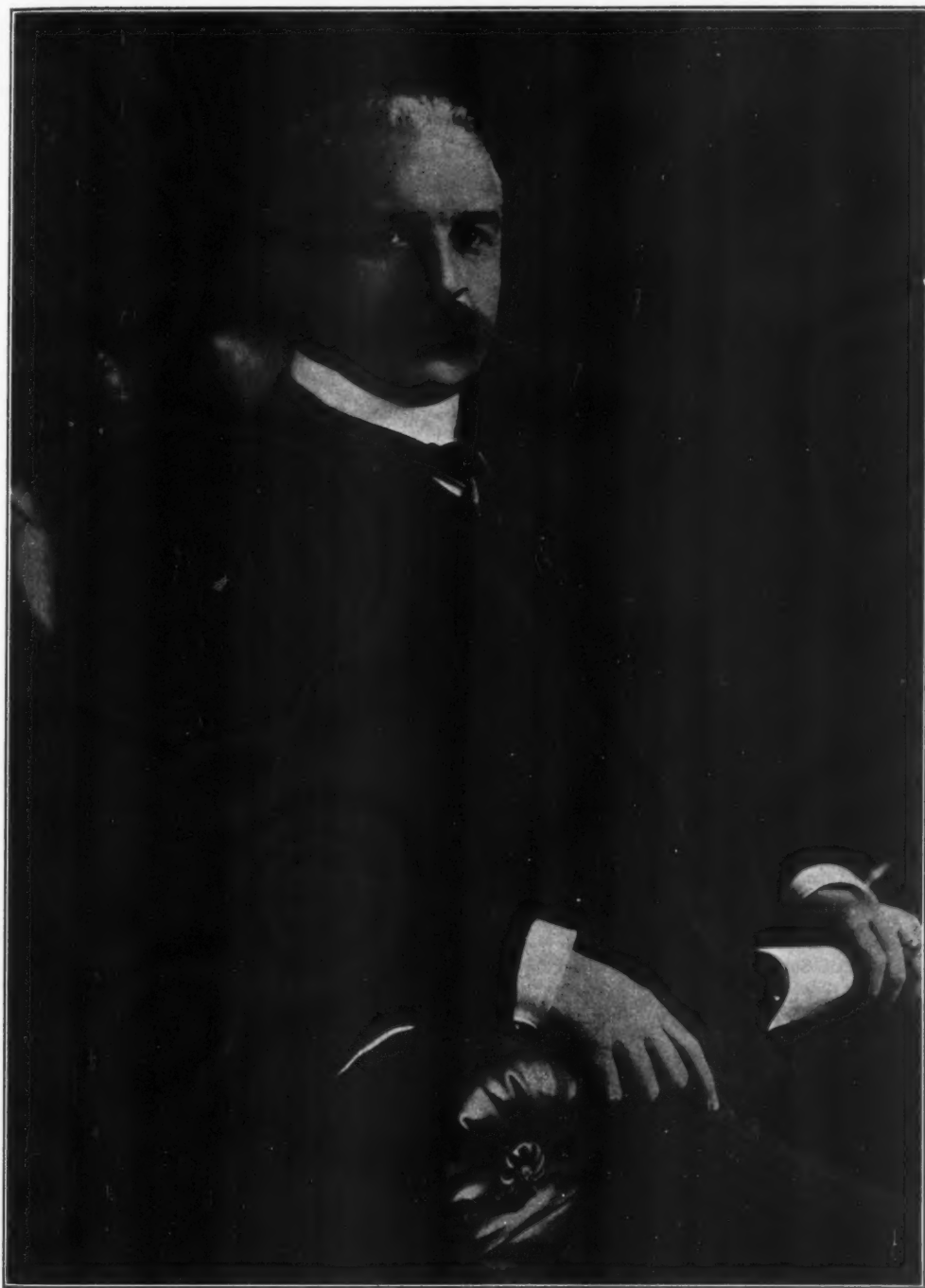
York and elsewhere inspire just at present so much criticism of the whole Diaz system. Belonging, tho he does, to the so-called "younger men," Corral is in reality approaching old age. As a young journalist he was celebrated for his capacity to borrow money with which to discharge personal obligations. Today his wealth is estimated at several million dollars. It is shrewdly invested in mining securities, railroad securities, bank stock and first mortgage bonds of prosperous corporations. Only lately he completed for himself a palatial private residence in the capital, the seat of a princely and discriminating hospitality. His wife and daughters are leaders in the most exclusive social set, while his automobile spins through shaded lanes to a magnificent country residence in which he houses himself like an archduke. "He has not beggared himself," says our contemporary, "in the service of his country, altho republics are ungrateful." His whole life has been passed in the nominally unremunerative labor of working for his country.

The personal qualities which have made Ramon Corral what he is seem to a writer in the Paris *Gaulois* visible in his mien and manner. Never had mortal a more contagious humor. It is not the boisterous merriment of the hale and hearty so much as the spiritually delicate sarcasm of the finely Latinized courtier. The note of his humor is restraint, but it is not the less obvious and delightful for that. It showed itself most characteristically, perhaps, when he sent to the manager of a local music hall certain satirical verses in which the Mexican vice-president was represented as a very unscrupulous person. The couplets were speedily in general circulation, to the great indignation of President Diaz himself. On another occasion, Senor Limantour, who is hailed as the financial genius of modern Mexico, wanted to know why the refugees compared him with Catiline. "Catiline must have bored the Senate with his speeches," replied Corral, whereupon there was loud laughter at the expense of Limantour, whose financial reports are unconscionably long-winded.

Apart from his business aptitude—which all pronounce prodigious—there is nothing in the character of Ramon Corral that could be called colossal. He is neither liberally educated nor particularly well born. No partiality of friendship can proclaim him eloquent. His work as a journalist revealed no gifts of style, of imagination, of creative fancy. Physically, he is not striking, neither very tall nor very

short, not handsome and not ugly. The hair on the crown of the head remains tolerably thick altho whitened by the experience of some fifty years. The aquiline nose arches itself definitely between two twinkling dark eyes that gleam animatedly when the statesman smiles, but which have no depth. Corral has always been simple in his attire, altho his dark mustach is kept exquisitely waxed and his manners have some trace of the dandy. His methods are those of the press agent. His outlook upon official life is that of the advertising man and the promoter. To Ramon Corral, it seems, must be given credit for those glowing "puffs" of modern Mexico which have appeared from time to time in the American and European newspapers to lure the savings of all thrifty speculators. His conversation reflects this bent of his mind. Mexico has become to him a sort of gilt-edged security for inexhaustible streams of investing capital. The whole art of government sums itself up in his polity as the maintenance of the national solvency.

Corral is cited in European publications as the shining example of that peculiar type of Mexican statesman lifted from indigence and obscurity to honor and ease through the exigencies of the Diaz system. Were he magnetic, says the captious London *News*, Diaz would dread him. Were he eloquent, he would long since have talked himself out of power and place. Were he disinterested, he would today be impoverished instead of staggering the capital with the ostentation of his hospitality. On the other hand, as the German dailies suggest, Corral, if extravagant, has been extravagant in his private life alone. As a Mexican administrator, he has displayed the qualities of strictness and economy, nor must it be forgotten that but for him the great American railroad interests would rule unchecked—that is, in Mexico. Justly or unjustly, Ramon Corral is suspected of some dissembled hostility to Americans. The adulation of the sycophants in the press never spoiled him, but he never forgets his own journalistic struggles and for that reason is disposed to use his good offices whenever an editor is jailed. He is sometimes accused of being too sensitive to newspaper criticism. He is opposed on principle to the censorship which Diaz made so stringent in his early days. The fact that local dailies can criticize the administration and the novel circumstance that Mexican papers begin to enjoy something like license in denouncing the government must be credited to Corral.




## MEXICO'S MAN OF MYSTERY

Ramon Corral, vice-president of the republic to the south of us and candidate to succeed himself, is regarded as the ablest of all the able politicians upon whom Porfirio Diaz has relied to build up the prevailing system of administration in the City of Mexico. It is affirmed by some critics that Corral means to assume all the power Diaz must relinquish when he goes.



# Literature and Art

## DR. ELIOT'S "FIVE-FOOT" LIBRARY

N HIS admirable address on "The Happy Life," delivered fourteen years ago, President Eliot, of Harvard University, pointed out that "for one-tenth part of a year's wages a young mechanic can buy, before he marries, a library of famous books, which if he masters it, will make him a well-read man." This privilege, taken in connection with the low cost and growing number of periodicals, he termed "a new privilege for the mass of mankind," which "alone must alter the aspect of society in a few generations." "Books," he said, "are the quietest and most constant of friends; they are the most accessible and wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers."

During the years that have elapsed, Dr. Eliot's faith in the power of the printed word has grown even stronger, and lately he announced his intention of selecting a group of books, filling a five-foot shelf library, in the belief that "the faithful and considerate reading of these books with such re-readings and memorizings as individual taste may prescribe, will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day." He has subsequently made public the names of thirty-five of these books. Here is the list:

"Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin."  
"Journal of John Woolman."  
"Fruits of Solitude," by William Penn.  
Bacon's "Essays" and "New Atlantis."  
Milton's "Areopagitica" and "Tractate on Education."  
Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici."  
Plato's "Apology," "Phædo," and "Crito."  
"Golden Sayings" of Epictetus.  
"Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."  
Emerson's "Essays."  
Emerson's "English Traits."  
The complete Poems of Milton.  
Jonson's "Volpone."  
Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy."  
Webster's "Duchess of Malfi."  
Middleton's "The Changeling."  
Dryden's "All for Love."  
Shelley's "Cenci."  
Browning's "Blot on the 'Scutcheon."  
Tennyson's "Becket."  
Goethe's "Faust."

Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus."  
Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."  
"Letters" of Cicero and Pliny.  
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."  
Burns's "Tam o' Shanter."  
Walton's "Compleat Angler" and "Lives" of Donne and Herbert.  
"Autobiography of St. Augustine."  
Plutarch's "Lives."  
Dryden's "Æneid."  
"Canterbury Tales."  
"Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis.  
Dante's "Divine Comedy."  
Darwin's "Origin of Species."  
"Arabian Nights."

It is significant both of popular interest in the intellectual life and of a certain cultural independence that this list has been discussed by newspapers all over the country, and in many cases criticized severely as being too narrow and circumscribed. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* regards it as "an amazing list," and the *New York Evening Journal* calls it "preposterous." The *Washington Post* thinks that "for the average man to confine his educational efforts to the volumes prescribed would be to rob himself of much of the wine and sunlight of books and become a rather dry edition of an encyclopedia devoted to the preservation of literary curios."

Dr. Eliot has explained that the Bible and Shakespeare are excluded from his list on the ground that "everybody has read them"; but even if this be conceded, there are strange gaps and omissions. "All the special interests," the *New York World* observes, "clamor for a larger representation of their chosen authors on the shelf—for more science, history, romance, poetry; for Balzac, Hugo, Dickens, Aristophanes; for more modern authors." The same paper comments further:

"The absence from the first list of a great historian such as Thucydides, whom Macaulay considered the greatest of all, or a modern like Gibbon, and the omission of a great novel like 'Les Misérables' or a romance after the order of 'Don Quixote,' point to gaps which are yet to be filled. The space given to Elizabethan dramatists other than Shakespeare will excite remark. Not all men of liberal education are conversant with 'Volpone,' 'The Maid's Tragedy,' 'The Changeling' and 'All for Love.'"



"The inclusion of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' and Darwin's 'Origin of Species' is a none too liberal concession to political economy and science. The absence of the Greek tragedians and the presence of Tennyson's 'Becket' will be noted as an instance of the incompleteness of the published list. There is a preponderance of the ethical and the philosophic perhaps at the expense of the romantic in the choice of Epictetus, 'The Meditations,' the 'Religio Medici' and 'The Imitation.' Is there to be no Molière? No Racine or Corneille or Calderon? Browning and Shelley are represented, the latter curiously by 'The Cenci.' But is there to be no place for Keats, Byron, Wordsworth, Swinburne? 'Faust' and 'Dr. Faustus' appear, and 'The Divine Comedy'; there might be more of the 'Comédie Humaine.' The absence of Homer from a list that includes Dryden's 'Aeneid' shows its unfinished state. Is no room to be found for a collection of British and Scottish ballads; for Petrarch, Boccaccio and Tasso; for Schiller, Heine and Victor Hugo; Thackeray and Dickens; modern French drama and old French chansons? Fielding has no representation. Milton's poems complete and copious extracts from his prose add to the arduous nature of the faithful reader's task. There should be a volume of lyric verse in an anthology such as Palgrave's.

"Dr. Eliot's list will arouse interest as the most authoritative selection of the kind since Lubbock's and Frederic Harrison's, compiled a quarter of a century ago. In its completed form it will inevitably illustrate the inability of individual taste, however cultivated, to prescribe a rigid course in the world's best literature which will serve all readers."

The Springfield *Republican* sets the stamp of its approval on the first seven items in Dr. Eliot's list. But where, it asks, are the dramas of Aristophanes? "From a university which will tolerate the 'Jeanne d'Arc' of a modern actress, one at least expects a sop in the way of 'The Birds.'" The "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius and Emerson's "Essays" and "English Traits," it adds, are in their expected place; but "the latter are the sole representatives of the Concord school. Many of us will weep in vain for the beauties of 'Thanatopsis.'" The *Republican* pursues its analysis:

"Old Ben Jonson strays into the list with 'Volpone,' along with Beaumont and Fletcher's 'The Maid's Tragedy'; but one looks in vain for 'The Jew of Malta' or the cutting satire of 'Tristram Shandy,' while 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Robinson Crusoe' evidently are not literature; to say nothing of 'The Confessions of an Opium Eater.' But we are allowed Webster's 'Duchess of Malfi' and Middleton's 'Changeling,' even tho 'Tom

Jones' is passed unsung and 'Clarissa' is relegated to oblivion. Dryden is represented by 'All for Love'—but why should he get in at all?—and Shelley nobly by 'The Cenci,' but Dr. Eliot invites a quarrel by selecting 'The Blot on the 'Scutcheon' to represent Robert Browning and 'Becket' to carry the name of Tennyson down through the ages in five feet of length. Many of us still believe the old laureate a lyric rather than a dramatic poet, and 'Becket' was ever more Irving than Tennyson. Goethe is represented by 'Faust'; but where is Heine? Can Dr. Eliot have the fear of William the Godly in his marrow?

"With the choice of Marlowe's 'Dr. Faustus' and 'The Wealth of Nations,' by Adam Smith, there can be but little fault found, as they represent that for which they are chosen. Cicero is represented by his letters rather than his orations, and every college man will grieve that he is not to have his dear old 'O tempora, O mores' in his five feet of books. Of course 'Pilgrim's Progress' is there, as are 'The Canterbury Tales'; their omission would never be condoned; and Harvard's sports are represented by 'The Compleat Angler,' but in this case 'The Maltese Cat' would be far more appropriate. Burns is found with 'Tam O'Shanter,' a mere by-play of wit—why not one of the lovely lyrics, like 'Mary in Heaven'?—and with 'The Autobiography of St. Augustine' one may find comfort when feeling as if the silver lining had turned to alloy. Dr. Eliot is evidently not a believer in the originals when he selects Dryden's translation of the 'Aeneid,' which is certainly a marvelous piece of poetry; but the original was almost as good and quite accessible to any graduate has his course been thoro. Horace is overlooked and so is Homer.

"Dante, of course, is in the list and, of course, with the 'Divine Comedy,' while old Thomas à Kempis is honored by the selection of 'Imitation of Christ.' Darwin's 'Origin of Species' and the 'Arabian Nights' close the list as announced to date. But we who are not of the classic shades of Cambridge must look in vain through our five-foot narrow library for 'Vanity Fair,' for 'The Pickwick Papers,' for Moliere, for Confucius."

One of the few papers to give the list hearty indorsement is the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. It says:

"This library seems truly to reflect the mind that assembled it. It is large, wise, serene, sweet and contemplative. Philosophy, the wisdom of life, runs like a strong thread through it: high thinking and plain living, the comforts of religion, and the nobility of man. We should imagine that the doctor's opinion about it is quite sound and true: that any man can have the essentials of a liberal education if he and these books became familiar friends."

## SOME MODERN MASTERS IN DISILLUSION



FONTENELLE, Mérimée, Fabre, Huysmans, Maeterlinck and Anatole France are the six great sceptics grouped in a new volume of essays by Mr. Algar Thorold,\* for the purpose of studying the disillusionment in literature consequent on the modern change of attitude towards Christianity. "The Poetry of Doubt," Mr. Thorold writes, "by which the third quarter of the last century was characterized, has been followed by the Prose of Disillusion." The masters of this prose have one aim in common, and only one,—the search for crude truth. Its effect upon their art, the widely different conclusions to which it brings them, form a fascinating and important, if secondary, motive of Mr. Thorold's philosophic studies.

Passing by Fontenelle, a medieval figure more physician than man of letters, tho he wrote much in both verse and prose, we come to Prosper Mérimée, one of the greatest short-story writers that ever lived, an incomparable artist, Stendhal's most famous pupil. Mérimée, says Mr. Thorold, was a "prince of *désillusionnés*." "Remember to distrust," was the device engraved on his seal; and he never forgot, never let himself go, never made a popular appeal. His centenary, four years ago, passed almost unnoticed. With the exception of "Carmen," his classic stories—"Colomba," "Mateo Falcone," "The Venus of Ille" and others—are not well known, and this one is because of Bizet's opera, which makes a tinsel glory out of a work of faultless realism. Why is it that Mérimée's appeal is so limited, and what is the intrinsic value of that appeal? Mr. Thorold's study is illuminative.

Mérimée's mother was a skilful portrait painter and *raconteuse*—a gay, harsh woman from whom he inherited a horror of sentimentality, an aversion to religion of all kinds, and his genius for anecdote. He was still a youth when he came under the powerful influence of Stendhal's scepticism. "Distrust of men and things," as Mr. Thorold says, "was in the psychological climate into which Mérimée was born." His stories, histories and archeological studies were not his life-work, but the leisurely product of an accomplished man of the world and reactionary politician. "The stifling of French liberties by Louis Napo-

leon's *coup d'état* awoke no protest from him," writes Mr. Thorold, "and he became a senator of that prince's short-lived Empire and inspector of national monuments, while his art . . . was based on profound disillusion."

Mérimée's impassivity of manner made him, according to Taine, resemble an Englishman—"save for the smile." But this was, in reality, the mask of a "profoundly sensitive and emotional nature." His "Letters to an Unknown Woman" and his "Unpublished Correspondence" reveal "an affectionate and tender temperament at which he himself was the first to mock." From such contradictions, a very special and individual literary art was developed. His style, within its limitations, is practically perfect. But it lacks humanity—the humanity which, like Flaubert's, so charms us in his letters. Like Flaubert, too, Mérimée holds himself absolutely aloof from the savage passions he depicts in his stories. His attitude is that of an impassible spectator; or, if you will, as Mr. Thorold expresses it, "the entire self-suppression of the writer in his creation." Flaubert's ideal of perfect anonymity was indeed the supreme attainment of Mérimée—with the result that his stories are masterpieces of sterility. Mr. Thorold in part thus describes them:

"Very significant, too, is his choice of subject. He seems not to have been much interested in those refinements and complications which increasing civilization has worked into the woof of our passions. In this respect he and Mr. Henry James are at the antipodes of art. His characters are all quite simple, or at least their complexity does not go beyond the barely-veiled cunning of the savage. They are so dominated by the passion that leads them up to the dramatic issue of the story as to appear at times to be but embodiments of it. Not that they ever become mere abstract types. They are filled in with a wealth of detail, of plausible circumstantiality, which makes them breathe full-blooded before us. Their hands grow hot or cold in ours, as we meet them at some tragic parting of their ways.

"But everywhere and always they are puppets at the mercy of fate, and the cords with which their destiny at last strangles them are twined out of their own passionate, willful hearts. Life is a force—a 'Force Ennemie'—which sweeps them on to the inevitable doom of human consciousness in such conditions.

"The tragic simplicity of his characters is matched by the simplicity of the issues with which he prefers to deal. Just as they are among the least introspective of the great creations of fiction,

\*SIX MASTERS IN DISILLUSION. By Algar Thorold. E. P. Dutton & Company.

so these issues are of the plainest and most direct. Love, jealousy, revenge, unchecked by philosophy or religion, form the staple of his matter. There is hardly one of his tales that does not involve more than one violent death. Appropriately he chooses his *mise-en-scène* among Andalusian gipsies, or in the brigand-infested *maquis* of Corsica, or in wild Lithuanian forests, where sorceresses dwell. The naïve immorality of his personages finds thus a congruous setting. For, in truth, Mérimée paints pre-normal man before he had fully emerged from the womb of his great Mother 'red in tooth and claw.'

Mérimée lived and died faithful to his disillusion, stoically if not contentedly. It was far otherwise with Joris-Karl Huysmans, that Parisian of Flemish descent, who began his literary life as a disciple of Zola, and ended in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. Havelock Ellis has called him "the intensest vision of the modern world," and Mr. Thorold places him in his group of master disillusionists as perhaps the most bitter and poignant. One of Huysmans' first stories—"Sac-à-dos"—was a "masterpiece of ferocious irony," in which the real distress of the patriotic conscript is caused, not by heroic combat, but by unintermittent colic. "The satire of the little tale," writes Mr. Thorold, "is Rabelaisian both in its intensity and the coarseness of its detail, and its essential irony is enhanced by its humbling and brutal verisimilitude. We cannot doubt, as we lay it down, that this or something like it is, in fact, what war means to most of the obscure thousands who are sacrificed to its lurid prestige and dubious benefits. I do not know whether anarchists make use of 'Sac-à-dos' for their propaganda; they certainly could not do better."

But "Les Soeurs Vatar," dedicated to Zola, was the greatest work of Huysmans' early period. In it, according to the naturalist formula, he sought and attained only accuracy of vision and fullness of presentation. There is a description of a fair in this story, says Mr. Thorold, which is one of the most astonishing pieces of realistic writing ever composed. He continues:

"As you read it, the book fades before your eyes: you are there, at Vincennes, you are burnt by the sun, you are deafened by the shouts of cheap-jacks, you eagerly elbow your way through the streaming, struggling crowd to contemplate the charms of the *femme colosse* and the sinister arts of the serpent-charmer; you are alternately touched and mortified by the sentimental gaucheries of Désirée Vatar, who clings after the

manner of her class to your arm, and when you lay the book down, you feel the physical and mental fatigue inseparable from such a way of passing the afternoon. In this book Huysmans succeeds in transferring, by suggestion, sensorial impressions to the imagination directly, with all the acute crudeness of sheer physical contact. But this is not all. The psychology of Désirée and Céline Vatar, the wise and the foolish virgin, is presented carefully and convincingly. Two years out of the lives of two little Parisian work-girls, one of whom is temperamentally chaste and the other the reverse, but both of them *bonnes filles*, Céline the *noceuse*, with a highly comical sense of her own dignity and her soul of a poor little animal which, after all, asks only to gratify its instincts; Désirée, the virtuous, with all the elements of the *jeune fille* of bourgeois romance, saved from her sister's troubles by a natural modesty of blood, as primary and ineluctable a necessity of her being as Céline's riotous desires are of hers—this is all the story. And yet on this narrow scene, within these sordid and trivial limits, the whole of life seems to pass before us. The ambitious generalization, the pseudo-scientific theorising of Zola, is wholly absent from the pages. Every character in the pitiful little play, from the leading ladies to the merest super, to the strangers one brushes in the street, is individualized, is given his full value as a human unique; every episode is made wholly concrete, the author not only never once betrays any desire to explain things but does not even suggest the faintest personal interest in his puppets. He is wholly absent from his creation, his pen seeming to react mechanically to the stimulus of the spectacle. . . Just so, we feel, would life appear to us if we saw it as it really is, apart from the deforming mirage of our egoistic passions. Just so would it appear, we think, to some superhuman intelligence, some angel or demi-urge. . . It is just so that it appears to the purified eye of the scientific observer 'from hope and fear set free.'

In such contemplation of the world, Huysmans became a prey to dull despair; and his hatred of it all he expressed in "A Rebours," which begins with the neurotic hero's rejection of life and ends with his hysterical cry for faith. This book, writes Mr. Thorold, is the bridge connecting Huysmans' first and second period—his naturalism and his mysticism. Yet, he continues:

"This criticism, in order not to be misleading, must be made more precise. In method, Huysmans remained an impenitent naturalist to the end. Whether he is writing of M. Folantin's despairing hunt for a decent meal in the restaurants of his *quartier*, or of the visions of St. Lidwina of Schiedam, his methods are always the same. He proceeds invariably by the ac-

cumulation of physical details which build up, as it were, cell by cell, the organic whole of the scene he is evoking. The intensity of the evocation, when complete, is due to the power with which the details are made to live in themselves, and the skill with which they are inter-related. He produces a composition which lives in the apparently spontaneous unity of a concrete moment. For—and in an attempt to appreciate Huysmans, the point cannot be too strongly made—he is always concerned with the concrete episode, which is indeed what gives him his place among the purest and greatest of naturalistic Masters, affiliating him also, in no uncertain way, to those other great naturalist artists, the painters of his native land. The technique of his imaginative perception is very closely reminiscent of the methods of the Flemish painters."

Mr. Thorold is convinced that the final conversion of Huysmans to Roman Catholicism was sincere. None of the psychological elements of such a change were lacking. Contemporary life had become revolting to him, medievalism a powerful attraction. In fact, he was a medievalist before he was a Roman Catholic, and his religious books fall into a category of their own. "The man submits to the discipline which is to save his soul, the writer remains a free lance," as Mr. Thorold puts the case. The whole domain of what Huysmans himself calls the "fief of Art," which was the creation of the medieval Church, absorbed him, and thus he resuscitated as artist, rather than as convert, its horrible hopes and fears, its heaven and hell, angels, saints and demons.

But a study of the last period of Huysmans' work belongs to the pathologist rather than to the literary critic. Both Mérimée and Huysmans, in totally different ways, went shipwreck on the rocks of disillusion. When we turn to a writer like Maeterlinck, however, that "master of suggestion," we find an art that only gains in power through its inherent scepticism. For Maeterlinck replaces the old illusions with new, one faith with another. His thought is dynamic. "Is he a lyric poet? Is he a dramatist? Is he a moralist?" questions Mr. Thorold. And he proceeds to describe as follows the unique genius which manifests itself now in one form, now in another:

"He has written many miniature dramas—'Shakespeare for Marionettes', he calls them himself—some of which are the most poignant little pieces imaginable, all drenched with the tears and mystery of things; fragments of life itself, we think, as we read or watch them for the

first time, almost catching our breath at the naïveté of their frankness, at their child-like ingenuousness. He has signed pages of criticism, in their way inimitable; altho they do not contain much of what is ordinarily understood by the term. His essays on Emerson, Ruysbroeck, and Novalis convey no personal impression whatever of those great ones; they deal almost wholly with the pure idea, and barely advert to the human envelope."

It is said that some of the most beautiful effects of Corot's landscapes were produced by the master at such a distance from the subject he was painting that all detail was indistinguishable to the eye. "So Maeterlinck," Mr. Thorold remarks, "discerns the spiritual values of a Novalis or a Ruysbroeck by altogether overlooking their existence in time and space, and concentrating his gaze on the light of the idea which they at once conceal and manifest." The same criticism applies to the other essays—on moral and spiritual subjects—collected in the same volume under the title of "*Le Trésor des Humbles*." "Here and there the clouds part, and an astonishingly pure and lambent ray gladdens us for a moment; we feel we never knew what light was before, like those who for the first time see the Italian sun; then, once more, a period of obscurity."

"One thing, however, no conscientious student of Maeterlinck can maintain; and that is that his obscurity partakes in ever so slight a degree of a pose, of a deliberate mystification. Here is no attitude of indifference, no mask of intellectual scorn, but rather the patient effort of a most unusual sincerity, which, with the obvious repression of a fine rhetorical gift, endeavors to express exactly what is meant, just that and nothing more." Mr. Thorold adds:

"In his two latest books, the metaphysical preoccupations observable in his earlier work seem to have dropped off him. Life, the actual tale of days of men and women, working in fields and cities, in courts and camps, at home and abroad, 'on perilous seas forlorn,' has laid on him the fascination of its touch. It is in this actuality, this nearness to experience, that his value consists. He probes into the moral fact as we find it in our common human nature, unconcerned with its metaphysical justification, and frankly admitting that our present knowledge does not enable us demonstrably to relate it to the rest of the Cosmos."

"In the world in which we live," Maeterlinck has written, "there is no physical justice



proceeding from moral causes, whether such justice be considered to present itself under the form of heredity, illness, or of atmospheric, geological, or any other phenomena imaginable." And again: "There is within us a spirit which weighs only intentions, there is without us a power which weighs only actions." Neither the will of an anthropomorphic God, nor any sort of physical justice, but simply the personal perception of justice—the spirit within us "which weighs only intentions," so Maeterlinck would have us believe, is the source and only real sanction of morality. This spirit, continually modifying through the ages all things to human ends, in spite of the accidents of nature, "gradually substituting the hut for the cave, evolving the social pact out of the egotism of self-preservation, the family out of the vagrant impulses of the promiscuous savage," now turns to the "complacent religiosity of the rich," and says in the inspired words of Maeterlinck:

"If the child of our good neighbor be born blind, idiotic or deformed, we will go and seek, no matter where, even in the darkness of a religion we no longer practise, a God of some sort to interrogate his thought; but if the child be born poor, which usually lowers no less than the most serious infirmity by several degrees the destiny of a being, we shall not dream of asking a single question of the God who is everywhere where we are, since he is made of our will. Before desiring an ideal judge, it is necessary to purify our ideas. Before bewailing the indifference of Nature and seeking an equity which is not there, it were wise to attack, in our human religions, an iniquity which is there; and when it is there no longer, the part reserved for the injustices of chance will probably appear reduced by two-thirds. It will, in any case, be more diminished than if we had made the storm reasonable, the volcano perspicacious, the avalanche pre-warned, heat and cold circumspect, sickness judicious, the sea intelligent and attentive to our virtues and secret intentions. There are, in fact, many more paupers than victims of shipwreck or material accidents, and many more maladies due to misery than to the caprices of our organism or the hostility of the elements."

Anatole France, says a clever writer in *The New Age* (London), unlike Maeterlinck, who has sought and experienced truth for himself, is a disillusionist who has merely read the truths of other truth-seekers. His profession of faith reads as follows:

"The longer I contemplate human life, the more I believe that we must give it, for witnesses and judges, Irony and Pity, even as the

Egyptians evoked over their dead the goddesses Isis and Nephtis. Irony and Pity are two good counsellors. The one smiles and makes life amiable; the other weeps and makes it sacred. The irony which I invoke is not cruel. It mocks neither love nor beauty. It is gentle and kind. Its laugh calms anger; and it teaches us to smile at wicked men and fools whom, without it, we might have the weakness to hate."

These are the words of a wise and good man, says Mr. Thorold,—the first living writer of French prose, and last in the line of great sceptics in whom Doubt and Thought are the twin springs of the mind. "Anatole France," he maintains, "represents a more developed, a more philosophical scepticism than any other writer noticed in these studies." His "Abbé Coignard" and "M. Bergeret" are amongst the greatest creations in fiction of the sceptical spirit. "Whether he is writing of Asiatic religions, contemporary literature, science or philosophy, his subject seems to be spontaneously yielding up its inmost secret to the compelling courtesy of his investigation as a flower yields its perfume to the caresses of the sun. For he treats all ideas with the uniform and exquisite politeness of the sceptic."

M. France, however, has performed what Sainte-Beuve would call many "acts of literature" in the course of his socialistic propaganda, which have brought upon him the petty criticism of backsliding from his intellectual ideals. But it is surely not irrational, as Mr. Thorold points out, for an avowed sceptic "to endeavor to make himself and his fellow-creatures more comfortable on this peculiar planet—as happy and successful as the nature of things permits." And thus he concludes:

"The belief in the universal flux of things, in the absence of any ascertainable moral or intellectual order in the world, has represented the conviction of some of the serenest and finest of human intelligences. It was the mental attitude of an Epicurus, a Democritus, a Montaigne, a Gassendi. M. France has put it before us once more with unrivalled clearness and beauty of expression, and with a modernity of touch that makes it move in our minds as an actual form of our own experience. The sheet lightning of his quiet irony illuminates it; and the glow of his pity suffuses it with an irresistibly attractive humanity. To have rendered thus perfectly, with so fine and conscientious an art, his personal vision of life gives him his supreme claim on our admiration, on our intelligent sympathy. The 'commerce of wisdom, we are told by the Preacher, is pleasant. Those who doubt it cannot do better than turn to the works of Anatole France."



## GOGOL'S CENTENARY FESTIVAL IN MOSCOW



F ALL the famous men whose centenaries mark the present year, none, with the exception of Lincoln, has been celebrated with the same ardent and widespread devotion as the one Russian, Nikolay Vassilyevich Gogol. The hundredth anniversary of Gogol's birth was the signal for a general festival in his native country lasting three days. Every city of any account had a celebration of its own besides. For weeks the Russian press was filled with matter about Gogol, and the speeches on Gogol, so the Moscow correspondent of the *Riech* says, formed the chief topic of conversation. Indeed, it completely eclipsed public interest in the ministerial crisis which happened to take place at the same time.

The manner in which Europe, as a whole, responded to the Gogol celebration is significant of the high position Russian literature has come to occupy, and the growing knowledge of it abroad. About thirty years ago a similar festival was held in Moscow in honor of Pushkin, but the outside world took no cognizance of it. On this occasion representatives from nearly every country in Europe came to do honor to the Russian genius. France sent the largest number, among them Melchior de Vogüé and Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu representing the Institute of France. The universities of Cambridge and Oxford were represented by Professors Walter Prayre and Pere; Germany, by Loewenfeld, the translator and student of Tolstoy, and Eugen Zabel. There were also deputations from Holland, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, and all the Slav countries. Among the laurel wreaths laid at the foot of Gogol's statue were tributes from the Czar, numerous Russian societies, a group of Oxford students, and the Dutch and Italian deputations.

Gogol was the first Russian realistic novelist and dramatist. His position in Russian literature is unique. He is not only a great satirist—Russia has many satirists—but his works also display a lively sense of pure humor which is an extremely rare quality in Russian authors. In his masterpieces, such as the novel "Dead Souls" and the comedy "Revizor," he is unsparing in his exposition of Russian officialdom and Russian society. But in some of his smaller stories such "The Nose" and "The Diary of a Madman," he is a fun-maker pure and simple, with no more objective than our Mark Twain. His fam-

ous story, "The Cloak," however, combines all the characteristics of later Russian literature—grim humor, with a deep sense of pity for the lowly and oppressed, and a scrupulous realism. These are the qualities in Gogol which exerted the greatest influence on later Russian writers—Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Goncharov and Grigorovich. "We are all descended from Gogol's cloak," said Turgenev.

"It is not humor," according to a critic in the *St. Petersburg Zeitung*, "that the Russian authors have learned from Gogol. Upon some of them, Turgenev, for example, this humorous element in Gogol exerted even an injurious influence. It is his strong realism that proved the best teacher of later Russian writers. For this is Gogol's peculiarity: he exaggerates and caricatures, yet his characters are real through and through, because the author has not merely tacked on certain funny features to them, after the fashion of some of our modern humorists, but the comic elements issue from their innermost being, from their profoundest depths. The whole of old Russia, not merely individual characters, live in Gogol's works. 'Dead Souls' takes its title from the adventures of one who travels all over Russia in pursuance of a scheme of becoming an estate-holder by purchasing the dead serfs ('souls' of the dead), who are officially counted as living until the next census. This remarkable novel embraces types from every walk of Russian life. Gogol reproduced, so to speak, the collective physiognomy of Russian society. He is the first great master of mass and class psychology in his country. He achieved what Pushkin and Griboyedov only attempted. He exaggerates, but does not distort, so that his writings are never grotesque or uncanny. Gogol's laugh is quite unique. Sometimes it has all the bitterness and despair of Swift, sometimes it is as harmless and good-natured as Fritz Reuter's; but it cannot be compared to either the one or the other. Gogol comes nearest to the greatest idealist among the satirists, Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote.' He himself calls Laughter the only honorable and noble personage among the numerous low, comic and trivial types of his creations."

The production of Gogol's comedy, the "Revizor," in 1841 is a memorable event in the history of the Russian drama. The sensation it created in Russia was similar to the stir aroused in France in 1830 by Hugo's "Hernani." It is so caustic, true, and clever a satire on the venality and stupidity of the

Russian functionaries that it was only because of the favor it found with Nicholas I that it was finally permitted to be put on the boards under the Czar's own aegis. Turgenev calls Gogol's comedy "the most terrible satire ever produced on the stage." It created a storm of resentment in official circles, from which Gogol suffered exceedingly. The attacks upon him helped to accentuate the melancholy to which he was predisposed from early youth, and which drove him finally into a state of fanatical mysticism. He never recovered. In his change of mood he renounced his former liberal views and burnt as pernicious the manuscript of the last part of "Dead Souls."

A rough draft of it found after his death was put into shape and published by his friends, but it is weak and ineffective, and clearly reflects his dwindling intellectual powers. Gogol died in Russia, after a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1848.

"It is difficult," says Turgenev in his "Literary Reminiscences," "for men of the present generation to obtain a conception of the charm surrounding the name of Gogol. No writer of today attracts the general attention centered upon Gogol in his day." Turgenev himself always had unbounded admiration for the first great Russian novelist. "Gogol's name marks an epoch in literature," he wrote in his obituary letter. The publication of this letter, which contained nothing but disinterested praise of Gogol, and was a touching tribute showing the devotion of one great writer for another, led to most surprising consequences, and had a far-reaching effect upon Turgenev's career. Altho Gogol turned quite reactionary toward the end of his life, Russian officialdom never forgave him his masterly criticism of bureaucratic abuses. On his death practically all reference to Gogol was prohibited by the censor. Through the instrumentality of a high official, however, Turgenev's letter finally found its way into a Moscow paper. As a result Turgenev was deprived of his position in the ministry of the interior, was put under arrest, and then exiled to his estate. It was this incident which determined Turgenev to leave his native country and make his permanent residence abroad.

But a great master can live down the grievances even of Russian officialdom, as the present celebration shows. De Vogüé, who began his speech in French and concluded in Russian, pointed out that for the first time since its foundation the Institute of France sent a deputation outside of France to honor the memory of a foreign author. Gogol, he



RUSSIA'S GREAT SATIRICAL NOVELIST AND  
DRAMATIST

"In the works of Gogol" says George Brandes, "Russia has outstripped the rest of Europe. It is only in Ibsen's dramas that Europe has attained to the heights of Gogol."

said, was the father of all modern Russian authors. George Brandes, who was prevented from attending in person, sent a letter containing the following glowing appreciation: "In the works of Gogol Russia has outstripped the rest of Europe. It is only in Ibsen's dramas that Europe has attained to the heights of Gogol. Gogol is a genius. At the time when he wrote he did not know he was creating immortal things. Not all can understand Gogol. It is only such men as your great literary critic Belinsky who can understand him. Let the intellectuals of all nations bring laurel wreaths to lay on his monument."

An address in Latin received from the Dublin University produced a deep impression on the audience when read in Russian translation. It spoke of the *fama immortalis* which will ever attach to Gogol's greatest work, "Dead Souls," and concluded with the words: "Now all the nations are honoring Gogol, and the Dublin University expresses the hope that the name of Hibernia also will be considered worthy of taking part in honoring the great Russian author."

## MARK TWAIN FROM A NEW ANGLE



**I**T HAS been the constant complaint of Mark Twain that the world has refused to take him seriously. His reputation as a humorist has been so deeply impressed upon the popular imagination that very few regard him as anything else. At last, however, an interpreter has appeared who emphasizes the deeper note in his work. Prof. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, does not ignore or depreciate the humorous side of Mark Twain, but asserts that his "supremest title to distinction as a great writer inheres in his mastery in that highest sphere of thought, embracing religion, philosophy, morality, and even humor, which we call sociology."

Mark Twain is a great figure, Professor Henderson insists, not so much because he is an American as because he is "America's greatest cosmopolitan." Unlike Henry James, he is at home even in his own country; but he has also mingled and sympathized with people in every country, seeking universal traits beneath the surface veneer. Professor Henderson continues (in *Harper's Magazine*):

"He disclaims any 'attitude' toward the world, for the very simple reason that his relation toward all peoples has been one of effort at comprehension and identification with them in feeling. Lafcadio Hearn best succeeded in interpreting poetry to his Japanese students by freeing it from all artificial and local restraints, and using as examples the simplest lyrics which go straight to the heart and soul of man. And his remarkable lecture on 'Naked Poetry' is the most signal illustration of his profoundly suggestive mode of interpretation. In the same way Mark Twain as humorist has sought the highest common factor of all nations. 'My secret, if there is any secret,' Mr. Clemens said to me, 'is to create humor independent of local conditions. Tho studying humanity as exhibited in the people and localities I best knew and understood, I have sought to winnow out the encumbrance of the local. *Humor, like morality, has its eternal verities.* Most American humorists have not been widely famous because they have failed to create humor independent of local conditions not found or realized elsewhere.'"

The history of literature, Professor Henderson goes on to point out, furnishes no great international figures whose fame rests solely on the basis of humor. There is always some deeper and more serious implication which

gives breadth and solidity to the art-product. Genuine humor, according to Landor's definition, requires a "sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one." Rabelais and La Fontaine were reflective dreamers; Cervantes fought for progress and reality; and Molière felt he was doing useful service in attacking the shams and vices of his time. The argument proceeds:

"Tho exhibiting little of the melancholy of Lincoln, Mark Twain has much of the Yankee shrewdness and bed-rock commonsense of Franklin; and commingled with all his boyish and exuberant fun is a note of pathos subdued but unmistakable. That 'disposition for hard hitting with a moral purpose to sanction it,' which George Meredith pronounces the disposition of British humor, is Mark Twain's racial hereditament; and it is, perhaps, because he relates us to our origins, as Mr. Brander Matthews has suggested, that Mark Twain is the foremost of American humorists. It is impossible to think of him in his maturer development as other than a moralist. His impassioned and chivalric defence of Harriet Shelley, his eloquent tribute to the Maid of Orleans, his philippic against King Leopold and the atrocities in the Congo, are all, in essence, vindications of the moral principle. 'Was It Heaven or Hell?' in its simple pathos, and 'The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg,' in its shrieking irony, present that same transvaluation of current moral values which marks the age of Nietzsche, of Ibsen, of Tolstoi, of Zola, and of Shaw. In her unfinished biography of him, Mark Twain's little daughter Susy credited him with being 'as much of a philosopher [*sic*] as anything'; and insists that 'he is more interested in earnest books and earnest subjects to talk upon than in humorous ones.'"

Mr. Clemens' first essay on a philosophical subject, it seems, dealt with the question of free will. It took the ground that there is practically no such thing as freedom, that every man is under the inimitable compulsion of his temperament, his training, and his environment. The paper had been written for delivery before the Hartford Club of orthodox religionists to which he belonged, but was so radical that it was never read. In the last thirty years, the suggestions contained in that essay have been expanded into a philosophical and ethical system. Today the creed of Mark Twain is summed up in the injunction: "Diligently train your ideals upward and still upward toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer

benefits upon your neighbors and the community." Professor Henderson tells us:

"Mark Twain is a great humorist—more genial than grim, more good-humored than ironic, more given to imaginative exaggeration than to intellectual sophistication, more inclined to pathos than to melancholy. He is a great storyteller; and he has enriched the literature of the world with a gallery of portraits so human in their veracious likeness as to rank them with the great figures of classic comedy. He is a remarkable observer and faithful reporter, never allowing himself, in Ibsen's phrase, to be 'frightened by the venerableness of the institution'; and his sublimated journalism reveals a mastery of the naïvely comic thoroly human and democratic. He is the most eminent product of our American democracy; and, in profoundly shocking Great Britain by preferring Connecticut to Camelot, he exhibited that robustness of outlook, that buoyancy of spirit, and that faith in the contemporary which stamps America in perennial and inexhaustible youth. Throughout his long life he has been a factor of high ethical influence in our civilization; and the philosopher and the humanitarian look out from the twinkling eyes of the humorist."

Then follows the concluding argument that Mark Twain's chief claim to distinction lies not in his humor, nor in his story-telling, nor in his reporting, but in his power as a sociological thinker:

"Mr. Bernard Shaw once remarked to me that he regarded Poe and Mark Twain as America's

greatest achievements in literature; and that he thought of Mark Twain primarily, not as humorist, but as sociologist. 'Of course,' he added, 'Mark Twain is in much the same position as myself: he has to put matters in such a way as to make people who would otherwise hang him believe he is joking!' And Mark Twain once said that whenever he had diverged from custom and principle to utter a truth, the rule has been that the hearer hadn't strength of mind enough to believe it. There is a 'sort of contemporaneous posterity' which has registered its verdict that Mark Twain is the world's greatest living humorist; but there is yet to come that greater posterity of the future which will, I dare say, class Mark Twain as America's greatest sociologist in letters.

"He is the historian in art of a varied and unique phase of civilization on this continent that has passed forever. And it is inconceivable that any future investigator into the sociological phases of that civilization can fail to find priceless and unparalleled documents in the wild yet genial, rudimentary yet sane, boisterous yet universally human writings of Mark Twain."

A writer in the *Independence Belge* (Brussels), Jacques Lux, refers to Prof. Archibald Henderson's study as one of rare conciseness and singular force. "The Yankees," he says, "are as proud of possessing a Mark Twain as their fathers were ashamed of acknowledging Edgar Poe as their fellow-countryman. They profess for Mark Twain the same sort of vehement admiration that we have in France for the power of a Balzac."

## THE NEO-ROMANTICISTS—A NEW FRENCH FEMINIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE

**T**HE opening years of the twentieth century in France have been marked by a strange portent. A new "school" of women writers is growing up in that country which is probably unparalleled in the history of literature. Its most prominent exponents are such novelists and poets as Marcelle Tinayre, Myriam Harry, Camille Pert, Colette Yver, Gérard d'Houville, and Comtesse de Noailles; and their writings have been received with unmistakable enthusiasm by the reading public. Conservative critics see in their works little more than a glorification of egoistic passion, and libertarianism gone mad; but one critic, Monsieur Jules Bertaut, finds in the new movement "the pressure of an entire clan, the clamor of an entire class, and

the awakening to life of an entire sex."

M. Bertaut has deemed it worth while to make a careful comparative study of these women writers, with a view to discovering the traits and tendencies they have in common; and the results of his investigation, published in book form,\* may be summarized under five main heads. In the first place, he says, the writers of this new school all regard woman in the same fashion. They are Neo-Romanticists. Far from creating, as one would expect, a large number of dissimilar but true female types, they have created only a single type, and have copied this type a hundred times over. Their heroine is usually more or less unbalanced, and is always totally

\*LA LITTÉRATURE FÉMININE D'AUJOURD'HUI. By Jules Bertaut. Librairie des Annales. Paris.



un-moral (which does not necessarily mean that she is immoral). She is a woman who, in her early girlhood, has been an ardent, instinctive, self-willed, half-wild creature, who in her later girlhood has been subjected to a conventional education and who, on the threshold of womanhood, suddenly plunges into life with a tremendous determination to realize her own ideal of happiness—that is, to satisfy all her desires. If her desires are carnal or sentimental, she engages herself in a violent love affair. If, on the other hand, her desires are intellectual, if she prefers the voluptuousness of the intellect to the voluptuousness of the flesh, she chooses a masculine career, and pursues it with the same fiery half-savage energy she would otherwise have devoted to loving. "All," observes M. Bertaut, "are equally modern, all equally enfranchised, all equally eager to employ their activity in a fashion in which women have not employed their activity up to the present. Their common principle is the ardor with which they accept the learning and practice of the trade which they have imposed upon themselves. In them is no coldness, no passive obedience of a creature guided in spite of herself by her destiny, but the profound and sincere enthusiasm of a young soul which vibrates with science and with art. The splendors of the intellectual have just been revealed to them, literally, and they are intoxicated by these new inspirations." This enthusiasm for the intellectual has a double effect. On the one hand, it increases a thousandfold the physical energy of the woman; on the other, it develops her intelligence at the expense of her emotion, which it sterilizes.

The next point covered by M. Bertaut is the treatment of man in the works of the new school. Not one of the Neo-Romanticists, he asserts, has succeeded in creating convincing masculine types. He points to many instances in which Frenchmen of letters have described with marvelous precision the souls of women, and asks: Is it the same with the woman-writer as with the man-writer? Have the women writers given us in their novels, poems and plays during the last twenty years types of men hitherto unknown to literature? Or, at least, have they, in the male figures they have traced, displayed unexpected powers of observation? Have they made discoveries? To these questions he gives a frankly negative answer. If there is a particular weakness in this feminine literature it is in the failure to portray men. The women have

spoken of men, of course, some have spoken of them at great length. They have traced portraits of them, drawn silhouettes, they have even made men the protagonists of their novels, and, with careful scrutiny, one could certainly find a hundred examples; and yet all these efforts combined have not resulted in the creation of a single male type, of one of those types of which one can say: "It is X—; it is Y—; it is Z—."

Going a step farther, M. Bertaut accuses the Neo-Romanticists of imposing upon their male personages the traits of women. Thus:

"The workingman who passes in the street, the man of the people, the bourgeois, the aristocrat, the soldier, the sailor, the most varied types of society, are, for masculine observers like Maupassant, Daudet, Balzac, equally interesting beings by reason of the life in each. In themselves, they are equally curious to observe. For the woman of letters, on the contrary, these beings of different social ranks do not exist if they do not touch her own life or her own temperament by some side of their lives, of their temperaments, of their sensibilities or of their imaginations. She feels herself incapable of expressing the reality which is in them and which is totally different from that of her own existence. And, try as she will, she must needs put her own qualities and her own faults into each of the souls she paints. But, at bottom, what will she have painted? Herself, again and always; and this is so evident, it appears inevitable, that several of the school renounce before commencing and seek in literary art solely a means to express strongly as possible their own personalities."

In their fiction and in their poetry, the Neo-Romanticists, like the older Romanticists—George Sand, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and the rest—occupy themselves largely with love, but their love differs from the Romanticist love in that it is usually sensual and always selfish, while that of the Romanticists was self-sacrificing. Says M. Bertaut:

"Take at random a heroine of Madame Tinayre, of Myriam Harry, of Gérard d'Houville, of Gabrielle Reval, and examine the nature of her love. What is the quality that will strike you at once? Its egoism. The love that flourishes, that blooms, in the hearts of all these heroines is a passion at least as exalted and as ardent as that which transformed the souls of the Romanticists; but it is a flame which shines before a sort of mirror, it is a flame which is conscious that it is burning and which watches itself burn. Whether she be an ardent young girl such as is portrayed in 'Avant L'Amour,' whether she be a sophisticated young woman like Fanny Manole or Hellé [in the works of Marcelle Tin-



ayre], whether she be somewhat facile, cold and dynamic, like the women of Gérard d'Houville, whether she be a feverish soul *à la* Myriam Harry, or an intellectual *à la* Gabrielle Reval, the heroine is always more disposed to savor in the play of passion her own impressions, her own enthusiasm, than to make the happiness of another being, than to accomplish the sacrifice of self. . . . In this respect, feminism has had and will have a considerable influence. By force of hearing it repeated that she should use her rights, that she should manifest her superiority, that she should tend constantly to become the equal of man, woman has exalted in her own conceit her person, her physical and moral beauty, her illusions, her sorrows, her hopes. The woman of Romanticism felt her passion (that is to say her own and that of her lover) stifled by society, and the pair rebelled together. The woman of today feels herself still a prisoner of certain customs and of certain laws, and she also feels her love stifled; but she is troubled for herself rather than for her partner."

Absorbed with proclaiming the glory of self-expression, very few of the Neo-Romanticists seem to realize that there are children and mothers in the world. This indifference to maternity and to the attractions of the fireside is the fourth point emphasized by M. Bertaut. It appears as a corollary of their defence of egoistic passion. "You may review," affirms M. Bertaut, "all the subjects treated by the female author in the novel, in the short story, in poetry, in the drama, you will find only an infinitesimal number of works in which the child, with the diverse and absorbing problems which he raises, plays the principal rôle." He continues:

"You will encounter innumerable pairs of lovers, uncomprehended women and deceived husbands, ardent men and especially high-strung mistresses, you will even encounter dangerous and very realistic girls; you will not discover the child, constituting by his presence the subject, the nucleus, of a novel or of a play serving as the central figure about which the other personages turn. Thus, in the constantly increasing and soon innumerable legion of women of letters who have come together from the most opposite points of the social horizon, *bourgeoises* and great ladies, women of the people or of the University, rich or poor, unclassed or needy, but women, that is to say mothers before everything else, you will find scarcely a handful to whom it has occurred to make the interest of their novel, their story or their play center in the child! Do you realize that this single fact is prodigious in the deductions it authorizes and the state of soul it supposes in the woman of today?"

The attitude of the Neo-Romanticist to na-

ture, M. Bertaut observes finally, is significant as marking a renaissance of the pantheistic spirit. The aspiration to drown oneself in the great whole which was supposed to have been extinguished by the realistic school, reappears in her. To glide gently, so to speak, into multiple and unconscious nature is her secret dream, her dearest chimera. The only difference between her pantheism and that of the great Romanticists is that she carries it so far that it verges on hysteria. Apropos of Madame de Noailles, author of "La Domination" and "Les Eblouissements," (works believed by many to mark the beginning of a new literary epoch), M. Bertaut says:

"The fact is that we are in the presence of a temperament exceptionally endowed to render the thousand indefinable emotions which are born in us by contact with the external world. It would seem that each one of the senses of this woman is multiplied tenfold, to the point of being monstrous; that each one of her sensations creates in the depths of her heart and of her brain a commotion hitherto unknown, that it produces new vibrations there; and that it evokes images which are at once of an insane boldness and of an extraordinary precision. What is the Romanticist phraseology, what is the profound love of Chateaubriand for the forests of the New World, what is the voluptuous and indolent passion of Lamartine for his Savoyard mountains, what are George Sand's highly colored and enthusiastic descriptions of her plains and her meadows, what is even the verbal puissance of a Hugo beside the thrills of voluptuousness, of joy, of love, which this woman experiences in walking in her little garden-plot, contemplating the familiar vine, the herbs, the simple flowers, the turf and the clematis of her summer-house! This is verily the last word of pantheism: to find the ardor, the fever, the enthusiasm which permit one to commune with nature, not in the presence of one of those grandiose spectacles that exalt the most mediocre and the most earthly souls, but before the petty vision of a curate's back-yard or a vegetable patch of the suburbs! Surely this is not a banal fashion of contemplating nature, but even among the greatest poets who were pantheists and who excelled in rendering in their chants the great voice of the forests, of the mountains or of the sea, you will not find one whose sensibility possesses a hardihood comparable to that of Madame de Noailles. The reason is that these great poets were men, and that the most Romantic among them maintained a certain measure and conserved lucidity even in their most audacious flights."

As regards the craftsmanship of the members of this new school of literature, M. Bertaut is at once complimentary and uncomplimentary. He gives it as his opinion that they



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"THE TALE OF ISOLDE"

(By F. Benedict Herzog)

The first photograph hung by a recognized art society in America side by side with oil paintings.

compose badly (using the word *compose* in the sense in which painters use it), that they have little power of invention, and that they are strangely devoid of taste; but that they are, by way of compensation, masters of brilliant and original (if sometimes incorrect) styles.

M. Bertaut confesses that he views the new school with conflicting emotions. Its faults are the faults inherent in the feminine temperament, and while they *can* be remedied, he is not at all sure that they *will* be. "The giddiness produced in these ex-prisoners by their newly acquired liberty," he remarks, "may not last. The French temperament, which is a temperament of harmony, cannot habituate it-

self to such extravagances; they may be the fashion today, they will not be the fashion tomorrow. Whether they like it or not, these Neo-Romanticists must enter the common literary fold, must submit to the rules of composition, must discipline their taste, must adopt a method." He concludes:

"They can do so without losing their originality, which will find itself multiplied and fortified by the measure and the harmony which they reject today with too much disdain. And in that event the literature of the woman of today, somewhat troubled, sometimes bad, often unhealthy, will have been the fertile soil in which will germinate and flourish the vigorous, solid and harmonious literature of the woman of tomorrow."

## HERZOG'S PHOTOGRAPHIC FRIEZES



SOMETHING new and wonderful in the way of artistic photography has been accomplished by an American. His name is F. Benedict Herzog, and his peculiar achievement consists in the execution of decorative friezes, or panel compositions, built up in fluent, harmonious combinations, and sometimes containing twenty or thirty figures. In the past, photography has been largely confined to simple effects, whether in portrait or in landscape, and has been judged primarily from the point of view of the photographic medium. But Dr. Herzog is an artist and a master of the complex. His work has attracted attention from the point of view of the broader art-values involved. The painter, Robert Vonnob, characterizes him as "one doing marvelous work in a new medium," and Edwin Blashfield says: "It is most extraordinary. Herzog is highly gifted."

The relation of Dr. Herzog to his predecessors in the photographic field has been thus defined by Christian Brinton, in an appreciation in *The Century*:

"The battle-ground of the new photography has been the field of pictorial expression, wherein the effects attained by the painter of landscape, of the figure, or of the portrait, have been more or less closely imitated. The avowed aim has been to share the laurels of artists both past and present. Steichen has sought to catch the magic light and shade of Rembrandt, and Stieglitz has shown us town or country scenes as delicately atmospheric as those of Hassam, Monet, or Le Sidaner.

"Thus far qualities of selection and sympathetic interpretation have been chiefly in evidence. Nature has been accepted virtually as she is, and recorded with uncommon insight and feeling for the picturesque. An entirely new rôle, however, has recently been introduced by the more elaborate and ambitious work of Dr. F. Benedict Herzog. Not satisfied with reflecting the purely natural or accidental, Dr. Herzog displays creative and constructive faculties of a distinctly high order. For the first time photography has here been dedicated to what might be termed the grand style. In glancing at these gracious, rhythmic compositions, one instinctively recalls the art of Raphael, Tintoretto, or Veronese."

Dr. Herzog has been hailed as the forerunner of a coming revival of romanticism. His mystic conceptions recall the spirit of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. "Above all," Mr. Brinton observes, "the man who has conjured into be-

ing 'A Tale of Isolde' and 'The Banks of Lethe' is a poet and a dreamer." He continues:

"Not only in subject, but in treatment as well, does Dr. Herzog differ sharply from his colleagues. An accomplished technician, he yet refrains from indulging in any of those tricks of focus and of printing which border so dangerously on faddism. Liberal in his attitude, he does not hesitate to retouch his plates at will, for he frankly holds that the camera should be used with the same freedom as brush or pencil. Altho he has achieved such success in photographing groups of figures, it need not be inferred that his larger decorative schemes are the result of a single exposure. Given the desire to interpret certain more or less plastic conceptions, Dr. Herzog will arrange and re-arrange his models, and make numerous sketch negatives from which he evolves various fluent and harmonious combinations of line and mass. Sometimes they are the outcome of a fixed idea, sometimes they are pure improvisations. Here they hark backward to the Renaissance, and there echo the penetrant sadness of Celtic legend; yet they always reveal the resources of a trained and subtle esthetic intelligence."

In an equally enthusiastic estimate in *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (New York), Sadakichi Hartmann speaks of the service that Dr. Herzog has rendered to photographic art by lifting it out of "the ruck of one-figure composition." He goes on to voice his admiration for one of Herzog's most characteristic qualities—his wide and intimate knowledge of drapery:

"He is at home in all styles. No matter whether it is the crushed and crumpled drapery of the Pre-Raphaelites, the pompous style of the Venetians with its broad planes of shining velvet, or the pliable, soft, stunning effects of a Reynolds or a Gainsborough, he masters them all, and, altho his imagination is haunted with the souvenirs of former more picturesque periods in the history of costume, he is invariably the interpreter of his own moods."

A third well-known art-critic, Charles H. Caffin, while conceding the originality and resourcefulness of Herzog, has questioned the ultimate value of his art, on the ground that the effort to unite the classic spirit and modern photography is foredoomed to failure. The method of composition used by Herzog, so Mr. Caffin tells us (in *Camera Work*), is based upon the principles bought to perfection by the great Italians—a balanced distribution of

nically calculated repetitions and contrasts. It grew up in an age when the religious fervor of the masses and the devotion of cultivated people to classic legends were ruling emotions. Photography, on the other hand, is a new medium requiring new methods and new motives. It is precisely because Herzog puts "a new medium" to the service of "a belated motive" that, from Mr. Caffin's point of view, he is out of harmony with the spirit of the age.

To all of this Dr. Herzog replies in *The Cosmopolitan*. He rests his case in part upon a dictum of Maeterlinck's. The Belgian seer recognizes no conflict between the mystical spirit and modern photography. On the contrary, he says, with reference to photography:

"It is already many years since the sun revealed to us its power to portray objects and beings more quickly and more accurately than can pencil or crayon. It seemed to work only in its own way and at its own pleasure. At first man was restricted to making permanent that which the impersonal and unsympathetic light had registered. He had not yet been permitted to imbue it with thought. But today it seems that thought has found a fissure through which to penetrate the mystery of this anonymous force, invade

it, subjugate it, animate it, and compel it to say such things as have not yet been said in all the realm of chiaroscuro, of grace, of beauty and of truth."

Speaking for himself, Dr. Herzog declares:

"To me, the connection between my method of expression and what I seek to express is obvious and logical, but his [Mr. Caffin's] interpretation of the spirit of the age is narrow . . .

"My pictures aim to tell a story only as a text upon which to base general ideas as old and as young as life itself. Thus, 'The Banks of Lethe' is intended to sing in decorative lines and masses 'remember and forget;' and 'Men Kiss and Ride Away' means that most men love lightly while woman loves long. To say that a subject-picture which, pictorially and technically, does not reach a given standard cannot be considered as a fine-art product, is trite at this stage of the world's culture. But it is more generally assumed than is proper that because a picture has a subject interesting in itself it cannot be art. Too often, however, this is true because there are few men living who can, even with infinite pains and after long labor, paint a picture having a number of figures which shall at once reach the present high standard of color, atmosphere, drawing, brush-technic, and moderate detail and at the same time be conceived in a



Copyright 1907 by F. Benedict Herzog

"AWAKE, AWAKE, LOVE MAY NOT SING AGAIN"

In this study Dr. Herzog conveys a haunting impression of the lyric voice calling to slumbering spirits. The posture of the hands and heads, the flowing draperies, the combination of line and mass, all contribute to the desired effect.



Copyright 1906 by F. Benedict Herzog

## "THE BANKS OF LETHE"

Probably the best known of F. Benedict Herzog's remarkable photographic studies. "Photography," as Christian Brinton observes, "has here been dedicated to what might be termed the grand style. In glancing at these gracious, rhythmic compositions, one instinctively recalls the art of Raphael, Tintoretto or Veronese."

spirit and carried out with a temperament which shall move heart or brain to bid the eye to gaze, to gaze and once again to gaze.

"It is here that photography may step in. By means of its impeccable drawing, the convincing nature of its detail, the marvels of its light modulation, and above all its instant responsiveness to the accident and action of the moment in the subject and to the mood of the artist who controls it, the lens, and only the lens, can aid in the creation of certain special works of the highest art which, having esthetic characteristics in the special direction of their beauty, have never before been equalled since the first cave-dweller began to make rude sketches upon the stones of his cave, showing to the spirit of art had kissed his brow. Such works can be created in which there shall be no false note or convention of detail to jar the harmony of eye and brain; and when form and subject have been thus united in the bonds of holy photography let no outworn convention put them asunder. Thus combined they will present through the eye the thought the artist in his joy felt himself called upon to give forth so that all who also love the picture he first has found in the infinite kaleidoscope of beauty may join with him in praise."

Of the technical difficulties involved in making his photographs, Dr. Herzog gives this further vivid account:

"To costume, pose, light and arrange the bodies, hands and faces of a group of even only two or three of the most adaptable and willing models, and to watch, until the end of the exposure, every fold of the drapery, every changing shadow which may be cast at some undesired

point as the models are moved tentatively, to study every movement of the head or expressive feature of the face or the nervous and often unconscious change in the fingers or hands of the nerve-strained models—all this furnishes an exercise in patience, invention, and concentration of faculties which I find about as good a test of what engineers call 'the maximum efficiency' as any task I have ever performed. I think it safe to say that within a few brief minutes I have often received and rejected at least a thousand distinct pictorial variations before reaching the one at which I have been satisfied to expose my plate. When it is remembered that often one angularly placed hand or one false shadow cutting a face may spoil the plate, some appreciation may be reached of the responsibility felt in arranging the group; while the fate of a plate spoiled by the tremor of a finger or the unconscious swaying of a body balanced in an attitude of arrested motion, will show that the model also has her duties and her triumphs."

Dr. Herzog is by profession an engineer and inventor. "His success," says Sadakichi Hartmann, "is largely due to this combination of scientific precision and artistic aspiration." The same critic writes further:


"His decorative schemes are no productions of chance—he is too much of a constructionist for that—they are carefully planned and patiently carried out, and he has at all times enough of the temperament and enthusiasm of an artist to lend grace and beauty to his original ideas.

"Herzog has said a new word. He has widened the scope of pictorial photography and fashioned for himself an individual and personal mode of expression—and if that is not genius, it is at least a serviceable substitute."



# Religion and Ethics

## THE LATEST HERETIC—GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

O OTHER event in the American religious world since the suspension of Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester, from the Protestant Episcopal ministry, has aroused so much comment, both in the secular and religious press, as that caused by the recent "disciplining" of Prof. George Burman Foster, of the University of Chicago. His expulsion from membership in the Chicago Baptist Ministers' Congress, on June 21, came as something of a surprise. At a previous meeting the association had refused to take drastic action in the matter. But the counsel of the conservative members, in particular of the Rev. Johnston Myers and the Rev. A. C. Dixon, finally prevailed, and by a vote of forty to ten Professor Foster was practically "disfellowshipped" from the Baptist ministry.

The cause of Professor Foster's offending is a book entitled "The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence."\* It is an exposition of a rationalistic creed having much in common with Unitarianism. Professor Foster, indeed, frequently speaks from a Unitarian pulpit, while retaining his membership in the Baptist Church. The chair that he holds in Chicago University is that of the Philosophy of Religion.

The new book, which supplements and strengthens conclusions reached in an earlier volume, "The Finality of the Christian Religion," is addressed to those whose convictions are still unformed. "I would not hurt the feelings," he says, "of those who are happy and holy as they repose in views of origin and statements of belief that are fixed for them in their church traditions. I could wish with all my heart that our fathers and mothers might enjoy the blessed calm of the evening of life free from the spiritual bewilderment of those who have had to wander in the region of doubt. . . . Nor am I sure that it would be worth while for those whose unbelief is fixed and final to peruse these pages. . . . But our country is full of young men and women still in the formative period of life. They are seekers after truth. They have graduated from our public schools, perhaps

from our colleges. They have been taught one thing in the class-room and quite a different thing in the church and Sunday-school. They have outgrown the habitual church faith . . . and they demand that the situation be faced with pitiless veracity. My sympathies are with them."

Religious conceptions, according to Professor Foster, are always in agreement with the accepted psychology of any given period, which in turn is based on natural science. In the history of religious thought there have been at least three epochs marked by essentially different ideas of God and the soul. There was a period in late antiquity when nature, the soul and God were all regarded as substance. Salvation was "the sacramental mediation of the God-substance to the soul-substance." Religion was "supernatural materialism." There was a second period, dating from the sixteenth century and the rise of modern science, when "mechanico-physical" conceptions prevailed. The "self-identical substance" of the former period was broken up into "a multiplicity of atoms." The soul was regarded as a system of ideas, as nature was a system of atoms. Religion became a creed contained in the Scriptures or else inborn in the human spirit itself. It was like the atoms, "unchangeable, imperishable, constitutive of reality—cause, of which the phenomenon of religious experience was effect—making human experience, and not made by it." Finally, with the nineteenth century, came the period in which this "unpractical intellectualism" was abandoned, and "the expression of the innermost and idiomatic nature of man over the mechanics of ideas" was urged. And so, Professor Foster argues, religion in every age has adjusted itself to psychology and natural science.

At the present time, biological science is the watchword of the day, and religion is undergoing a new metamorphosis. Professor Foster imagines the soul as "a psycho-physiological organism." In its effort at "a more facile control over a larger situation," it came to its idea of God in the first place. This is the human origin of religion. "It cannot be denied," says Professor Foster, "that our god-faith had its origin in human fantasy."

\* The University of Chicago Press.

Man, from this point of view, is "not the saint of the church, not the Greek or the Roman, not the finished product of the rationalist, not the forest-man and the nature-man, but a *task*, an achievement." This is a thoroly Nietzschean conception, and, indeed, Professor Foster draws frequently on the ideas of the Polish-German philosopher. "Man is not," Professor Foster asserts, "until he *becomes*. To *become* means the work of *forming* and *ordering* the personal and the social." He expands this thought:

"Individuality is an endowment, personality is an acquirement; nature-man is gift, culture-man is task. We *are* not men; our vocation is to *become* men. This means the development of the inchoate into *organic* life, personal and social. It means the humanization of all our animal impulses and passions, the ennoblement of all that is rude and vulgar, the culture of all that is raw.

"To be a man is not to possess by donation the alien goods of thought, but to develop from within a function of thinking of one's own. So for beauty, for truth, for goodness, for faith. In the struggle for existence, this kind of life we call human comes to be the complex system of organs and functions that it is, high and low, personal and social, by means of which it is preserved and perfected. And think what a long human story it is! Think of the struggle that has been going on from a plumbless past by which the present organic achievement has been consummated! Our capacity to see and hear, to feel pleasure and pain, to think, to produce language and art and science and morality—all this the race had to achieve by the sweat of its brow as it tilled life's thorny fields; all this is no easy gift from without, but an evolution and creation from within.

"There is no gift that is not at the same time a task. Has the organism an eye? It grows it. Has it a conscience, an ideal? It grows that, too. And think of the millenniums of work that have gone into such formations!"

God is conceived by Professor Foster in similar terms:

"We must wean ourselves from the habit of picturing the God of the universe as the Bible God of the Book of Genesis—a God who magically charmed things with a word as a wand, out of nothing. There is no creation anywhere by magic—none by God's magic. 'God' *works* to bring things to pass—works hard and ploddingly as we do, ay, experiences need and pain and failure in work, as we do. My Father works to this very hour, said John's Jesus. He everlastingly seeks to form the universe. And he needs time—millions of ages to organize all that is. . . . The word God is a symbol to designate



#### "THERE ARE TWO FOSTERS"

The Chicago Baptist weekly, *The Standard*, discerns a dual personality in the much discussed Professor of the Philosophy of Religion in the University of Chicago. "There are two Prof. George B. Fosters" it says. "One is the splendid preacher, the sweet-spirited Christian whose life is blameless. Then, there is the Professor Foster, the writer upon philosophical and theological themes; the man who, apparently, denies many of the cherished beliefs which Christians hold dear."

the universe in its ideal-achieving capacity. It is the expression of our appreciation of existence, when our feelings are so excited as to assign worth to existence. But all our highest ideas are but figurative expressions. Even the concept of a personal God has symbolic validity only. And the function of a symbol is not to give an exact report concerning the nature of an object, but to express the appreciations of the subject."

There is nothing final about Christianity, so Professor Foster would have us believe. "All here on earth tends toward right and truth and perfection; nothing here on earth can ever be quite right, quite true, quite perfect, not even Christianity—or what is now called Christianity." Jesus himself is not final:

"Not the Jesus historically known, but only the Jesus spiritually risen in men, can be a potent help to our time. Not the historical Jesus, but the spirit which issues from him and struggles for new results and new dominion in human spirits is that which overcometh the world. . . . Men ask what Jesus thought, what he did. They mean that to think as he thought and to do as he did would be enough for them. They may do and think as Jesus did, but if Jesus were here today in our modern world would *he* do and think

as he *did*? In many ways, not. He would cease to think some things and begin to think others; cease to do some things and do others. The crystalline clearness of his mind and flawless truthfulness of his conscience would freely impel him to this. Were he alive today he would not copy the Jesus of that time and place. To copy even him is to kill the soul. He who said then, Let the dead bury their dead, go thou and seek the kingdom of God; I am come to set a man at variance with his father; put not new wine into old bottles nor new patch on old garment; I am come to kindle a fire upon the earth, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished—he who said these things and such things as these (and if he did not say these things we do not know what he did say), and who condemned bitterly the custodians of the past who were not creators of a future, were he to walk up and down our earth today, would turn away from dead dogmas, injurious survivals, meaningless customs, moribund churches, and make a new future, re-create life, release the spirit, and trust a God who lives and loves today."

It goes without saying that Professor Foster rejects the idea of the deity of Christ, as ordinarily understood. He does not believe in miracles. He feels that prayer is useful in so far as it fills the supplicant with hope, but he frankly declares his conviction that "the only prayer we have a moral right to pray is precisely the prayer which, after all, we ourselves must answer." What, then, is left of religion? He answers:

"In our modern world our religious faith must be transferred from tradition to the life that made the tradition, as from an herbarium to springtime, as from hardened lava to the mountain of fire; from authorities, which ever have their day and cease to be, to the creator, human and divine, which made and ever makes anew the authorities—that eternal creative spirit which is immanent and constant in all historical personality and progress. Our trust must be in this Life and this Spirit, not in some particular deposit thereof, as the true religious basis of ethics. That basis will then be seen to be inspirational rather than regulative, dynamic rather than static, creative and nourishing rather than statutory and repressive."

Such are the main points in Professor Foster's heretical volume. The decision of the ministers' congress in Chicago means that a Baptist clergyman can not hold these views and remain in good standing in the Baptist Church. Some of Professor Foster's colleagues in the ministry regard him as "an infidel." Most of the religious papers dismiss his book as "an intellectual vagary," if not something worse. The Baptist organ of New York, *The Examiner*, says:

"We have read this sinister book of Professor Foster with a mingling of pain and contempt. He assumes everything and proves nothing. His picked-up 'knowledge,' when analyzed, turns out to be ignorance, and his applications of his ignorance to the grave question he tries to discuss would be ludicrous if they were not so serious in their possible influence upon weak minds. The author repudiates *in toto* the idea of a revealed religion, made by a living God. Every man makes his own god, and this god is created in the image of his maker—as infernal a proposition as ever emanated from the Father of Lies. All the rest of it follows, of course, and we are left, if this professor of the philosophy of religion have his way, without God and without hope in the world. But, thank God, we are not left in that realm of despair. We know whom we have believed, and no fantastic trickster with words can deprive us of our knowledge, charm he never so wisely—or foolishly. O it is a weary book, brimming over with insinuated sophistries, and about as comprehensible as Mrs. Eddy's weird lucubrations upon Holy Writ. Paul said to Elymas: 'O full of all deceit and all wickedness, child of the Devil, enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?' Far be it from us to characterize our author in this brusque and terrible fashion, but—what is the use of mincing matters? The book is pernicious, and pernicious books are not the offspring of piety nor the love of God."

The Philadelphia *Presbyterian* speaks with equal heat of "the very remarkable perversion of the standards of intellectual honesty" on the part of Professor Foster; and the Boston *Congregationalist* declares that the reading of such books as his is "worse than valueless for the average man." *The Congregationalist* comments further:

"If a man should undertake to describe to you the furniture of his house and its arrangement, quite different from your own, you might listen with a friendly interest, enhanced perhaps by contrast with the realization of your own ideas in the furnishing of your own house. If he should assume and even prove that he had formed his scheme of house furnishing on knowledge of household art, past and present, far beyond yours, you might listen with patience and respect and then go back to enjoy your own house with undisturbed mind."

"But if he should force his way into your house, claim to have authority in your family, toss your furniture about, pile it in heaps and order you to rearrange it after plans he had described, either taking his word for the superiority of those plans or studying them for yourself, you would resent his interference and your resentment would be intensified if you felt that he was using his superior knowledge for your dis-

comfiture. Your own experience of satisfaction in your possessions would be worth more to you than his experience, and more than the universal experience which he had undertaken to show you proved yours to be based on what science had shown to be mistakes. This, we take it, explains why Baptist ministers of Chicago have expressed the desire that Professor Foster should withdraw from Baptist fellowship."

In the eyes of the Roman Catholic *Free-man's Journal*, of New York, the whole episode ought to make clear to the dumbest mind the futility of the appeal to "private judgment." It says:

"The case of Professor Foster illustrates the weakness of Protestantism in not possessing a center of authority to speak and act, not in virtue of its own authority, but in the name of the Divine founder of Christianity. The cardinal doctrine of those who revolted against the Holy See nigh four hundred years ago was that of private judgment. The Bible, as interpreted by the individual, was to be the rule of Faith. The practical workings of this rule of faith are illustrated in our times in the anti-Christian vagaries now so prevalent in places where formerly Christian belief was rooted firmly."

But Professor Foster has his champions, as well as his detractors. We find, for instance, Mr. Francis Hackett, editor of the *Friday Literary Review* of the *Chicago Evening Post*, speaking in the highest terms both of the man and his book. "It is extraordinary and extraordinarily noble," he says, "that a clergyman should be so emancipated as to write 'The Function of Religion.' The book is genuinely religious. It is one of the few popular books on religion which do not insult the reader's intelligence and dull the sense of reality." Mr. Hackett finds much in Professor Foster's point of view in common with that of H. G. Wells and the late George Meredith.

Tobias Schanfarber, of the *Chicago Israelite*, also recognizes in Professor Foster something more than a merely isolated portent:

"He is neither a Baptist nor yet is he a Christian. He is an Unitarian. He is a near-Jew, altho he himself might not accept the appellation. There can be no doubt that he is a great leavener in the dough of religious thought. He is far in advance of his church or any other church. One can not see how he could have desired to remain within the confines of orthodox Christianity of the Baptist kind. He is preaching to a Unitarian Church, and there is where he belongs. The number of Fosters in the Christian Church is multiplying. The universities are honeycombed with the same kind of liberal

thought as advocated by him. There is a great break-up going on in the Christian Church today, and there is no telling where it is going to end. There would be no end of heresy trials if all the men of liberal thought in the Christian Church were brought to book. Many of them are not as free and outspoken as Professor Foster. They conceal their thought. . . . Perhaps not a few who voted to discipline Professor Foster need to be disciplined themselves. There is an evolution going on in the church which may mean a revolution. The expulsion of Professor Foster from the Baptist Conference may portend much more than the Baptist Church may at the present moment be aware of. The break-up in the church is slow, but sure. None can tell where it will end."

*Unity*, a liberal religious weekly published in Chicago, views the situation philosophically. "When the storm clouds have passed over," it thinks, "and serenity and quiet are once more restored, it will be discovered that the air is clearer and the banners of truth, progress, and true piety have been set forward a little; slowly but surely will it be discovered that Professor Foster has been speaking in a language unintelligible to his critics." The same paper continues:

"He has been talking in terms of philosophy, they in terms of dogma. Unfortunately the psychologist has had meagre place in the training school of preachers. Theology is the last department of would-be human knowledge that is willing to submit to the scientific method and to rejoice in the qualifications, limitations, and intelligent ignorances which belong to science. . . . If he is wrong and his antagonists are right, then the only thing to say is, 'So much the worse for the Baptists of America. One more ecclesiastical body has proved itself unelastic, non-progressive, incompetent to keep up with the spirit of the times or to be instructed by the Holy Spirit, which is ever of the present tense.'"

"Professor Swing had his Dr. Patton. Dr. Hiram W. Thomas had his Hatfield, and now Professor Foster has found his Drs. Myers and Dixon. Patton and Hatfield triumphed for the day, but the swift-rolling years reversed the decision and they are now remembered in Chicago chiefly as valiant Sanchos who tilted against the windmill. It may be that the Baptist Church brethren are wise enough by this time not to endorse such knight-errantry; that they may reserve their energy for more effective service. All agree that Professor Foster is both a good and an able man, a truth-seeker. Perhaps the majority will believe with Goethe that:

A good man, through obscurest aspirations,  
Has still an instinct of the one true way."



## IS A CREEDLESS CHRISTIANITY POSSIBLE ?

THE demand for a "Christianity without dogma," a creedless church, which in the forties and eighties of the last century was so vigorously advanced by radical theologians, is being urged again with a determination that makes it a burning issue in the religious world. The propaganda has probably more chances of success now than ever before. During recent years many tendencies have been working in its favor. Such books as John W. Chadwick's "Religion without Dogma," and Sabatier's "Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit," taken in conjunction with Prof. Adolf Harnack's efforts to prove that the older type of Christian doctrines is chiefly the product of a compromise between the gospel of Jesus and Greek philosophy, have done much to prepare the public mind for a freer and less rigid interpretation of Christianity. At the present time, in Germany, something very like a theological "school" in defense of a creedless Christianity is growing up. Ernest Baars, in his work "Do We Need a New Creed?" insists upon a "confession of life, not of creed," in the spirit of Haeckel's Monism; W. Veit, in a book, "Our Adjudgment of Dogma," attempts to undermine the absolute authority of doctrine and to demonstrate that it has no value for Christianity; J. Burggraf, in "The Future of Ecclesiastical Liberalism," rejects each and every formulation of Christian truth; and A. Kaim, in "Religion or Dogma?" closes his discussion with the heart-felt demand: "Deliver us from dogmatic teachings!"

An analysis of the arguments made by these advocates of the "Away from Dogma" crusade, shows that they base their claims on three main grounds, namely, that creeds are opposed to the spirit and original character of the gospel; that they are contrary to real Christian faith; and that they are out of harmony with the best results of scientific research.

The first claim is founded on what is regarded as the result of the critical study of the New Testament made by Harnack, Pfleiderer and others. According to this point of view, the teachings of Christ were originally a system of simple ethical principles, such as are incorporated in the Sermon on the Mount and the Synoptic gospels. Dogma, it is contended, is something grafted upon original Christianity by later thinkers, particularly by St. Paul.

Veit says, "Dogma is something decidedly inferior to the gospel, and we deny that dogma has any right to claim to be the reproduction of the gospel correctly and historically understood."

In the second place, it is argued, dogma and gospel are intrinsically opposed to each other. The gospel and Christianity are life itself. Dogma is the formulation of a proposition, of a theory, and belongs rather to the intellectual part of man, while religion is decidedly a matter of the heart. Dogma leads consistently to a dead and formal orthodoxy. It cannot produce a religious life. Baars says: "Christianity is above all things a practical activity, a moral and ethical and religious doing. It is not thought, nor formula of thought. Hence we need no dogma; we must live our Christianity independently of the particular forms and molds which Christian doctrine may happen to have assumed."

Thirdly, dogma and science are represented as mutually exclusive. Professor Harnack, for instance, maintains that the Christianity of the primitive church was largely the outcome of Greek philosophy coupled with Oriental mysticism. The researches of many modern critics have undertaken to demonstrate that generally accepted Christian views developed under the influence of dogma are incorrect, and must accordingly give way to the more reliable results of modern independent science.

These and similar arguments in favor of a creedless Christianity are discussed with great skill by Dr. M. O. Stammer, in a recent issue of the well-known apologetical journal *Glauben und Wissen*. It is a psychological impossibility and self-deception on the part of the champions of an undogmatical Christianity, he declares, to claim that there can be such a thing as a creedless Christianity. All religions consist of certain principles and ideals, and these are simply other terms for creeds and articles of faith. The lives of all of us are spent in efforts to realize certain things considered desirable, and these things are what we believe in and what we hope for. The Monist or the advanced religious thinker does not really try to abolish creeds; what he is attempting to do is to stamp out the old faiths and put in their place his own convictions. He has a new religion to offer the world. He wants to substitute one creed for another. He would abolish the article of faith which tells us that man was made by the crea-




tive act of God, and would substitute a statement that he came into existence by the slow process of natural development. Just as agnosticism is really a self-contradictory term, Dr. Stammer contends, so a creedless Christianity is also self-contradictory.

It is plain, the same writer continues, that the original teachings of Christ and Christianity were anything but creedless. Even after such elements as the chief contents of the Fourth Gospel or of the Pauline Epistles, now challenged by the radicals as something grafted in later years upon the primitive teachings of Christ, have been eliminated, there still remains practically nothing in this Christianity but a body of teachings or doctrines. The Synoptic Christ is not a creedless Christ, as is seen by what he is constantly teaching concerning the Kingdom of God, the Son of Man, and other matters of equal importance. Particularly in his opposition to the thought of His age Christ is seen to be a teacher of doctrines. Over against the false teachings of his

day he set up a new system, and in the very Sermon on the Mount, to which the advocates of an undogmatical and purely ethical Christianity so frequently refer, the higher religious principles, or doctrines, of the New Testament are contrasted with the inferior dogma of the Old.

Dogma, Dr. Stammer affirms, is a religious necessity. The important thing about a man is his life, and he lives what he believes in. He cannot lead a Christian life unless he purposes to realize certain principles or truths that his faith as a Christian makes him think are necessary. Without dogma and doctrine, the Christian life would lack a guiding star, a directive principle; it would be like a boat without a rudder. The church, even more than a political party or a school of philosophy or sociology, must have a special creed and fixed principles as an expression of its ideas and ideals. A creedless Christianity, Dr. Stammer says in conclusion, is an impossibility.

## THE RELIGION OF SWINBURNE

EN of genius seldom share the popular creed, and it is a fact not without deep significance that many of the greatest poets of modern times have been "heretical" thinkers, considered from a Christian point of view. In England, so a radical commentator affirms, there has been no great Christian poet since Coleridge. Shelley called himself an atheist. Byron was a confirmed skeptic. Wordsworth was more Pantheist than Christian. Browning and Tennyson were nominally Christians, but far from orthodox. Matthew Arnold repudiated all Christian dogma. William Morris and George Meredith were both freethinkers. And Swinburne, whose recent death is still lamented, is characterized by a writer in *The Nineteenth Century* as "a pagan of the pagans."

The conflict between Swinburne and the modern religious world came into somewhat ugly prominence at the time of his interment in the family burial-ground at Bonchurch, on the Isle of Wight. He desired his bones to rest there. He had also, in his will, requested that there be no religious ceremony at his funeral. Yet the rector of Bonchurch parish church started the Church of England burial service at the grave-side. Some of the mourners cried "Shame!" and the recital stopped

abruptly. At a subsequent Sunday service the rector tried to justify his action by quoting the "authoritative statement" of a clergyman that "Swinburne was a reverent communicant when staying in a village where that clergyman was curate some few years since." But this "authoritative statement," according to James Douglas, writing in the *London Bookman*, is explicable only by interpreting the phrase "some few years" as meaning "some fifty years since," that is to say when Swinburne was at Oxford. At that time he was undoubtedly a "reverent communicant," but not subsequently. He fell strongly under the influence of Prof. John Nichol, a rationalist, and his earlier faith was undermined.

Swinburne himself has described the change of mind through which he passed, in a letter published since his death in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, and addressed to Edmund Clarence Stedman. The letter is dated February 20, 1875, and here is the passage:

"As my Antitheism has been so much babbled about, perhaps I may here say what I really do think on religious matters. Having been as child and boy brought up a quasi-Catholic, of course I went in for that as passionately as for other things (e.g., well-nigh to unaffected and unshamed ecstasies of adoration when receiving the Sacrament), then when this was naturally stark

dead and buried, it left nothing to me but a turbid Nihilism; for a Theist I never was; I always felt by instinct and perceived by reason that no man could conceive of a *personal* God except by a crude superstition or else by true supernatural revelation; that a natural God was the absurd of all human figments; because no man could by other than apocalyptic means—*i.e.*, by other means than a violation of the laws and order of nature—*conceive* of any other sort of Divine person than man with a difference—man with some qualities intensified and some qualities suppressed—man with the good in him exaggerated and the evil excised. This, I say, I have always seen and avowed since my mind was ripe enough to think freely. Now of course this is the exact definition of every God that has ever been worshipped under any revelation. Men give him the qualities they prefer in themselves or about them—*e.g.*, the God of the Christians is good for domestic virtue, bad for patriotic. A consistently good Christian cannot, or certainly need not, love his country. Again, the god of the Greeks and Romans is not good for the domestic (or *personal* in the Christian sense) virtues, but gloriously good for the patriotic. But we who worship no material incarnation of any qualities, no person, may worship the Divine humanity, the ideal of human perfection and aspiration, without worshipping any god, any person, any fetish at all. Therefore I might call myself, if I wished, a kind of Christian (of the Church of Blake and Shelley—that is, taking the semi-legendary Christ as type of human aspiration and perfection, and supposing, if you like, that Jesus may have been the highest and purest sample of man on record), but assuredly in no sense a Theist. Perhaps you will think this is only clarified Nihilism, but at least it is no longer turbid. There is something of this, with much other matter, in Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma'—a book from which I cannot say that I learnt anything, since it left me much as it found me, not far from the point to which he tries to bring his reader; so that I was more than once struck by coming on phrases and definitions about 'God' almost verbally coincident with those such as I had myself used, tho not in public print, years before his book appeared. But it is a *very* good and fine book, and has done, I believe, great good already, especially, of course, among the younger sort. (Has it found any echo in America?) I think and hope that among the younger Englishmen who think at all just now Theism is tottering; Theism, which I feel to be sillier (if less dangerous) even than theology."

G. W. Foote, the editor of the London *Free-thinker*, claims Swinburne as a poet of atheism. "I do not say," he observes, "that Swinburne ever called himself an atheist. I only say that he sang atheism." Mr. Foote goes on to argue:

"The 'Hymn to Proserpine' in Swinburne's first volume of 'Poems and Ballads'—the one that caused such a flutter in the chaste and pious circles of Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Grundy—represents a Pagan poet singing his last Pagan song, 'after the proclamation in Rome of the Christian Faith.' He uses the phrase which was ascribed, falsely enough, by the Christians to Julian, 'the Apostate,' as he was dying: 'Thou hast conquered, Galilean.' And here are some of his choice lines on the faith and the priests of the crucified Christ:

Thou has conquered, O pale Galilean; the world  
has grown gray from thy breath;  
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on  
the fulness of death.

O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of  
racks and rods!  
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gib-  
beted gods!

Tho all men abase them before you in spirit, and  
all knees bend,  
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look  
to the end.

Tho the feet of thine high priests tread where  
thy lords and our forefathers trod,  
Tho these that were God's are dead, and thou  
being dead art a God,  
Tho before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen,  
and hidden her head,  
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead  
shall go down to thee, dead."

It may be urged that this poem is dramatic, and that the pagan merely speaks in character. Well, rejoins Mr. Foote, the poems in "Songs before Sunrise" are not dramatic, but personal. Swinburne himself speaks in "Before a Crucifix." It is he who, having "not tongue nor knee for prayer," has a word of his own to the Christ upon the wayside crucifix to whom women, bowed and distorted by labor and servitude, pray as they pass:

The nineteenth wave of the ages rolls  
Now deathward since thy death and birth;  
Hast thou fed full men's starved-out souls?  
Hast thou brought freedom upon earth?  
Or are there less oppressions done  
In this wild world under the sun?

In a later stanza of the same poem the questioning attitude becomes an indictment:

Through the left hand a nail is driven,  
Faith, and another through the right,  
Forged in the fires of hell and heaven,  
Fear that puts out the eye of light:  
And the feet soiled and scarred and pale  
Are pierced with falsehood for a nail.

"Atalanta in Calydon" yields an even more radical quotation, in the spirit of Shelley's early impeachments of Deity:

Who gives a star and takes a sun away;  
Who shapes the soul, and makes her a barren wife  
To the earthly body and grievous growth of  
clay;  
Who turns the large limbs to a little flame,  
And binds the great sea with a little sand;  
Who makes desire, and slays desire with shame;  
Who makes the heaven as ashes in his hand;  
Who, seeing the light and shade for the same,  
Bids day waste night as fire devours a brand,  
Smites without sword, and scourges without rod—  
The supreme evil, God.

In his striking poem "On the Downs," Swinburne reflects on the injustice, cruelty and misery of the world, and asks: Where is God? Why does He permit these evils? Then he asks the final question: Is there no God? And this is the answer:

With all her tongues of life and death,  
With all her bloom and blood and breath,  
From all years dead and all things done,  
In the ear of man the mother saith,  
"There is no God, O son  
If thou be none."

This thought is expanded in the beautiful and melodious "Prelude":

Because man's soul is man's God still,  
What wind soever waft his will  
Across the waves of day and night,  
To port or shipwreck, left or right,  
By shores and shoals of good and ill;  
And still its flame at mainmast height  
Through the rent air that foam-flakes fill  
Sustains the indomitable light  
Whence only man hath strength to steer  
Or helm to handle without fear.

Save his own soul's light overhead,  
None leads him, and none ever led,  
Across birth's hidden harbor-bar,  
Past youth where shoreward shallows are,  
Through age that drives on toward the red  
Vast void of sunset hailed from far,  
To the equal waters of the dead;  
Save his own soul he hath no star,  
And sinks, except his own soul guide,  
Helmless in middle turn of tide.

Could there be a cleaner sweep of supernaturalism? Mr. Foote asks. Man himself is the only god. In other words, man's only sane and worthy ideal is Humanity. The idea is definitely expressed in the soaring close of the "Hymn of Man." The poet apostrophizes

the Deity and His priests in the spirit of Elijah's address to the priests of Baal:

O God, Lord God of thy priests, rise up now and  
show thyself God.  
They cry out, thine elect, thine aspirants to heavenward,  
whose faith is as flame;  
O thou the Lord God of our tyrants, they call  
thee, their God, by thy name.  
By thy name that in hell-fire was written, and  
burned at the point of thy sword,  
Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smitten;  
thy death is upon thee, O Lord.  
And the love-song of earth as thou diest resounds  
through the wind on her wings—  
Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master  
of things.

Swinburne rejected not merely the idea of God, but also of immortality. In "The Pilgrims" he portrays an enemy asking the soldiers of liberty and progress what they expect to gain, what light they expect to see after death. If the world fares the better for their sacrifices, will they know it? If man triumph, who will tell them when they are in their graves? The answer is swift and decisive:

Enough of light is this for one life's span  
That all men born are mortal, but not man;  
And we men bring death lives by night to sow,  
That man may reap and eat and live by day.

Or as he puts it elsewhere:

Men perish, but man shall endure; lives die, but  
the life is not dead.

In one of the loveliest choruses of "Atalanta" he sang of man:

His speech is a burning fire;  
With his lips he travaileth;  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;  
Sows, and he shall not reap;  
His life is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

Swinburne, Mr. Foote contends, would certainly not have objected to calling himself a freethinker. He practically did that very thing, by implication, in his book on Shakespeare.

"Referring to Hamlet's soliloquy on reason and resolution, which is rejected by the actors as peremptorily as it might be by a convocation of priests, Swinburne says that both on philosophical and poetical grounds it eclipses the famous monolog on suicide and doubt. He calls it 'the one

especial speech, if any one such especial speech there be, in which the personal genius of Shakespeare soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth"—and 'the noblest pleading ever offered for the rights of human reason.' Then he writes this passage:

"That Shakespeare was in the genuine sense—that is, in the best and highest and widest meaning of the term—a Freethinker, this otherwise practically and avowedly superfluous effusion of

all inmost thought appears to me to supply full and sufficient evidence for the conviction of every candid and rational man. To that loftiest and most righteous title which any just and reasoning soul can ever deserve to claim, the greatest save one of all poetic thinkers has thus made good his right for ever.'

"Freethinker' being, then, the loftiest and most righteous title that even Shakespeare could claim, it must necessarily have been acceptable to Swinburne."

## COMMENTS ON JAMES'S PLURALISTIC PHILOSOPHY



HE two outstanding features of Prof. William James's argument in behalf of a "pluralistic" universe, noticed in these pages two months ago, and now under discussion in intellectual circles on both sides of the Atlantic, are his contentions that the universe is "many," not one, and that, at its core, the universal scheme is "illogical." In sustaining both of these contentions, he shows himself a true pragmatist, reasoning not from *a priori* theories but from results as he apprehends them. If he rejects the idea of the oneness of the universe, it is because there is so much evil, so much imperfection, to contradict it. If he surrenders logic, it is because his own mind recoils in utter bewilderment from the seeming irrationality of things.

In that part of his argument in which he tells us why he has been "compelled to give up logic, fairly, squarely, irrevocably," he cites the ancient paradox which sets Achilles forever approaching and never overtaking a tortoise, since by the time he reaches the tortoise's first starting-point, the tortoise has already got beyond that starting-point to another, and so on *ad infinitum*, the interval between the two being endlessly sub-divided but never obliterated—just as  $\frac{1}{2}$  plus  $\frac{1}{4}$  plus  $\frac{1}{8}$  may be prolonged into an infinite series without equalling unity. This is the sort of problem, according to Professor James, that mind alone could never solve, since its solution depends on a frank recognition of the fact that reason and experience give different answers.

To take another example, bearing directly on the question of pluralism: The objects around us—chair and table, pen and paper—appear to be many and one at the same time. We can conceive of them separately or altogether. Yet the idea which includes them all is something quite different from the separate ideas. It is both dependent on them all,

and independent of them all. The situation, from a philosophical or intellectual point of view, is intolerable. What is the way out? "I saw," writes Professor James, "that I must squarely confess the solution of the problem impossible, and then either give up my intellectualistic logic and adopt some higher form of rationality, or, finally, face the fact that life is logically irrational." He chose the latter alternative.

The works of Henri Bergson, a French-Jewish philosopher as yet but little known, are an arsenal of arguments supporting James's attitude in this connection. Bergson maintains, and James agrees, that thought, just because it is thought, can never grasp life. It is bound to deal with "surfaces"; it yields "knowledge about" merely; not "knowledge of," that is, "insight into." As James puts it:

"You cannot explain [by abstract concepts] what makes any single phenomenon be or go—you merely dot out the path of appearances which it traverses. For you cannot make continuous being out of discontinuities, and your concepts are discontinuous. The stages into which you analyze a change are *states*, the change itself goes on between them. It lies along their intervals, inhabits what your definition fails to gather up, and thus eludes conceptual explanation altogether."

A commentator makes the point even clearer:

"Reason is instrumental and practical, not revealing; it is like a cinematograph. Take a moving picture of a policeman running after a thief. Your films only represent the positions through which the policeman has moved; they do not represent his motion. That is gone and irrecoverable. When the pictures are run off on the screen, they appear to be moving, but that is a new motion, quite different from the original movement of the policeman. The last is gone irretrievably, and can never be reproduced."



All this, be it noted, is the outgrowth of the evolutionary point of view. For Bergson, as for James, life is a flux. Nothing is complete; development and decay are everywhere going on. "If you wish to know reality," counsels James, "turn your face toward sensation," toward the process of daily life itself. You can only know reality by living it, not by "thinking one point of it." In the process of thought, many things are left out entirely. "The essence of life is its continuously changing character"; it flows like water, and your mere idea of it "can no more dip up the substance of reality . . . than you can dip up water with a net, however finely meshed." "The concrete pulses of experience appear pent in by no such definite limits as our conceptual substitutes for them are confined by. They run into one another continuously and seem to interpenetrate. What in them is relation and what is matter related is hard to discern. You feel no one of them as inwardly simple, and no two as wholly without confluence where they touch. There is no datum so small as not to show this mystery, if mystery it be." The upshot of the whole argument is this:

"Pluralism, or the doctrine that the world is many, means only that the sundry parts of it may be externally related. Every thing you can think of, however vast or inclusive, has in the pluralistic view a genuinely 'external' environment of some sort or amount. Things are 'with' one another in many ways, but nothing excludes everything, or dominates over everything. The word 'and' trails along after every sentence. Something always escapes. 'Ever not quite' has to be said of the best attempts made anywhere in the universe at attaining all-inclusiveness. The pluralistic world is thus more like a federal republic than like an empire or a kingdom. However much may be collected, however much may report itself as present at any effective center of consciousness or action, something else is self-governed and absent and unreduced to unity."

Professor James's conclusions in regard to both the plurality and the illogicality of the universe have aroused keen interest in the philosophical and religious worlds. They are felt to be heterodox and challenging, and the controversies already started are likely to grow more heated as time goes on. *America*, the new Roman Catholic weekly, confesses its distaste for "William James's pantheistic, or as some prefer atheistic, desires." It says:

"A Pluralistic Universe" is a book that may be spoken of by a professor who is treating such

matters in the classroom; or privately to individuals who may have had the misfortune to have read it. It simply flings aside, as unworthy of consideration, Christianity and the God of the Christians. By a curious neglect of a distinction as old as philosophy itself Professor James finds the traditional view which pictures God and His creation as separate entities entirely alien to his present feeling.

"He chooses pantheism in its stead, but a pantheism without an infinite. His book disguises its atheism in the acceptance of a finite god, whose 'functions can be taken as not wholly dissimilar to those of the other smaller parts—as similar to our functions consequently.' 'A Pluralistic Universe' is worse than a bad book in the ordinary sense. It rebels against the basis of the whole moral law."

Even one of Professor James's most sympathetic interpreters, H. M. Kallen, writing in the Boston *Transcript*, shares this Roman Catholic fear that the new pluralistic philosophy may turn out to be morally subversive. As he puts it:

"Professor James's moral attitude suggests that because primary reality is irrational, its irrationality is better than rationality, since rationality is secondary. The wild horse is from this point of view better than the tame one, the uncut diamond than the cut, the volcano than the cannon. For the moralist, however, the identification of first things with best things is as immoral as the Hegelian identification of last things with best things. The relatively stable and orderly world which man has won for himself out of the flux, the reasonable reality into which he has turned the irrational chaos, must remain by that very fact the more excellent and, therefore, in the Platonic sense, the more real. Morally, vitally, there is an inseparable bond between goodness and reason not dependent upon the source or the context of either. The attainment of happiness is an achievement for reason, not for unreason. It is a pity that Professor James's words, like teachers of religion, should give color to the notion that he is a champion of the ethics of unreason."

Paul Elmer More, who devotes five columns of the New York *Evening Post* to a discussion of what he calls "the new stage of pragmatism," is, on the whole, rather sympathetic to Professor James's gospel. He has never been able, he says, to feel, with the Monists, that the universe is One or Absolute; our concrete experience, our sense of multiplicity and change, our knowledge of evil, all tend to discredit this hypothesis. He welcomes, moreover, "the call from metaphysics to a philosophy of immediate experience" as "altogether wholesome." But he blames

Professor James severely for a certain "smart contemporaneity" evinced in his book:

"A word of demur must be entered against so extreme a statement as that 'rationalism has never [before] been seriously questioned . . . and Bergson alone has been radical.' Such an avowal rouses the suspicion that Mr. James himself has not really looked beyond the circle drawn by the wizard of Königsberg, that he too stands entranced in the illusion of the present. Sometimes as I consider with myself how this illusion daily more and more entralls and impoverishes our mental life by cutting off from it all the rich experience of the past, it is as tho we were at sea in a vessel, while a fog was settling upon the water, gradually, as it thickened, closing in upon our vision with ever narrower circle, blotting out the far-flashing lights of the horizon and the depths of the sky, throwing a pall upon the very waves about us, until we move forward through a sullen obscurity, unaware of any other traveler upon that sea, save when through the fog the sound of a threatening alarm beats upon the ear. Mr. James, who has pondered so well Bergson's analysis of the individual consciousness as a summing up of all the past, should have seen the application of the same definition to the general consciousness of mankind. He should have seen that Bergson's rejection of reason as the arbiter of reality was no new thing, but the old insight re-defined in the terms of modern psychology. . . . The Neo-Platonists developed this method. . . . And Pascal meant the same thing when he declared that 'there is nothing so conformable to reason as this disavowal of reason,' and that 'the heart has its reasons, which the reason does not know.' To this extent the insight of faith is in agreement with the commonsense of the street, in so far as to both the meaning of the world is given by immediate experience rather than by any metaphysical system; and they are both in agreement with the complete skeptic in so far as they all hold their judgment in a state of suspension toward the pretensions of reason to act as the final arbiter of reality."

That the pluralism of William James represents the whole of reality, Mr. More does not believe for a moment. "How can one recall," he proceeds, "the innumerable witnesses of religion, or hearken to the self-revelation of the poets, how can one look into the mirror of one's own life, and not perceive that the sense of something immutable and undivided exists in some way side by side with the sense of everlasting flux, that there is within us some

. . . central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation?"

Mr. More reaches the conclusion:

"Forces beat upon us from every side and are as really existent to us as ourselves; their influence upon ourselves we know, but their own secret name and nature we have not yet heard—not from Mr. James, or Mr. Bradley, or another. Until that prophet has appeared, I do not see what better thing we can do than to hold our judgment in a state of complete skepticism, or suspension, in regard to the correspondence of our inner experience with the world at large, neither affirming nor denying; while we accept honestly the dualism of consciousness as the illogical fact. Reason, I should suppose, may be our guide in determining the relative values to us of our opposed phases of consciousness. The will may be no Will to Believe—for we know—but a power to make of this choice of values the motive of contemplative and practical life. And, if I have read correctly the lesson of the past and of the present, faith, I dare avow, is something that strikes deeper than the mythologies of religion, or the imaginings of a fevered pragmatism; it is the voice from our own center of calm, asserting through all the noise of contradiction: 'I am the better self and the higher value, the stronger life and the finer joy.'"

The *New York Independent* and the London *Athenaeum* seem also inclined to hold their judgment in abeyance. They devote leading articles to Professor James's book without expressing any strong bias *pro* or *con*. The *Springfield Republican* says editorially: "The average reader, unversed in philosophic lore, must feel that the champion of the pluralistic universe is invulnerable—until he reads the reply, no doubt forthcoming, of some fully equipped champion of the monistic conception of the universe. For—may one not confess it?—philosophers of opposing schools seem invariably to succeed in destroying each other." But H. M. Kallen, in an imposing critique in the *Boston Transcript*, treats the pluralistic idea with much more respect. He seems to feel that it is something almost epoch-making.

To those who have tried to convict Professor James of inconsistency, on the ground that he removes reason by the use of reason, and denies the validity of logic by an argument which is in itself a logical operation, Mr. Kallen replies:

"Such an objection seems cogent until tested. On the same lines it can be proved that a knife can cut adamant, when it can't. Suppose I say, 'This knife cannot cut adamant.' I then apply my knife to the adamant—it comes out nicked and warped. I have used my knife to prove its own inadequacy. Have I thereby contradicted myself? Have I thereby proved that it can cut

what I said it couldn't cut? Surely not. I have merely by use of the knife demonstrated its own weakness—I have, to use a Hibernicism, convicted it out of its own mouth. My adamant has resisted the operation of my knife; my reality has rejected the operation of my logic. And that's the whole story."

The real value of Professor James's new contribution to philosophic thought, Mr. Kallen asserts, lies in the fact that he has revived the Hebraic conception of life as something dynamic and functional, in contradistinction to the Greek view which imaged the world as an immutable hierarchy of forms. To put it in modern terms, he is *the first great evolutionary philosopher*.

"The philosophical implications of Darwinism are as tremendous, and more so, as the biological ones. Darwin gives an overwhelming scientific background to the Hebraic as against the Hellenic vision of the nature of reality. His doctrine implies that the world is fundamentally in flux, that forms are only incidental, that permanence is an attribute of use and strength; that possibility, contingency, are genuine, and not mere names for human ignorance. Official philosophy failed, however, to take account of these implications.

"Certainly until 1880 philosophy proceeded in its inherited Hegelian and transcendentalist rut. It did indeed borrow the word 'evolution' from


the usage to which the popularization of Darwinism gave currency—but it missed the intent of Darwinism altogether. Philosophy remained as artificial and rationalistic as ever. The first thinker who looked back to Darwin for inspiration was the unfortunate and much misrepresented Nietzsche.

"But Nietzsche's philosophy is only a half-philosophy. He applies Darwinism to morals; he fails to pursue its consequences in the definition of the whole of reality. This task—the development and formulation of a philosophy of evolution in the Darwinian sense of evolution—is the affair of William James, an American, and Henri Bergson, a Jew of France.

"The teaching of these two men—a teaching of which James is the inspirer and originator and to which Bergson gives the amplest and most adequate expression—rehabilitates the Hebraic vision of reality utterly."

Mr. Kallen hails the pluralism of James and of Bergson as "the genuine philosophy of the future." He goes so far as to say: "It stands at the threshold of a new era in the history of philosophy, an era in which the old order, Hebraism subordinated to Hellenism, is reversed and Hellenism is subordinated to Hebraism—an era which will understand the structure of the world as a passing instance in its dynamic flow; its form as an ephemeral expression of its *élan vital*."

## AMUSEMENT AS A FACTOR IN MAN'S SPIRITUAL UPLIFT

N HIS way home from a vacation last summer, Prof. Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, found himself meditating on the contrast between his holiday mood and the change of demeanor that came over himself and his companions as they approached a prosperous city in which they were to spend the night. The change was distinctly for the worse. They had left a mountain-camp in the morning, happy and care-free, and they had become, without knowing it, formal and irritable as they returned to civilization.

After supper at a trustworthy old hotel in the city aforesaid, Professor Patten went out to walk on the main street and observe a thriving town on a warm summer evening. Here, in a Puritan commonwealth, he felt, would be all the bulwarks of our best native culture, here the significant signs of progress in a

town whose industries and cultural growths have developed without interruption during many generations. "And in the warmth and physical ease that summer brings," he adds, "the expression of a town's life would be spontaneous, so that one could see where its desires were leading, as well as what desires it had expressed successfully in the past."

He found himself in the center of the town, on a brightly-lighted street thronged with summer girls, school boys, children, country folks and working people. But there was something strange about this street. It seemed to have only one side: and the people's faces were turned one way. The side to which the people flocked was light; the other side was, comparatively speaking, dark. Professor Patten crossed from the bright to the dark side, and discovered there, dimly illumined by an occasional flickering lamp, interspersed with comfortable homes, stretching in dull array—the

very Institutions of Civilization itself! In an account of his experience published in book form,\* he tells us:

"Here was the library, spacious and solid, of pre-Carnegie architecture; I mounted the steps and read from a tablet in the wall that it had been erected by the citizens in 1835, and rightly proud they must have been of its Gothic marbles. I read a card also, affixed to the spiked gateway fortifying the heavy doors: 'This Library closes at 5 P. M. during July, August and September. It is closed Sundays, holidays and Saturday afternoons. Beyond the Library was the High School, substantially built, designed to endure for many years, not grudging modern comforts by the tax-payers. It would be a matter of pride with them, I was sure, to have the best equipped school in the State, and to see to it that the gravelled walks were neatly weeded during the months when they were not in use. Yet this great agent of civilization, the measure by which western nations tell off their progress, seemed lazy and indifferent: I could use it in no way except to sit on its steps and watch life on the other side of the way—and the steps were dusty. Its inhospitable air hurried me on to a cozy dwelling under elm trees, its small diamond panes twinkling with lights and the gate of its picket fence invitingly ajar.

"But, as I paused, a policeman crossed the street, closed the gate, tried the catch and looked at me as if to say: How came that gate open? Then I saw that the cozy lights were but reflections and I learned that the house was once the home and is now the memorial of a famous poet. Summer travelers make a point of visiting it, the policeman said, and it would be worth my while to stay over to see the great man's cradle and his grandfather's clock. I could not stay over, I objected, whereupon he replied severely that it was worth patronizing, if only for the sake of the public-spirited committee of leading ladies who opened it daily from two to five. This policeman had a keen sense of his duty and in his eyes I felt myself so lacking the qualities of a proper citizen that I admiringly asked the name of the church not far beyond the colonial home of the poet. 'That,' he said more affably, 'is the Old First Church, built in 1798, and the statue in front is of its great minister, who preached from 1800 to 1850.' 'Have you a good man now?' I asked idly. 'Fair,' he replied, 'but the church is closed during the summer, you know.'

"I thanked him and approached the rich and graceful building. Its windows on one side looked down darkly upon the graves of men who had found comfort and solace and ideals here: through a small chapel door on the other side I peered in upon the Wednesday evening

prayer meeting. A dozen elderly people were scattered in the pews, holding hymn books askew and singing from memory, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' How stagnant this place was, and how perfunctory the duty paid there! Depression of spirit came upon me as I watched the little band; and it deepened when my glance passed from them to the heroic statue with arm uplifted in a vigorous, authoritative blessing upon the town. Here was a vital force—but it was caught in bronze; it had been arrested at a long past moment and I could only wonder what the old man would have said now of this town, which, it was clear from his attitude, he had both dominated and understood."

As Professor Patten stood a moment longer, his eye fell on the sign above a cobbler's shop in a small house next the church. It read: "The Right Shop on the Wrong Side." Here, the Professor thought, was a text! "It lay," he says, "under the minister's very hand, touched up with an electric bulb or two, and with a dynamic quality that halted me as if it were a warning more true and vivid than any that would be offered next door. The wrong side,' where all the right things were assembled! If library and school, the art of poetry, and the practice of religion constituted the wrong side in the cobbler's opinion with such force that he dared to say it, what made the other side the right one?" To that "other side" Professor Patten next turned:

"It was festooned with lights and cheap decorations meant only for fair weather; the doors of shops stood wide open, and soda-water fountains were crowded with boys and girls; there were fruit and nut stands, popcorn wagons decorated with flags, ice cream parlors with every table filled, and people waiting their turn over by the candy counters; beside penny shows and the gay vestibules of nickel theaters. Opposite the barren school yard was the arcaded entrance to the Nickelodeon, finished in white stucco, with the ticket seller throned in a chariot drawn by an elephant trimmed with red, white and blue lights. A phonograph was going over and over its lingo, and a few picture machines were free to the absorbed crowd which circulated through the arcade as through the street. Here were groups of working girls—now happy 'summer girls'—because they had left the grime, ugliness and dejection of their factories behind them, and were freshened and revived by doing what they like to do. There was nothing listless, nothing perfunctory here: the caustic cobbler might well wish that the interest, enthusiasm and vivacity parading past the opposite windows would bring some boots to his bench."

Professor Patten kept turning over in his

\* *PRODUCT AND CLIMAX*. By Simon Nelson Patten, New York: B. W. Huebsch.



mind the difference between the dark and the light sides of the street, and the longer he thought it over the more significant it seemed. How strange it was that the stimulation of pleasure should be the only part of life for which there existed no distinctive institution! In a little while the time of high vitality would be past, and that of lowered resistance to industrial civilization would have arrived. The balance which nature partially maintains in summer would be destroyed. With bad weather would come costlier pleasures, physically less refreshing. To quote again:

"All classes of workers begin to lose ground, and give way more and more as they are forced onward, dulled by the monotony of work. Watch the crowds coming from the factories at six o'clock on a raw February day. They are grimy with the stuffs they have turned over since seven o'clock. They have not understood the relation of these materials to their lives in the way that they understand the relation of themselves to their lodge, their trade union or their church, so their work cannot give them in a month the stimulating connections with producing groups that a single hour can give outside them.

"At the end of the day they have taken so many thousand stitches in so many shirts; or they have sewed on a gross of buttons; or a bolt of cloth has gone through their hands: that is the beginning of it and the end of it for them, and it has no further bearing upon them than as a growing sum of losses of vitality, of ambition and imagination. They replace these losses as best they can in the real business of their life which is being crushed into the narrow margins left from toil."

It is when fatigue, dejection, indifference, bitterness and disease are dominant that the dark side of the street brightens up and the moral agencies take heart again. Their constituency, Professor Patten affirms, is the devitalized. Their message is to those whose battle against industrial civilization calls for the solace of religion and the alms of charity. In the autumn, the aid societies of the church undertake with zest to make clothing for the poor, to raise a relief fund for out-of-work and sick laborers. The Salvation Army comes to town to recruit among the defiant, the frightened and the refugee. The charitable societies open their doors with a pleased flourish. But there is something that all these good intentions fail to reach. As Professor Patten puts it:

"Moral agencies are incomplete so long as they are merely shelters against dangers made by dis-

ease, misery, crime and vice. They serve but negatively as devices for protection, like prisons, churches and philanthropies, or as preparations to meet dangers, as do the schools. They will not be complete until they become concrete expressions of happiness, security and pleasure in life. At present they actively depreciate the development of men through pleasure as the church does, or they ignore it, depending upon discipline and penalty as does the school. Children rush from the class-room as eagerly as men from factories. All are repressive instead of expressive institutions, with their remote origins in the necessities of people who were beginning to suffer under their work and to be exploited for the sake of their product. It is this merciless grinding out of product that depresses men and makes the dark side of the street; it is the eager demand for climaxes of satisfaction that renews men and makes them throng the bright side. *Product and climax*: this was the contrast."

In primitive times, Professor Patten continues, the "climaxes" of life arose out of man's conflict with nature. They were healthy and inspiring. The hunt for big game, for instance, was the right sort of stimulus to the whole man. But now the values are reversed. The hunt for a city job is as depressing as the hunt for game was inspiring. "There was climax in getting the honey of wild bees and in saving a berry patch from bears; but there is no climax in trying to wrest wheat from the elevators of a distant dealer in corners." Legitimate climax, Professor Patten maintains, is "contained in the untried resources of a passionate citizenship"; and citizenship is "the complex end of a series of preparatory climaxes." "We cannot release product from its false position as the foremost factor in national welfare," he continues, "until we encourage, refresh and educate ourselves by means of organized climax."

Steps toward this end, it seems, have already been taken. The first kind of "organized climax" indicated by Professor Patten is the street. It is capable of either a debasing or an ennobling appeal, he points out. Its saloons and disorderly resorts are corrupting, but it may be made to serve quite other purposes. Some of the continental nations intelligently adapt their streets to pleasure: they place seats beneath the trees; open the churchyards for lounging places; make tiny park-like shelters of the strip of turf through the middle of the broadest avenues; and close certain streets to wagon traffic at noontime in order that workers may use them as their playgrounds. "We must make of our streets," Professor Patten declares, "an Institution that

shall express, direct, and gratify men's thwarted necessities for vital excitement as definitely as the church has been used to express his longings for spiritual excitements."

The next higher form of climax lies in the melodrama and its allied cheap shows, such as the nickel theater or "moving picture" show. These latter are rated by Professor Patten as "the first amusements to occupy the economic plane that the saloon has so long exclusively controlled." Their enormous popularity is proof that they appeal to the foundation qualities of men. They are, moreover, upbuilding, from Professor Patten's point of view, for the pictures they present of exciting adventures rouse the imagination and concentration which have lapsed in humdrum toil. A conservative estimate puts the number of people in New York City who daily visit the nickelodeon at 200,000. Here is a tremendous factor in the imaginative life of the people, for good or for ill.

Jane Addams has urged the prime importance of outdoor sport, rather than of indoor recreation. Physical sport, Professor Patten admits, is the logical corrective of the sedentary life of most workers; but "we are confronted," he points out, "by the fact that there is not now, and is not likely to be for many years, any system of sport that will compare with the theater in its present organization and accessibility. Great numbers of people easily obtain and are continually influenced by the cheap theater; comparatively few are stimulated by its natural forerunner, physical play, because there is so scanty equipment for it. To make it a persuasive influence we must first secure an improved general organization of the city—in fact, a geographical reorganization of it, fundamental enough to replace whole areas of dwellings with parks, narrow streets by boulevards, shipping ways with boating courses and construct gymnasiums and baths extensive enough for many thousand people." In the meantime, the actual lift is made by the existing well-organized and numerous centers of imaginative appeal.

The melodrama is a sentimental farce of real worth, Professor Patten insists, and after it the next actual reality is athletic sport as it is practised in base-ball grounds, in Y. M. C. A. gymnasiums, and by clubs and guilds. He says:

"From these social organizations climax passes into institutional activities where one becomes more and more interested in what his fellows do. This form of climax is best expressed now in

that varied group of pleasures which we may call the summer outing of social clubs. It is, so far, the final step in what may be called socialization through climax. . . .

"Many settlements are applying as much energy in summer to their coöperative vacation country houses as they give in winter to their more paternal and formal classes. Church guilds and big clubs for boys and girls are establishing permanent summer quarters where self-government in recreation is permitted. Camps multiply in the woods and by the streams within \$2.00 or \$3.00 worth of distance from cities; and here the winter's most unruly individualistic members of the transplanted body become watchers and warders over their own farmhouse or tent."


All these and similar recreational activities are recommended by Professor Patten as factors contributing not merely to the physical well-being, but actually to the spiritual salvation, of mankind. He says, in concluding:

"Climaxes, vivid attention, strenuous bodily coördination are members of a series each of which leads to the next, and together they transform men from sensual brutes to the highest products of civilization. Vivid mental images do for the modern world what bears and miracles did for our ancestors. They socialize impulse by making it come at the end of an upward movement in interest instead of at the beginning. No evil results from strong impulses, if they are aroused at the end of a rational process like that by which a climax is reached. . . .

"In the lower realm, where religion and morality do not act, amusements and sports are the only effective motives to elevate men. Sport is the beginning of inspiration, just as amusement is the lower round of regeneration. Together they form a natural ladder giving motives of increasing intensity, through which the lowest men can be elevated to the plane where religion and culture act. Only the most elemental forces act on men depressed by overwork and degenerated by overcrowding. These evils affect us all by undermining the base upon which society rests, and that is why the moral agencies with the picture of whose summer sleep this sketch began, must open their doors and keep their lamps burning until the dawn if they would deal with these two monstrous sins of product. Until they are overcome, sin walks abroad in the noontime, and the church sees it not; disease eats the mind of the scholar, and the school knows it not; lethargy, weariness, grime kill the color on the cheek of the girl, the fire in her eyes, the courage in her heart, and poetry mourns it not. Let them rouse themselves like living giants, and command us to let the Product go and to give men back their rights, their rights to time and space. Without them religion will not find the soul, education the mind, or poetry the heart of man."

# Music and the Drama

## THE MELTING POT—ZANGWILL'S DRAMATIC VISION OF THE FUTURE AMERICAN

 HE continuous influx of Jewish blood has aroused playwrights to the dramatic possibilities inherent in the question of intermarriage between Gentiles and Jews. No less than three recent plays, "Meyer and Son," "The House Next Door" and Israel Zangwill's "Melting Pot" have revolved around this question. "Meyer and Son," being a poor play, perished after a brief existence. Its message was pessimistic or at least dubious. "The House Next Door," a clever adaptation from the German, is a strong play, well acted, and deservedly successful. Its burden is one of hope. Zangwill's play, first presented in Washington, and countenanced by President Roosevelt, is the most significant play of the trio, being the largest in its vision and the most distinctly American in its bearing. "The Melting Pot" has had a season's run in Chicago, but, strangely enough, will not be produced in the Empire City until the forthcoming season. Mr. Zangwill's "Melting Pot" is the gigantic crucible of the New World, out of which slowly emerges the Greater America of the future.

The first act takes us to the living room in the house of the Quixanos in a non-Jewish district of New York. The effect of the furniture is described as a curious blend of shabbiness, Americanism, Jewishness and music. These elements are combined in the figure of Mendel Quixano, master of the household, in his black skull cap, red carpet slippers and seedy velvet jacket. He is an elderly music master with a fine Jewish face pathetically furrowed by misfortunes, and a short grizzled beard. He is not an orthodox Jew, but his hopes and ideals are anchored in the past of his race. There is a tragic element in the character of Frau Quixano, his mother. She is an orthodox Jewess, unable to understand the New World or its language. Mendel's nephew, David Quixano, the hero of Zangwill's play, is a young Jewish musician with unabounded faith in this country that has hospitably received him coming, as it were, from the blood-stained pavements of Kishineff. Vera Revendal, daughter of a Russian official, who is devoted to settlement work in New

York, having been disowned by her father for her anti-bureaucratic opinions, appears on the scene in order to ask David for his co-operation in a settlement concert. When incidentally she learns of his being a Jew, she is taken aback. "A Jew," she exclaims, "this wonderful boy a Jew! But then so was David the shepherd youth with his harp and psalms, the sweetest singer in Israel." She hesitates, but finally makes her request. David gladly accepts, waiving the possibility of a fee. "A fee! I'd pay a fee to see those happy immigrants you gather together. I love going to Ellis Island," he goes on to explain, "to watch the ships coming in from Europe, and to think that all those weary sea-tossed wanderers are feeling what I felt when America first stretched out her mother hand to me!"

VERA. (*Softly.*) Were you very happy?

DAVID. It was Heaven. You must remember that all my life I had heard of America. Everybody in our town had friends there or was going there or got money-orders from there. The earliest game I played at was selling off my toy furniture and setting up in America. All my life America was waiting, beckoning, shining, the place where God would wipe away tears from off all faces.

MENDEL. (*Rises, as in terror.*) Now, now, David, don't get excited.

DAVID. To think that the same great torch of liberty which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe, shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed!

MENDEL. (*Soothingly.*) Yes, yes, David. (*Lays hand on his shoulder.*) Now sit down and calm yourself.

DAVID. (*Unheeding.*) Shining over the starving villages of Italy and Ireland, over the swarming stony cities of Poland and Galicia, over the ruined farms of Roumania, over the shambles of Russia!

MENDEL. (*Pleadingly.*) David!

DAVID. Oh, Miss Revendal, when I look at our statue of Liberty I seem to hear the voice of America crying: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

MENDEL. Don't talk any more. You know it is bad for you.

DAVID. But Miss Revendal asked, and I want

to explain to her what America means to me.

MENDEL. You can explain it in your American Symphony.

VERA. (*Rising eagerly, to David.*) You compose?

DAVID. Oh, uncle, why did you talk of my music? It is so thin and tinkling. When I am writing my American Symphony it seems like thunder crashing through a forest full of bird songs. But next day, oh, next day! (*Laughs dolefully.*)

VERA. So your music finds inspiration in America?

DAVID. Yes, in the seething of the Crucible.

VERA. The Crucible? I don't understand!

DAVID. Not understand! You, the spirit of the Settlement! Not understand that America is God's crucible where all the races of Europe are rising and re-forming! Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island, here you stand in your fifty groups with your fifty languages and histories and your fifty hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to, these are the fires of God! A fig for your feuds and vendettas! German and Frenchman, Irishman and Englishman, Jews and Russians—into the Melting Pot with you all! God is making the American.

MENDEL. I should have thought the American was made already, eighty millions of him.

DAVID. Eighty millions over a continent! Why that cockle-shell of a Britain holds forty millions! No, uncle, the real American has not yet arrived. He is only in the Crucible, I tell you—he will be the fusion of all races, the coming superman. Ah, what a glorious finale for my symphony, if I can only write it.

VERA. But you have written some of it already. May I not see it?

DAVID. (*Relapsing to boyish shyness.*) Please, please, don't ask me. (*Moves over to his desk and nervously shuts it down and turns keys of drawers as tho protecting his MSS.*)

VERA. Won't you give a bit of it at our concert?

DAVID. Oh, it needs an orchestra.

VERA. But you at the violin and I at the piano—

MENDEL. You didn't tell me you played, Miss Revendal!

VERA. I told you less commonplace things.

DAVID. Miss Revendal plays quite like a professional.

VERA. (*Smiling.*) I don't feel so complimented as you expect. You see I did have a professional training. I went to Petersburg—

DAVID. (*Dazed.*) To Petersburg?

VERA. (*Smiling.*) Naturally. To the conservatoire. There wasn't much music to be had at Kishineff.

DAVID. Kishineff! (*He begins to tremble.*)

VERA. (*Still smiling.*) My birth place.

MENDEL. Calm yourself, David.

DAVID. Yes, yes! So you are a Russian! (*Shudders violently, staggers.*)

VERA. (*Alarmed.*) You are ill!

DAVID. It is nothing, I—no music at Kishineff! No, only the Death March! Mother! Father! Ah, cowards, murderers! And you! (*Shakes fist at air.*) You looking on with your cold butcher's face! Oh, God! Oh, God! (*Bursts into hysterical sobs and runs shamefacedly out.*)

VERA. (*Wildly.*) What have I said? What have I done?

MENDEL. Oh, I was afraid of this, I was afraid of this.

FRAU QUIXANO. (*Who has fallen asleep over her book, wakes as if with a sense of horror and gazes dazedly around, adding to the thrill of the moment.*) David! Wo ist David? Es scheint mir—

MENDEL. (*Pressing her back to her slumbers.*) Du träumst, Mutter! Schlaf! (*She sinks back to sleep.*)

VERA. (*In hoarse whisper.*) His father and mother were massacred?

MENDEL. (*In same tense tone.*) Before his eyes. Father, mother, sister, down to the youngest babe, whose skull was battered in by a ruffian's heel.

VERA. How did he escape?

MENDEL. He was shot in the shoulder and fell unconscious. As he wasn't a girl, the mob left him for dead and hurried to fresh sport.

VERA. Terrible! Terrible! (*Almost in tears.*)

MENDEL. (*Shrugging shoulders hopelessly.*) It is only Jewish history! David belongs to the species of pogrom orphans. They arrive by almost every ship.

VERA. Poor boy! Poor boy! And he looked so happy!

MENDEL. So he is most of the time. A sun-beam took human shape when he was born. But naturally that dreadful scene left a scar on his brain, as the bullet left a scar on his shoulder and he is always liable to see red when Kishineff is mentioned.

VERA. I will never mention my miserable birth-place to him again.

MENDEL. But you see every few months the newspapers tell us of another pogrom and then he screams out against what he calls that butcher's face so that I tremble for his reason. I tremble even when I see him writing that crazy music about America, for it only means he is brooding over the difference between America and Russia.

VERA. But perhaps all the terrible memory will pass peacefully away in his music.

MENDEL. There will always be the scar on his shoulder to remind him. Whenever the wound twinges it brings up these terrible faces and visions.

VERA. And it's on his right shoulder?

MENDEL. No, on his left. For a violinist that is even worse.

VERA. Ah, of course, the weight and the fin-



gering. (*Half unconsciously places and fingers an imaginary violin.*)

MENDEL. That is why I fear so for his future. He will never be strong enough for the feats of bravura that the public demands.

VERA. The wild beasts! I feel more ashamed of my country than ever. But there's his symphony.

MENDEL. And who will look at that amateurish stuff? He knows so little of harmony and counterpoint. He breaks all the rules. I've tried to give him a few pointers, but he ought to have gone to Germany.

VERA. Perhaps it's not too late.

MENDEL. (*Passionately.*) Ah, if you and your friends could help him!

VERA. My father loves music. Perhaps he—but no! He lives in Kishineff. But I will think. There are people here. I will write to you.

MENDEL. (*Fervently.*) Thank you! Thank you!

The second act takes place on the day of Purim, the Jewish Carnival. Old Dame Quixano has bought false noses and other paraphernalia of fun sanctified by tradition. David is playing a merry tune on the fiddle, when Vera appears to redeem her promise, accompanied by Quincy Davenport, Jr., an "unemployed millionaire," and his private orchestra conductor, the celebrated Herr Pappelmeister. Davenport, altho married, is actuated by his unreciprocated love for Vera to take an interest in the young Jewish musician. Pappelmeister examines the score of the symphony critically and declares it to be a masterpiece. Davenport at once proposes to produce it at one of his private concerts, and the shy young David is summoned from the kitchen, where he had hidden himself, to receive the tidings. When the identity of Davenport is divulged to him, the lad overcomes his bashfulness and turns to cross-examine his prospective protector.

DAVID. Are all the stories the papers tell about you true?

QUINCY. All the stories? That's a tall order. Ha! Ha! Ha!

DAVID. Well, anyhow, is it true that—?

VERA. Mr. Quixano! What are you driving at?

QUINCY. Oh, it's rather fun to hear what the masses read about me. Fire ahead. Is what true?

DAVID. That you were married in a balloon?

QUINCY. Ha! Ha! Ha! That's true enough. Marriage in high life, they said, didn't they? Ha! Ha! Ha!

DAVID. And is it true you live in America only two months in the year and then only to entertain Europeans who wander to these wild parts?

QUINCY. Lucky for you, young man. You'll

have an Italian prince and a British Duke to hear your scribblings.

DAVID. And the palace where they will hear my scribblings, is it true that—?

VERA. (*Who has been on pins and needles.*) Mr. Quixano, what possible—

DAVID. (*Entreatingly holds up hand.*) Miss Revendal! (*To Quincy Davenport.*) Is this palace the same whose grounds were turned into Venetian canals where the guests ate in gondolas?

QUINCY. Ah, Miss Revendal, what a pity you refused that invitation! It was a fairy scene of twinkling lights and delicious darkness. Each couple had their own gondola to sup in, and their own side-canal to slip down.

DAVID. And the same night women and children died of hunger in New York!

QUINCY. Eh?

DAVID. And these are the sort of people you would invite to hear my symphony, these gondola-guzzlers!

VERA. Mr. Quixano!

DAVID. These magnificent animals who went into the gondolas two by two, to feed and flirt!

QUINCY. Sir!

DAVID. I should be a new freak for you, for a new freak evening—I and my dreams and my music!

QUINCY. You low-down, ungrateful—

DAVID. Not for you and such as you have I sat here writing and dreaming, not for you who are killing my America!

QUINCY. Your America? you Jew-immigrant!

DAVID. Yes, Jew-immigrant! But a Jew who knows that your Pilgrim Fathers came straight out of his Old Testament and that our Jew-immigrants are prouder of the glory of this great Commonwealth than some of you sons of the soil. Look around at our Jew-immigrants, how they have climbed from the pack or the push-cart to equality with you idle inheritors of easy gold! How they stand before America, white men of Wall Street, incorruptible Judges, honest politicians, scrupulous traders, princely philanthropists, scholars, thinkers, artists, a growing army of grateful patriots anxious to repay America's hospitality by making her still greater among the nations! It is you, freak fashionables, who are undoing the work of Washington and Lincoln, vulgarizing your high heritage and turning the last and noblest hope of humanity into a caricature.

QUINCY. You never told me your Jew-scribbler was a socialist!

DAVID. I am nothing but a simple artist, but I come from Europe, one of her victims, and I know that she is a failure; that her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit, and that the only hope of mankind lies in a new world. And here, in the land of to-morrow, you are bringing back all the follies and fetishes of yesterday, trying to bring back Europe, Europe with her comic opera coronets and her worm-eaten stage decorations and her pomp and chiv-

alry built on a morass of crime and misery. But you shall not kill my dream! There shall come a fire round the Crucible that will melt you and your breed like wax in a blowpipe.

PAPPELMEISTER. (*Who has remained imperturbable throughout all this dialog springs up and waves his umbrella hysterically.*) Hoch, Quixano! Hoch! Hoch! Es lebe Quixano! Hoch!

QUINCY. Poppy! You're dismissed!

PAPPELMEISTER. (*Snaps fingers at Quincy. Goes to David with outstretched hand.*) Danks. (*They grip hands. Pappelmeister turns to Quincy Davenport.*) Comic operas! Ouf!

QUINCY. (*Goes to street door at white heat.*)

Vera, instead of reproaching the lad, expresses her admiration for him. In a sudden wave of tenderness, he passionately takes her hand and she suffers him to embrace her.

DAVID. You cannot care for me. You so far above me!

VERA. Above you, you simple boy? Your genius lifts you to the stars.

DAVID. No, no, it is you who lift me.

VERA. And to think that I was brought up to despise your race.

DAVID. (*Sadly.*) Yes, all Russians are.

VERA. But we of the nobility in particular.

DAVID. (*Amazed, half releasing her.*) You are noble?

VERA. My father is Baron Revendal, but I have long since carved out a life of my own.

DAVID. Then he will not separate us?

VERA. No. (*Re-embraces him.*) Nothing can separate us. (*A knock at the street door. They separate. Sound of an automobile clattering off.*)

DAVID. It is my uncle coming back.

VERA. (*In low tense tones.*) Then I shall slip out. I could not bear a third. I will write. (*Goes to door.*)

DAVID. Yes, yes, Vera. (*Follows her to door. He opens it and she slips out.*)

MENDEL. (*Half seen, expostulating.*) You, too, Miss Revendal? (*Enters.*) Oh, David, you have driven away all your friends.

DAVID. Not all, uncle. (*Throws his arms boyishly round his uncle.*) I am so happy.

MENDEL. Happy?

DAVID. She loves me. Vera loves me.

MENDEL. Vera?

DAVID. Miss Revendal.

MENDEL. Miss Revendal? Have you lost your wits?

DAVID. I don't wonder you're amazed. Do you think I wasn't? It is as if an angel should stoop down.

MENDEL. (*Hoarsely.*) This is true? This is not some stupid Purim joke?

DAVID. True and sacred as the sunrise.

MENDEL. But you are a Jew!

DAVID. Yes, and just think! She was brought up to despise Jews. Her father was a Russian Baron.

MENDEL. If she was the daughter of fifty Barons you cannot marry her.

DAVID. Then your hankering after the synagogue was serious after all?

MENDEL. It is not so much the synagogue; it is the call of our blood through immemorial generations.

DAVID. You say that! You who have come to the heart of the Crucible, where the roaring fires of God are fusing our race with all the others.

MENDEL. Not our race, not your race and mine.

DAVID. What immunity has our race? The pride and the prejudice, the dreams and the sacrifices, the traditions and the superstitions, the fasts and the feasts, things noble and things sordid, they must all into the Crucible.

MENDEL. The Jew has been tried in a thousand fires and only tempered and annealed.

DAVID. Fires of hate, not fires of love. That is what melts.

MENDEL. So I see.

DAVID. Your sneer is false. The love that melted me was not Vera's. It was the love America showed me the day she gathered me to her breast.

MENDEL. Many countries have gathered us. Holland took us when we were driven from Spain, but we did not become Dutchmen. Turkey took us when Germany oppressed us, but we have not become Turks.

DAVID. Those countries were not in the making. They were old civilizations stamped with the seal of creed. Here in this new secular Republic we must look forward.

MENDEL. We must look backwards, too.

DAVID. To what? To Kishineff. To that Butcher's face directing the slaughter? To those—?

MENDEL. Hush! Calm yourself.

DAVID. Yes, I will calm myself, but how else shall I calm myself save by forgetting all that nightmare of religions and races, save by holding out my hands with prayer and music towards the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God? The Past I cannot mend.

MENDEL. You are mad! Your dreams are mad. The Jew is hated here as everywhere. You are false to your race.

DAVID. I keep faith with America. I have faith America will keep faith with us.

MENDEL. Go! You have cast off the God of our fathers!

DAVID. And the God of our children? Does He demand no service? (*Quieter.*) But I must go away. You were right. I do need a wider world. (*Expands his lungs.*)

MENDEL. Go, then. I'll hide the truth. She must never suspect, lest she mourn you as dead.

FRAU QUIXANO. (*Outside in kitchen.*) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Both men turn toward the kitchen and listen.*)

MENDEL. (*Bitterly.*) A merry Purim.

FRAU QUIXANO. (*Hilariously.*) Nu spiel noch!

MEDEL. (*Putting out a protesting hand.*) No, no, David. I couldn't bear it.

DAVID. But I must! You said she mustn't suspect, and it may be the last time I shall ever play for her. (*Changes to mock merry laugh.*) *Gewiss, Mumme!* (*Starts a merry old jig.*)

FRAU QUIXANO. (*Childishly pleased.*) He! He! He! (*Claps on a false nose from her pocket.*)

DAVID. (*Half between laughter and tears.*) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

MEDEL. (*Shocked.*) Mutter!

FRAU QUIXANO. *Und du auch!* (*Claps another false nose on Mendel, laughing merrily at the effect.*)

Davenport, still bent on marrying Vera after divorcing his wife, informs her father of the impending marriage of his daughter with the Jewish fiddler. The Baron, a Russian of the most orthodox type and a convinced anti-semitite, hastens to New York to rejoin his rebellious child, to whom his heart still goes out in affection. The Baron is a great music lover, and Vera, in an intensely dramatic interview, reminds him that Rubinstein was a Jew. He goes out to quiet his commotion and promises to meet David on his return. It appears that David has left the Mendel home and is living in a garret not far from Vera's abode. She quickly summons him and tells him that her father has weakened in his opposition. "Dear little father," she exclaims, "if only he were not so narrow about Holy Russia!"

DAVID. If only my folks were not so narrow about Holy Judea! But the ideals of the fathers shall not be foisted on the children. Each generation must live and die for its own dream.

VERA. Yes, David, yes. You are the prophet of the living present. I am so happy. Kiss me. (*He kisses her gently.*) It is all too wonderful. You are happy, too?

DAVID. I cannot realize that all our troubles have melted away.

VERA. You, David, who always see everything in such rosy colors? Now that the whole horizon is one great splendid rose you almost seem as if gazing out towards a blackness.

DAVID. We Jews are cheerful in gloom, mistrustful in joy. It is our tragic history.

VERA. But you have come to end the tragic history, to throw off the coils of the centuries.

DAVID. Yes, yes, Vera. You bring back my sunnier self. I must be a pioneer on the lost road of happiness. Today shall be all joy, all lyric ecstasy. (*Takes up his violin.*) Yes, I will make my old fiddle-strings burst with joy! (*At this moment the face of Baron Revendal appears at the door.*)

DAVID. (*Hoarsely.*) The face! The face!

VERA. David, my dearest!

DAVID. (*His eyes closed.*) Don't be anxious. I shall be better soon. I oughtn't to have talked about it, the hallucination has never been so complete!

VERA. Don't speak. Rest against Vera's heart, till it has passed away. (*The Baron comes dazedly forward, half with a shocked sense of Vera's impropriety, half to relieve her of her burden. She motions him back.*) This is the work of your Holy Russia.

BARON. (*Harshly.*) What is the matter with him? (*David's violin falls from his grasp. Only the bow remains in his hand.*)

DAVID. The voice! (*He opens his eyes, stares frenziedly at the Baron, then struggles out of Vera's arms.*)

VERA. (*Trying to hold him.*) Dearest!

DAVID. Let me go. (*He moves like a sleep-walker towards the paralyzed Baron, puts out his left hand and testingly touches his face.*)

BARON. (*Shuddering back.*) Hands off!

DAVID. (*Shrieking.*) A-a-a-h! It is flesh and blood. No, it is stone, the man of stone! Monster! (*Raises the bow frenziedly.*)

BARON. (*Whipping out his pistol.*) Back, dog!

DAVID. Ha! You want my life, too! Is the cry not yet loud enough?

BARON. The cry?

DAVID. (*Mystically.*) Can you not hear it? The voice of the blood of my brothers crying out against you from the ground? Oh, how can you bear not to turn that pistol against yourself and execute upon yourself the justice which Russia denies you?

BARON. Tush! (*Pockets the pistol a little shamefacedly.*)

VERA. Justice on himself? For what?

DAVID. For crimes beyond human penalty, for obscenities beyond human utterance, for—

VERA. You are raving.

DAVID. Would to heaven I were.

VERA. But this is my father.

DAVID. Your father! God! (*Staggers back, drops bow.*)

BARON. Come, Vera, I told you—

VERA. (*Frenziedly, shrinking back.*) Don't touch me!

BARON. (*Starting back in amaze.*) Vera!

VERA. (*Hoarsely.*) Say it's not true.

BARON. What is not true?

VERA. What David said. It was the mob that massacred. You had no hand in it?

BARON. (*Sullenly.*) I was there with my soldiers. (*Takes pistol half mechanically from her drooping hand.*)

DAVID. (*Pale, leaning against a chair, hisses.*) And you looked on with that cold face of hate while my mother—

BARON. (*Sullenly.*) I could not see everything.

DAVID. Now and again you ordered your soldiers to fire.

VERA. (*In joyous relief.*) Ah, he did check the mob; he did tell his soldiers to fire!

DAVID. At any Jew who tried to defend himself.

VERA. God! (*Falls on the sofa, buries her head on the cushion, moans.*)

BARON. It was the people avenging itself, Vera. The people rose like a flood. It had centuries of spoliation to wipe out. The voice of the people is the voice of God.

VERA. (*Moaning.*) But you could have stopped them!

BARON. I had no orders to defend the foes of Christ and the Czar. The people—

VERA. (*Moaning.*) But you could have stopped them!

BARON. Who can stop a flood? I did my duty. A soldier's duty is not so pretty as a musician's.

VERA. (*Moaning.*) But you could have stopped them!

BARON. Silence! You talk like an ignorant girl, blinded by passion. The pogrom is a holy crusade. Are we Russians the first people to crush down the Jew? No, from the dawn of history the nations have had to stamp upon him, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Romans—

DAVID. Yes, it is true. Even Christianity did not invent hatred. But not till Holy Church arose were we burnt at the stake, and not till Holy Russia arose were our babes torn limb from limb. Oh, it is not much! Delivered from Egypt four thousand years ago to be slaves to the Russian Pharaoh today. (*Falls as if kneeling on a chair, leans his head on the rail.*) O God, shall we always be broken on the wheel of history? How long, O Lord, how long?

BARON. (*Savagely.*) Till you are all stamped out, ground into your dirt. (*Tenderly.*) Look up, little Vera! You saw how your little father loves you; how he was ready to hold out his hand and how this cur tried to bite it. Be calm; tell him a daughter of Russia cannot mate with dirt.

VERA. (*Rising.*) Father, I will be calm. I will speak without passion or blindness. I will tell David the truth. I was never absolutely sure of my love for him. Perhaps that was why I doubted his love for me. Often after our enchanted moments there would come a nameless uneasiness, some vague instinct, relic of the long centuries of Jew-loathing, some strange shrinking from his Christless creed.

BARON. (*Exultantly.*) She is a Revendal.

VERA. But now (*Turns to David*) now, David. I come to you and say in the words of Ruth, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God! (*Stretches out her hands to David.*)

BARON. You shameless— (*His pistol rises in his hand almost of itself, then lowers, as he perceives that David remains impassive.*)

VERA. (*With agonised cry.*) David!

DAVID. (*In low icy tone.*) You cannot come to me. There is a river of blood between us.

VERA. Were it seven seas our love must cross them.

DAVID. Easy words to you. You never saw

that red flood bearing the mangled breasts of women and the spattered brains of babes and sucklings. Oh! (*Covers eyes with hands.*) It was your Easter and the air was full of holy bells and the streets of holy processions, priests in black and girls in white, and waving palms and crucifixes, and everybody exchanging Easter eggs and kissing one another three times on the mouth in token of peace and good-will, and even the Jew-boy felt the spirit of love brooding over the earth, tho he did not then know that this Christ, whom holy chants proclaimed risen, was born in the form of a brother Jew. And what added to the peace and holy joy was that our own Passover was shining before us. My mother had already made the raisin wine and my greedy little brother Solomon had sipped it on the sly that very morning. We were all at home, all except my father. He was away in a little synagog at which he was cantor. I was playing my cracked little fiddle. Little Miriam was making her doll dance to it. Ah! that decrepit old china doll! We were all laughing to see it caper to my music. Suddenly my father flies in through the door desperately, clasping to his breast the Holy Scroll. We cry out to him to explain, and then we see that in that beloved mouth of song there is no longer a tongue! He tries to bar the door. The mob breaks in. We dash out through the back into the street. There are the soldiers and the Face!

VERA. (*Who has listened tensely, gives a low spasmodic sob.*) O God! (*Baron turns away slowly.*)

DAVID. When I came to myself I saw lying beside me a strange shapeless something. By the crimson doll in what seemed a hand I knew it must be little Miriam. The doll was a dream of beauty and perfection beside all that remained of my sister, of my mother, of greedy little Solomon! Oh, you Christians can only see that rosy splendor on the horizon of happiness. And the Jew didn't see rosily enough for you. Ha! Ha! Ha! The Jew who gropes in one great crimson mist.

VERA. Hush, David! Your laughter hurts more than tears. Let Vera comfort you. (*Kneels by his chair, tries to put arms round him.*)

DAVID. (*Shuddering.*) Take them away! Don't you feel the cold dead pushing between us?

VERA. (*Unflinchingly moving his face towards her lips.*) Kiss me!

DAVID. I should feel the blood on my lips.

VERA. My love shall wipe it out.

DAVID. (*Unwinds her clinging arms and springs up.*) Love! Christian love! (*Laughs frenziedly.*) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! For this I gave up my people, darkened the home that sheltered me. There was always a still voice at my heart calling me back, but I heeded nothing, only the voice of the butcher's daughter! (*Brokenly.*) Let me go home, let me go home! (*Begins tottering towards the door with dazed pauses, but never looking at Vera. The door closes behind him,*



Act four transpires on the fourth of July. David has joined Pappelmeister's new orchestra and his symphony is being performed for the first time before the immigrants of all nations banded together under the guidance of the settlement workers. He scores a musical triumph, but his heart is dead to the praise showered upon him. Even when Vera adds her voice to the general chorus he is not consoled. "The irony in all the congratulations," he bitterly exclaims. "How can I ever endure them, when I know what a terrible failure I have made."

VERA. Failure! You have produced something real and new.

DAVID. Every bar of my music cried, "Failure! Failure! Failure!"

VERA. (*Vehemently, coming still nearer.*) Oh no! no! I watched the faces, those faces of toil and sorrow, those faces from many lands. In some strange beautiful way the inner meaning of your music stole into all those simple souls.

DAVID. (*Springing up.*) And my soul! What of my soul? False to its own mission, its own dream. That is what I mean by failure, Vera. I preached of God's Crucible, this great new continent that could melt up all race differences and vendettas, and God tried me with his supremest test. He gave me a heritage from the Old World, hate and vengeance and blood, and said: "Cast it all into my Crucible." And I said: "Even thy Crucible cannot melt this hate, cannot drink up this blood." And so I sat crooning over the dead past, the prophet of the God of our children. Oh, how my music mocked me! And you, so fearless, so high above fate, how you must despise me!

VERA. I? Ah no!

DAVID. You must. You do. Your words still sting. Were it seven seas between us, you said, our love must cross them. And I, I who have prayed of seven seas!

VERA. Not seas of blood! (*Shudders and covers her eyes.*)

DAVID. There lies my failure, to have brought it to your eyes, instead of blotting it from my own.

VERA. No man could have blotted it out.

DAVID. Yes, by faith in the Crucible. From the blood of battlefields spring daisies and buttercups. But in the supreme moment my faith was found wanting. You came to me, and I thrust you away.

VERA. I ought not to have come to you. We must not meet again.

DAVID. Ah, you cannot forgive me!

VERA. Forgive? It is I that should go down on my knees for my father's sin. (*She is half sinking to her knees. He stops her by a gesture and a cry.*)

DAVID. No! The sins of the fathers shall not be visited on the children.

VERA. My brain follows you, but not my

heart. It is heavy with the sense of unpaid debts, debts that can only cry for forgiveness.

DAVID. You owe me nothing.

VERA. But my father, my people, my country— (*Breaks down, recovers herself.*) My only consolation is, you need nothing.

DAVID. (*Dazed.*) I need nothing?

VERA. Nothing but your music, your dreams.

DAVID. And your love. Do I not need that?

VERA. (*Shaking her head sadly.*) No.

DAVID. Your love for me is dead?

VERA. No, it is my love for myself that is dead.

DAVID. You torture me. What do you mean?

VERA. I used to be jealous of your music, your prophetic visions. I wanted to come first, before them all! Now, dear David, I only pray that they may fill your life to the brim.

DAVID. But they cannot.

VERA. They will. Have faith in yourself, in your mission! Good-by. (*The music from below surges up softly, sad and sweet.*)

DAVID. (*Dazed.*) You love me and you leave me?

VERA. What else can I do? Shall the shadow of Kishineff hang over all your years to come? Shall I kiss you and leave blood upon your lips, cling to you and be pushed away by all those cold dead hands?

DAVID. (*Taking her hands with a great cry.*) Yes, cling to me despite them all, cling to me till all these ghosts are exorcised, cling to me till our love triumphs over death. Kiss me, kiss me now.

VERA. (*Resisting, drawing back.*) I dare not! It will make you remember.

DAVID. It will make me forget. Kiss me. (*A slight pause of hesitation, filled up by the Cathedral music from Faust coming softly from below.*)

VERA. (*Slowly.*) I will kiss you as we Russians kiss at Easter, the three kisses of peace. (*Kisses him three times on the mouth as in ritual solemnity.*)

DAVID. (*Very calmly.*) Easter was the date of the massacre. See! I am at peace.

VERA. God grant it endure! (*They stand quietly hand in hand.*) How beautiful the sunset is after the storm! (*David turns. The sunset, which has begun to grow beautiful just after Vera's entrance, has now reached its most magnificent moment. Below there are narrow lines of saffron and gold, and above the sky is one glory of burning flame.*)

DAVID. (*Prophetically exalted by the spectacle.*) It is the fires of God round His Crucible. (*Drops her hand and points downwards.*) There she lies, the great melting-pot. Listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes her mouth (*Points East.*) the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian, black and yellow.

VERA. (*Softly, nestling to him.*) Jews and Gentile—

DAVID. Yes, East and West and North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the Crescent and the Cross, how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with His purging flame! (*Raises his hands in benediction*

*over the shining city.*) Ah, all ye unborn millions, fated to fill this giant continent, the God of our children give you peace! (*An instant's solemn pause. Then from below comes up the sound of voices and instruments joining in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"; the sunset sinks to a more restful golden glory, the curtain falls slowly.*)

## JOAN OF ARC'S BEATIFICATION AT HARVARD

**T**HE production of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" at Harvard by Maude Adams may be said to have been a cultural event, not merely a dramatic performance. In olden days ambassadors were mouthpieces of their sovereigns; today they are the spokesmen of nations. For this reason the modern ambassador is coming more and more to be a man of letters. James Bryce, David Jayne Hill, Count Bernstoff and M. Jusserand are men of literary endowment. The ideal ambassador of the future will be a poet who carries the torch of his people's genius. The plays of Schiller are the supreme embodiment of German idealisms. In "Joan of Arc," played for the first time in America, the genius of Germany speaks to the American people through a French heroine. Miss Adams's production was on a gigantic scale commensurable with the dimensions of the New World. Fifteen hundred persons traversed the theatric arena, supervised by thirteen stage managers, with sixteen thousand spectators present. In the immensity of the production the genius of the American people spoke to the genius of Germany.

Maude Adams, by her performance of "Joan of Arc" in the Harvard Stadium, won, in the words of the *New York World*, "secular honors comparable in a sense with the ecclesiastical dignity recently conferred upon the original of the stage rôle assumed for this occasion by the New York actress." Miss Adams herself, however, was almost swallowed up in the spectacle, which was, perhaps, the greatest dramatic pageant that this country or Europe has ever seen. She gladly subordinated her personality to the demands of this unique occasion. Her conception of Joan of Arc differs somewhat from Schiller's. The poet makes his heroine a war goddess, beauteous, terrible. Maude Adams presented a more *spirituelle* Maid of Orleans. To her mind, Joan moves like a spirit among the host; when she approaches, the soldiers fall on their knees; she has no need of a sword, and un-

sheathes it with reluctance.

Mr. John W. Alexander was responsible for the wonderfully contrived color effects, and the stage direction was placed in the hands of Gustave von Seiffertitz. Miss Adams herself studied out the details of the whole performance. The lighting of the stadium was the important feature of the whole preparation, and the electrician who sat at the little desk fronting the sward played on a vast and complicated apparatus as an organist on a great instrument. His score was inconceivably complex—a notation of men and horses, cues and exits, acts and scenes, shifts and cuts. His desk looked like a telegrapher's office, a railroad switch tower and a telephone exchange rolled into one. He managed, beside the stage lighting, what would, under ordinary conditions, be the "house lighting"—the row of arc lamps swung out over the slope of seats from the columns of the esplanade. These lighted the audience between the acts, but were switched off during the performance in order to concentrate the vision on the players as they were followed over the ground by ranks of searchlights set up at stations on various parts of the seat-slope. As might be expected, this enormous and complex lighting scheme necessitated an auxiliary power plant.

The stage was a section of a field of the Stadium. The audience faced it in a complete semicircle. It was, remarks Mr. E. F. Edgett in the *Boston Transcript*, as if at a theater the orchestra stalls were removed and the action took place within the entire space circumscribed by the balconies.

"Directly opposite the center of the semi-circle, in the extreme background, arose the arches of the Cathedral of Rheims, wherein was crowned the king whom Joan of Arc had brought into his own; and similarly lifted themselves the heights whereon were waged some portions of the battles between the French, the Burgundians and the English. In the midst of the field stood the oak under whose boughs Joan told her father, her sisters and her lover of the visions that called

her to the aid and defense of her country. With the stage set at once for all five acts, with here and there such changes as the bringing on of the throne of France and the building of a primitive rustic well, the imagination might seem to be unduly taxed; but as a matter of fact there was no obtrusive incongruity, and the eye and the mind were able to concentrate themselves upon the surroundings of each successive scene. In no instance could we fail to see Domremy, Chinon, the plain near Rheims, the Cathedral, and the battlefield as they were successively brought before us. . . .

"In all these scenes of pageantry the stage directions as given by Schiller in the text of his play were followed with no little exactitude, altho of course with more elaboration, with greater panoply of war, and with vaster multitudes than he could ever have foreseen. The processional march preceding the coronation of the king, for instance, filled a half hour period that seemed even longer to the spectators because of its changing and glittering appeal to the eye."

If there was any fear in any mind as to Miss Adams's adequacy to fulfil the demands made upon her by the rôle of Joan of Arc, it must have disappeared, Mr. Edgett affirms, upon the instant of her first appearance. The little shrinking figure stepped slowly from the entrance to the "down stage" of the plan and the solitary great tree surrounded by grazing sheep. Joan was in the garb of a peasant and her costume was the long blue skirt of the well-known picture of Bastien-Lepage; but the bare head was simply that of the well-loved Maude Adams. When, the writer continues, her voice finally winged its way in her opening speech, in all its well-known melody, beauty and tenderness—a piece of supreme vocal and technical art—the response of the mighty audience was instant and generous.

We quote here, by permission, Joan's famous Farewell Speech, as Englished for Maude Adams by George Sylvester Viereck:

Farewell, ye hills, ye pastures dearly loved,  
Ye quiet homely valleys, fare ye well!  
For Joan henceforth shall know your ways no more,

Joan to you all must bid a long farewell!  
Ye meadows I have watered and ye trees  
That I have planted, wear your glad some green!  
Farewell, ye grottoes and ye cooling springs!  
Sweet Echo, thou the valley's lovely voice,  
Oft tho my heart for thy response may yearn,  
Joan goes, and never—never shall return!

Dear tranquil scenes of all my joyful days,  
I leave you now behind forevermore!  
Poor, foldless lambs, go ye in unknown ways,  
And walk unherded where the nightbirds soar,



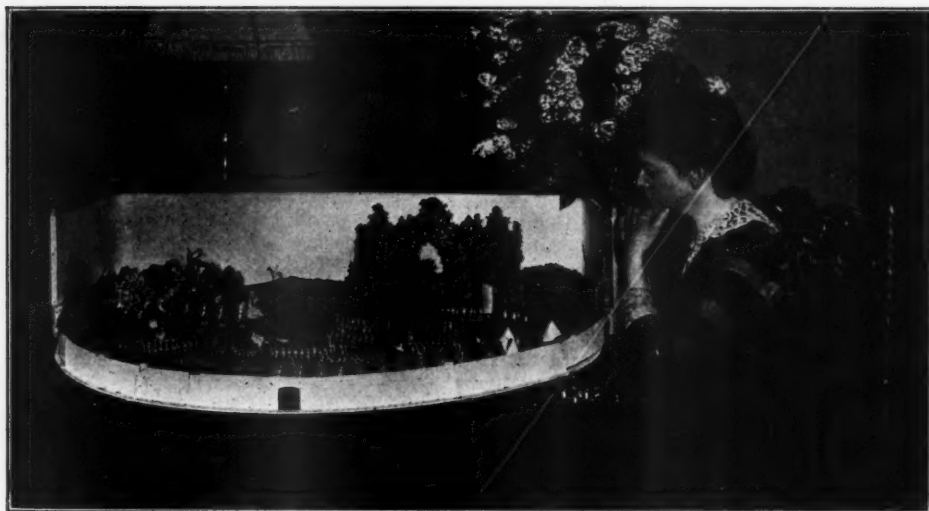
"THE WANDERING DAUGHTER OF AN ELDER AGE"

Miss Adams's conception of Schiller's Joan of Arc is distinctly *spirituelle*. Spirit-like she hovered before the French host on her snow-white charger.

For I am called another flock to graze  
On fields of peril in the battle's roar.  
I must obey the Spirit's high decree.  
Earth-born ambition has no part in me.

He that to Moses upon Horeb's height  
Descended fiery on the bush of flame,  
Commanding him to stand in Pharaoh's sight;  
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,  
And made the lad his champion in the fight,  
Loves to exalt a lowly shepherd's name.  
He hailed me from the branches of this tree:  
"Go forth, thou shalt on earth my witness be!"

"Rude brass for garment thy soft limbs shall wear,  
In clasp of iron shall thy heart be pressed,  
Ne'er in thine eyes shall seem a man's face fair  
Nor light the flame of mortal love unblessed!  
Never the bride-wreath shall adorn thy hair,  
Nor lovely baby blossom at thy breast,  
But thou shalt be War's sacrificial bride,  
Above all earthly women glorified!"



MAPPING OUT THE BATTLE

Miss Adams personally, with the assistance of puppets made for the purpose, arranged the battle scene and the procession in Schiller's pageant drama at Harvard.

"When the most brave in battle shall despair,  
When ruin threatens and all hope seems vain,  
Thine arms aloft mine oriflamme shall bear;  
And as the skillful reaper fells the grain,  
Thou shalt mow down our foemen everywhere,  
And turn fate's chariot backward by thy rein!  
Unto all France deliverance thou shalt bring,  
And, freeing Rheims, in triumph crown the  
King!"

The Heavenly Spirit promised me a sign,  
He sends the helmet, for it comes from Him!  
Its iron thrills me with the strength divine  
That fans the courage of the Cherubim,  
And as the raging whirlwind whips the brine  
It drives me forth to lead the combat grim.  
The chargers rear and trembling paw the ground,  
The war-cry thunders and the trumpets sound!

In a fantastic interview with the ghost of Schiller, Mr. Viereck describes, in the New York *American*, his vision of Joan of Arc. "Surely," the ghost remarks, smilingly, "it is delightful for a man to see his dreams projected into reality after he has been dead for more than one hundred years. Thus have I seen the Maid ride forth on her milk-white steed. The splendor of the scene corresponds with my inner vision. Even as the gorgeous pageant sweeps across this prodigious stage, the figures of the play have passed through my brain. I am not surprised," the ghost continues, "that your country should admire the plucky Maid of Domremy. When she fought for her country she also fought for her sex. Joan of Arc was a glorious incarna-

tion of the woman to be, a woman of the future, who, in America at least, is even now in the making."

"We have heard much of the superman," Mr. Viereck goes on to say. "We have never heard of his mate. Joan of Arc is a superwoman. She is a woman transcending her biological function. She serves a purpose greater than the perpetuation of species, but being a woman still, is not exempt from temptation."

"Joan of Arc was an unconscious precursor of the emancipated woman. Woman's struggle for self-expression is as old as the world. The chain reaches from antiquity to the middle ages, from Sappho to Joan of Arc. The race, revenging itself, has slandered Sappho and burned Joan of Arc at the stake. Sappho has outsung us, and Joan of Arc has outdone us in deeds of valor. There is a certain instinctive sex jealousy in the male that makes it hard for us to forgive superiority in a woman.

"Even the gentle Bertrand in Schiller's play remonstrates with Joan when she seizes the helmet from him. 'This is no bonnet for a maiden's head!' The same spirit was unconsciously present in the verdict of Joan's judges. Her one unforgivable sin, which in the words of a chronicler of about 1642, can in no wise be condoned, was her donning of man's attire.

"It is this curious jealousy, rooted in men's hearts for thousands of years, that today bars woman from the ballot, and three hundred years ago doomed Joan of Arc to her fate. The solitary figure of the French peasant girl stands



to me for the eternal woman, in her rebellion against the narrow limits imposed upon her by man.

"The historic Joan was burned at a stake. Schiller's Joan dies gloriously on the field of battle. The justice of the poet is finer than the justice of history.

"Poets are prophets and in Schiller's play the Maid of Domremy foresees her beatification. Dying, she stands erect, the banner in her hand.

'Can you not see the rainbow in the sky?  
The golden gates of heaven are open wide,  
The Virgin stands amid the angel choir,  
Resplendent, on her breast the Eternal Son.  
Her arms she stretches toward me smilingly.  
How strange! I am borne upward on light  
clouds,

My heavy armor seems like golden wings.  
Up—up—I fly—earth falls away from me:  
Brief is the pain—eternal is the joy!"

## THE SALVATION OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA



ROTHERS and friends—we will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds." In the year 1837, Ralph Waldo Emerson made this Declaration of Independence for the American Scholar. Mr. Percy Mackaye, in his recent book,\* predicts a similar declaration for the American playwright. Today, the author of "Sappho and Phaon" admits, the American drama still lies fallow for need of a native poet; the American theater, its institution, stands walled and well-nigh hermetically sealed against the percolations of American scholarship and poetry. Still we may prophesy the independence of the American drama from the persuasive minds of Europe and their persuaded minstrels in America, and an ultimate realization of our unique dramatic potentialities. It is needless to remind ourselves of our debt to England and Europe and to reflect that in this modern day all corners of the earth are conspiring to become one in mutual understanding. But, Mr. Mackaye insists, the ideal of independence in art, of national diversity and American self-reliance, is not in conflict with any world-ideal worthy of reason.

"In America where our Cyclopean industries of iron and gold and brass and blazing ores sit on our Appalachians and our Rockies, and, like so many Polyphemi, gaze down with fiery eyes upon their smoking hearth-stones—ten thousand cities with their consumed humanity; in America, where again the silent forests range, solitude after solitude, millions of acres, and you shall hear nothing but the water-falls and the wind, and behold, nothing but far peaks and endless pines shadowing their own twilight; in America, where our sky-scrapers, tower on tower, build another Sidon in mid-air; where the electric mules tunnel our river-bottoms, and our huddled

citizens build conglomerate homes like mud-wasps; in America, if we shall look around us with fresh eyes, and if, with fresh vision, we peer into that Yankee past which produced us, and beyond to the horizon of cosmopolitan promise which is our destiny to come, surely in this America we shall discover, in riches, more than the raw stuff of our bank accounts; in art, more than a mere standing-place whence we may crane our pygmy necks toward Rome and the Old World; in prophecy, more than the *bourgeois* hope of imitation and self-disguise."

A revolution in the existing commercial theatrical system is a necessary premise to the emancipation of the drama as a fine art. Security of endowment has created the Symphony Orchestra. Endowment, Mr. Mackaye tirelessly repeats, is essential to our dramatic salvation. A serious obstacle, in his opinion, is the exotic nature of our dramatic ideal. The majority of the educated and the intellectual amongst us, tho robustly American in citizenship, remain in art and esthetic aspiration suburbanites of Paris, Berlin, Rome and London, whence they have, in their leisure hours, drawn their ideals. "Around the great lights of those world-centers, mothlike, they flutter and revolve, happy to singe the native hues of their own modest wings and antennae in the fire of those transatlantic stars which blaze upon our darkness. They substitute as ideals the foreign motives and technique which have rightly made those artists masters in their own lands for the original incentives and native craftsmanship which alone can create for us masters and ideals in America."

The continental influence resolves itself through various channels of genius into the dominant genius of Ibsen. But the message of Ibsen is not for us. He and his followers speak for the needs of a corroded society. Theirs is the message of over-population and the pessimism of that. "Is such," Mr. Mack-

\*THE PLAYHOUSE AND THE PLAY. By Percy Mackaye. Macmillan Company.

aye asks, "the predestined message of our American democracy? Is such the timely and peculiar appeal of a drama which shall awaken the authentic response of a people of eighty millions?" The art of the European, moreover, is not the cry of a race at all, nor of a people, but of a segment of society, of the corroding remains of an aristocratic system now mingled with *bourgeoisie*.

As the popular alternative to the segregated drama, Europe offers the cock-pits and the *café chantant*. In America a similar distinction has been definitely marked only lately. "Here now," Mr. Mackaye exclaims, "is a crucial opportunity in our dramatic history; and hence in our history as a nation."

"For neither the one nor the other sphere represents, I believe, the destiny of the American drama. Between these two ideals and distinct from each, exists, potential, a third ideal—an ideal correspondent to the essential genius and the native opportunity of our American nation and its dramaturgy. That third ideal is the Drama of Democracy—the drama as a *fine art for the many*.

"A momentous ideal; a momentous opportunity. With temperance it may be said that not since the age of Pericles has there existed a communal field for art comparable in possibility to our own, and ours is a field richer and vaster in promise, as America today is, by science and inter-communication, bound the more closely to the whole world than was ancient Greece.

"The drama as a *fine art for the many*; and by 'the many' I mean 'the whole people,' both *virtuosi* and *hoi polloi*. Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes and their contemporary peers, consummate artists, interpreted an eager people to themselves, created for and by their own works a whole nation of dramatic critics and infused generations of shepherds, bankers and street gamins with a judicious enthusiasm for the fine art of dramatic poetry."


Our creative dramatists, our intelligent public opinion, are guided by European ideals, which, however admirable to their germane conditions, here, when transplanted to us, are at best a delight to those restricted few whom they thus educate, while at worst their advocacy by that few permits of one mighty danger to our many, namely, that "by importing a fine art which does not, of its nature, appeal to our masses, our masses shall remain without a fine art, and so retrograde." That a fine art for the many is a practical ideal has been proved by its realization in Greece and in Shakespeare's England. To compare the scope and relative appeal of the segre-

gated with the dramatic ideal in fine art, we have only to compare, Mr. Mackaye remarks, the Don Giovanni of Mozart with the Siegfried of Wagner. "Compare," we are challenged, "the delineation of that distracted soul, Halvard Solness, the Master Builder, with the delineation of Macbeth; the character drawing of Oscar Wilde's Lord Windemere with that of Falstaff; the Pelleas and Melisande of Maeterlinck with the Orestes and Electra of Sophocles. Here are the master-drawings of masters, but masters in two distinct methods and aims. Ibsen, Oscar Wilde, Maeterlinck, depict individuals and types of a segment of society; Shakespeare and Sophocles images of all humanity." The new American drama, Mr. Mackaye thinks, should be in verse; here he is speaking *pro domo*. But he is right when he claims that it must be universal in its appeal.

"A new drama, for tho of necessity its main roots will strike for nutriment deep into English tradition and language and permeate the subsoil of the centuries as far as the age of Pericles, yet trunk and branch shall spread themselves over the nation as indigenous and beneficent as our American elms.

"A drama, it must be, adapted to a people of many millions: many millions, but fused by the American Spirit—one nation; their prairies, their mountains, their vast river valleys, as well as the infinite meanings of their cities, it shall humanly interpret and make vocal to them and their posterity. Its dramatists, peering through imagination into the past, the present, the future, shall strive (as Keats says) 'to see as a god sees,' and makes those images their Dramatis Personæ. And especially when they look into the past, they shall see with their own eyes, in no archaic spirit, but to reveal its perennial meanings to their modern time. Thus they will create characters, corresponding in sculpture to the ideal groups of a Phidias as opposed to the goldsmith portraiture of a Cellini. These they will delineate with large simplicity and passion, as befits a fine art for the many. No longer Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Smith, Robinson, with all their idiosyncrasies superfluous to a national art, shall walk the boards, but, instead, living symbols of our living world, so re-created in imagination as to move and breathe like visible gods and demi-gods of our modernity; beings as simply understandable to our American masses as the Greek-stage Zeus and Agamemnon were to the Athenians; characters as familiar to the modern man in the audience as the great forces of labor and capital, competition and graft and reform, of which he reads in his newspapers—now tangibly set before him as distinct and breathing images, which shall ever after serve to interpret for him—himself and the life of his nation."

## VITAL THEMES OF FOREIGN PLAYWRIGHTS

ECENTLY Miss Jane Addams affirmed that at least a dozen of the season's successful plays are sociological sermons in dramatic disguise. Mr. Clayton Hamilton, on the other hand, speaking from the point of view of the dramatic critic, deplors the paucity of themes on the American stage. Our playwrights, he asserts, in *The Forum*, have no definite ideas to convey. The great plays of the world have all grown endogenously from a single central idea; or, to vary the figure of speech, they have been spun of filament after filament, like spider-webs, out of a central animate source. Most of our native playwrights, Mr. Hamilton insists, seldom experience this essential process of the creative imagination. Instead of working from the inside out, they work from the outside in; they gather up a haphazard handful of theatrical situations and essay to string them together in a story; they congregate an ill-assorted company of characters and try to achieve a play by letting them talk to each other. Many of our playwrights possess a sense of situation, several are endowed with a gift of characterization, or at least of caricature; and most of them write easy and natural dialog, especially in slang. Very few start out with something to say, as Mr. Moody started out in "The Great Divide" and Mr. Thomas in "The Witching Hour." They represent facts, but fail to reveal truths. They may advance material for sociological sermons, but lack in purpose, artistically. They are clever instead of being real. "Give us," Mr. Hamilton passionately demands, "less of Living, more of Life. Enough of these multitudinous, multifarious facts. Tell us single, simple truths! Give us more themes and fewer fabrics of shreds and patches!"

The intellectual stamp is conspicuously absent from the American drama. We provide, in the words of one critic, entertainment, not art. If one of our playwrights has for once an original idea, he seeks to obscure this fact by burying it under thick layers of cheap emotionalism. The New Theater will be compelled in consequence to present chiefly the dramas of other nations. Donald Robertson, the leading spirit in the movement towards an intellectual stage in Chicago, finds himself in a similar plight. He has outlined for the forthcoming season a brilliant repertory of compelling masterpieces from the literary

treasuries of Italy, Spain, France, England, Germany, Holland and Norway, but in the dramatic council of the world, America, it seems, has no place. We have made the drama, it appears, subservient to the mimic gift inherited from our simian sires. Shakespeare clothed the body of the Muse with new splendor; but the American playwright, some one has said, manufactures dramatic tinsel to cover up the mental and physical deficiencies of some over-advertised female. In Shakespeare's days the mimes were called "shadows." The substance, the play, remained after their exit. In America, today, the play is the shadow. We are swayed solely by the personality of the actor. Julia Marlowe is more real to us than Shakespeare himself. We place the shadow above the substance. In America the playwright is successful if he adapts himself to the actor. Abroad the actor is successful if he adapts himself to the playwright. The continental dramatist refuses to limit the flight of his genius by the exigencies of stagecraft, and he usually has something to say.

Rostand's new play, "*Chanticleer*," certainly demands unusual efforts on the part of the actor. The characters of the play, written originally for Coquelin, represent the various inhabitants of the farmyard. The principal character, the cock, will be played by M. Guitry. Mr. Charles Frohman has acquired the American rights to the play and promises an American performance soon after its first production abroad in the latter part of November. Mr. Frohman has relinquished his original plan of offering the titular part in the play to Maude Adams. Probably no other play has ever been discussed so much before its completion. Its five acts are prefaced by a prolog. One of the actors steps before the curtain and announces in polished verse that "*Chanticleer*" is a play by animals. But the animals are timid, he says, they must wait until the men have gone away. Then, peeping through the curtain, he declares: "The men have disappeared; the play can begin." The story, we read in *The Sun*, is concerned with the conceit of the Cock.

"He is already a personage of great consequence, but he wishes to increase his reputation among the birds. He therefore makes the announcement that the sun cannot rise without him. His bluff succeeds. Every morning there is fresh proof that the Cock's boast is true, for dawn is invariably heralded by his clarion call.

"The proud rooster falls in love with a guinea fowl, driven to him for protection by the guns of sportsmen. They flee together to a nearby forest, and she, with feminine curiosity, tries to extract his secret. Whence comes this mighty power of calling up the sun?"

"It is, in a way, another case of Samson and Delilah. The Cock boasts of and explains his power, but one day sleeping overlong, he fails to salute the morning. The sun rises as usual. The result is that the Cock loses much prestige, being regarded as a humbug, and, as a moral, pretentiousness is punished.

"One of the daintiest and most amusing incidents in the play is said to be the plot of the night birds. They hold a tea party. As there is danger of being interrupted at 5 o'clock in the afternoon the hour is changed to 5 o'clock in the morning, and then they conspire against his Majesty the Cock.

"The last act concludes with a line spoken by the dog, who tells his friends the birds that a man is coming, upon which the gathered company disperses."

Maeterlinck's new play, "The Blue Bird," also transcends the merely human. His characters are animals, trees, household utensils, fairies, ghosts, the elements and philosophic abstractions. "The Blue Bird" is a cerebral "Peter Pan" embodying inquiries into primal causes and cosmic conceptions. It has been successfully produced in Russia; in this country a book version has recently been published.\* The uninitiated reader of Maeterlinck's new fantasy, says the London *Times*, has now and again something of the lost feeling, the groping sense, that affects so many of this writer's characters in their twilight wanderings. "We confess being occasionally of this company. After two readings and much thought we remain spell-bound by the charm of the play, but in doubt as to the full meaning. We have the general idea, but are conscious of lost nuances." The story, put nakedly, is as follows:

"An old fairy, very like an elderly neighbor, enters the bedroom of two poor children, and sends them on the quest of the blue bird for which her sick child is crying. With them go a dog, a cat, the spirits of Bread and Sugar, and Light, who leads the party. The children first visit their dead grandparents, and find them happier, but exactly as in life, even to the power of administering slaps; and here they secure a blue bird, which, however, turns black before it can be handed over to the fairy. They then visit the Palace of Night, who hates man because he has discovered so many of her secrets, and here

they search in vain among ghosts, Diseases, Terrors, and Stars for the blue bird; but find at last myriads of what look like them in a mysterious apartment that is not named. These birds, however, lose their color and die all too soon. They then visit a forest and converse with the trees and the animals, who, incensed by the treacherous eloquence of the cat, attack the boy as their hereditary enemy, and would overcome him but for the dog. The blue bird is not there. Next they visit a graveyard and summon forth the dead, and the blue bird is not there. They then visit the Kingdom of the Future, where babies are waiting to be born, and the blue bird is not there. And finally they find themselves again in their cottage, and, awakening from their dream, are visited by the old neighbor who resembled the fairy with news of the illness of her child. The little girl at once offers her dove, which they notice is bluer than it was, and the gift makes the child well and the giver happy.

"The play, it will be seen, is a riot of symbolism. It is possible to fancy that the dog personifies belief and the cat scepticism; or, again, the dog optimism and the cat pessimism; or, again, the dog courage and the cat self-protection. Bread is probably materialism, and Sugar might be priestcraft, or it might be merely the temptation to be idle and easy-going—luxury, in short. Light, of course, is light. The children are man and woman, and certainly every man and woman on the earthly pilgrimage towards the goal is accompanied by some such companions as belief and scepticism, rashness and caution, honesty and cunning, hunger and love of ease, and always a glimmering of light. There is not much difficulty there. And the blue bird, then, is what? Surely happiness, we think at one time, but it is more than that, or Nature would not be so strongly opposed to Tytyl's discovery of it; and if it were merely happiness, why should the blue bird of the old dead people turn black—for they were happy?"

All the glamor of Maeterlinck's strange fascination appears in the play and the mysterious under-current of his "secondary intention" runs through the dialog. The play, affirms *The Saturday Review of Books* (New York), is literature and poetry of great power and charm, cast in dramatic form, not through caprice but through the inherent demands of the theme, and it is to be hoped that we may see it before long in its proper setting. The most effective as well as the most original act takes place in the Realm of the Unborn, Maeterlinck's Never-Never Land, guarded by Time, where blue clad children await the hour of birth. With wondering eyes Tytyl inquires of the Child with the Melons what the future has in store for the babes who long with fierce intensity for their existence on earth:

\*THE BLUE BIRD. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead & Company.



"THE CHILD WITH THE MELONS: The great king who for thirty-five years will bring happiness to the Earth, Mars, and the Moon. . . You can see him from here. . .

"TYLTYL: Where is he?

"THE CHILD WITH THE MELONS: There, the little boy sleeping at the foot of that column.

"TYLTYL: On the left?

"THE CHILD WITH THE MELONS: No, on the right. . . The one on the left is the child who will bring pure joy to the globe. . .

"TYLTYL: How? . . .

"THE CHILD (*the one that first talked to Tyltyl*): By means of ideas which people have not yet had. . .

"TYLTYL: And the other, that little fat one with his fingers to his nose, what will he do?

"THE CHILD: He is to discover the fire that will warm the earth when the sun is paler than now. . .

"TYLTYL: And the two holding each other by the hand and always kissing; are they brother and sister? . . .

"THE CHILD: No; they are very comical. . . They are the Lovers. . .

"TYLTYL: What is that? . . .

"THE CHILD: I don't know. . . Time calls them that, to make fun of them. . . They spend the day looking into each other's eyes, kissing and bidding each other farewell. . .

"TYLTYL: Why? . . .

"THE CHILD: It seems that they will not be able to leave together. . .

"TYLTYL: And the little pink one, who looks so serious and is sucking his thumb, what is he?

"THE CHILD: It appears that he is to wipe out injustice from the earth. . .

"TYLTYL: Oh! . . .

"THE CHILD: They say it's a tremendous work. . .

"TYLTYL: And the little red-haired one, who walks as if he did not see where he was going, is he blind? . . .

"THE CHILD: Not yet; but he will become so. . . Look at him well; it seems that he is to conquer Death. . .

"TYLTYL: What does that mean? . . .

"THE CHILD: I don't exactly know; but they say it's a great thing. . ."

In England, Bernard Shaw is still "on the job." His unproduced plays are even more widely discussed than the acknowledged dramatic successes of others. The censor recently added grist to the Shaw mill by barring two of his plays. "Press Cuttings" has been banned on the ground that it contains personalities and "The Showing-up of Blanco-Posnet" met with a similar fate for religious reasons. Shaw attributes the action of the censor to personal malice. "It is hardly worth stating,"

he pleasantly remarks, "that unless the grotesque imaginary Prime Minister, under the well-known *Punch* name of 'Balsquith,' and the widely impossible teutophobe general, whom I christened 'Mitchener' in order to clear him of all possible suspicion of being a caricature of Lord Roberts, are to be considered as representatives of living persons in any more serious sense than the topical people of our Christmas pantomimes, I feel so little guilty that I cannot bring myself to believe that the reason given for destroying the value of several weeks of my work is the real reason." The censor is fortunately powerless to prevent the production of Shaw's plays at so-called "private" performances in the presence of all the London critics and perhaps a thousand other persons. The second Shaw play, "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet," was scheduled to be produced in the "Afternoon Theater," an institution devoted entirely to plays beyond the pale of the conventional theater. The censor, however, blankly refused to license the play. He suggested neither modifications nor compromises. Mr. Shaw has designated the play as a "Sermon in Melodrama." The action passes in a backwoods community. The personages are for the most part rude and brutal men who respect no force but one another's fists. Into this community comes a new force, the force that men call God. After long struggle, this force subdues one of the brutes to itself and the brute in turn subdues the community. The dramatic interest, according to Mr. Shaw, lies in the battle of the Man with God—the deepest and most momentous of possible conflicts. The censor, Mr. Shaw wrathfully contends, has been quite willing to sanction oaths upon the name of God and all sorts of frivolous references to it, but he is evidently unwilling that a dramatist shall treat the Deity seriously and as a mighty contending force. The play, he tells us, is quite devoid of sexual or material interest, and he regrets that he has not been able to soften the censor with such "cupidity and concupiscence" as was shown in "The Merry Widow." Meanwhile Mr. Shaw may solace himself with the thought that one of his disciples, George Calderon, has made a decisive hit with his play of the East End, "The Fountain." The play belongs to a Shavian School, but, according to the London correspondent of *The Sun*, has all the wit of a Shaw comedy without the Shaw faculty of making one feel that the dramatist is but pulling the wires of his puppets.

# Science and Discovery

## THE EXISTENCE OF THE "UNDISCOVERED PLANET" BEYOND NEPTUNE



THIRTY years have elapsed since that famed French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, announced the possible, nay probable, existence of an unidentified planet gravitating beyond Neptune at an immense distance from the sun. Since that time M. Flammarion has repeatedly developed that hypothesis. In the meantime, the same theory has been entertained by other astronomers. The results of all this theorizing have in the last few months been presented to the public but, as M. Flammarion now says, in slightly erroneous form. The idea has been disseminated of the discovery of a new trans-Neptune world either visually or by means of photography. Such a conception, according to the eminent French astronomer, is premature. He outlines the state of the subject today in the *New York Herald* thus:

"But altho no human eye has ever yet seen a planet beyond Neptune the probability of the existence of such a star is based on calculations sufficiently reasonable to be accorded the highest consideration.

"It may be remembered that the world of Neptune, which gravitates at a distance of 4,478 millions of kilometres from the common center of the planetary orbits, was discovered in 1846 by Leverrier, after the analysis of the irregularities observed in the transit of Uranus around the Sun. These irregularities, calculated and recorded with certitude even before Leverrier considered the problem, proved the existence of a trans-Uranian planet. The eminent French mathematician showed conclusively where this planet should be found in the heavens to produce such perturbations as had been observed, and as a matter of fact it was discovered at the very point where calculation had placed it.

"Such observations as have been made of Neptune since the moment of its discovery have not yet revealed disturbances sufficient to form a guide for astronomers in determining the existence of a planet still further removed in space. But the fact that such a planet must exist is proved for us by a phenomenon of another order, in other words, by the movement of the comets.

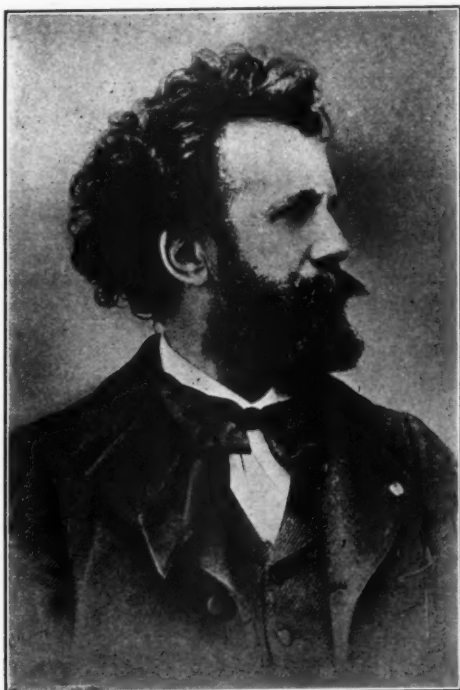
"The nebulous nature of comets, the hyperbolic orbits which they describe and which relegate them finally to the infinite whence they arise, the great elongation of the ellipses described in

their periodic movements, the inclination of their path to the plane of the solar system, an inclination sometimes so elevated that they are precipitated perpendicularly toward this plane from far distant heights of space, all this coincides in indicating to us that in these stars which are still so mysterious, in these eternal celestial travellers, there are nebulosities foreign to our system which circulate throughout the immensity of space while they wander from sun to sun.

"Let us in thought launch a projectile into the infinite void, in any direction and with any conceivable degree of speed. Let us suppose that there are neither suns nor planets to attract this projectile, that nothing stands in its way to exert an influence upon it, that thus once started on its way it will never stop. It progresses then without deviation from its course, with no decrease in its celerity, eternally rushing onward in a direct line. Centuries added to centuries shall see it continuing blindly in its journey, varying not an iota from this path, though tens of thousands of ages shall have passed."

Thus, though somewhat less blindly and less insensibly, do comets revolve in space. But when they arrive in sight of a sun instead of speeding onward in a straight line from afar they acknowledge the attraction of this star and quickly incline their trajectory toward it. Gradually they draw near to its fiery surface, as if they desired to reanimate an existence which seems to have been extinguished in the frigid obscurity of interstellar space, and they precipitate themselves toward this sun, glowing with an ardor ever increasing and developing as they approach nearer and nearer. But as they possess a personal initial speed foreign to that which the solar attraction imparts to them they do not plunge into its flaming depths, but retain a species of individuality of their own, and, after rounding the brilliant star in the ephemeral summer's journey of their perihelion, they resume their parabolic or hyperbolic course, which gradually bears them on to the sombre glacial abyss of infinity.

"Tossed from sun to sun like a butterfly, as it were, that flies from one spot of light to another, they wander thus without ever finding a point of rest save for one exceptional circumstance, a means being sometimes provided by the presence of a planet not far from the trajectory that they



THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF "POPULAR" ASTRONOMERS

Camille Flammarion is regarded as the most gifted of those investigators endowed with what is termed the scientific imagination. He was once thought to mingle too much mysticism with his science but this impression is admitted to be based upon misunderstanding.

describe in approaching the sun or in moving away from it.

"In fact if one of these vagabonds of the heavens passes in proximity to a planet it finds itself deviating from its initial trajectory and it is possessed in its passage with a new source of attraction. It does not stop, it is true; it pursues its journey toward the sun, but it retains in its breast this new influence, and when it shall have made the tour around the fiery star it will be compelled to return to the precise point where it first underwent the compulsion of this attraction. The sarabola is then transformed into an ellipse, the bend is made permanent, locked, as it were, and the prisoner must revolve within it without power of escape unless the planet which captured it or some other one shall release it in exerting upon it a disturbing force contrary to the first, as Jupiter did in the case of Lexell's comet in 1770.

"The comet may, however, escape from this imprisonment, it is true, by 'dying,' or by dissolving itself, but this is a desperate expedient, rarely employed save in the last extremity.

"Whatever may be the final result, however, this is, in scientific and very simple language, the

origin of periodic comets. Besides, all those whose return has been observed have their aphelion situated toward the orbit of a large planet. It has thus been noted that Jupiter has captured 11, Saturn 1, Uranus 2 and Neptune 8. Between the field of influence of Jupiter and that of Saturn none is found, nor between Saturn and Uranus nor Uranus and Neptune. The reason is plain.


"Now, among the periodic comets of which the elements have been definitely determined there is one which leads us in thought far beyond the bounds of the solar system as at present imagined. This is the comet of 1862, which follows the same course as the swarm of shooting stars of the month of August and of which the aphelion (that is, the point on the orbit farthest away from the solar heat center) carries us to forty-nine times the distance of the earth from the sun, Neptune gravitating at thirty times that distance.

"Thus, basing our results on the principles expounded above on the origin of the introduction of periodic comets into our solar system, this comet of 1862 and the path followed by the shooting stars of August 10, we are forced to accept the existence of the invisible planet to which they owe their rights as citizens of the city of the sun. This much we can say today with certainty: there is a planet beyond Neptune, a planet unknown, far-away, careening through space about seven milliards of kilometres from the sun, making a complete revolution in about three hundred and thirty years.

"Is this transneptunian planet, of whose existence we may be almost as certain as if it had been already discovered, the only one which exists in the depths of space? Probably no. That we were born in the neighborhood of the sun proves nothing. Between Neptune and our neighbor 'Alpha' of Centaur, there is a distance seventy-four hundred times that between Neptune and the sun. That immense space is, undoubtedly, not without worlds. Other groups of cometary aphelions have been noted at distances of seventy and one hundred and seven times that from the earth to the sun, and even beyond, but every one knows that the more distant the aphelion of an ellipse the more the ellipse approaches the parabola and the less sure is the orbit."

Since Flammarion first emitted the idea of the existence of a transneptunian planet, gravitating at the distance of the aphelion of the swarm of shooting stars of August 10, Mr. Forbes, of Edinburgh, has developed to a considerable extent the same problem, applying it to several transneptunian planets. Again, Mr. William Pickering has sought the position of the planet by calculations based on the perturbations of Neptune and Uranus; Mr. Gaillet by the perturbations of Uranus, and M. Hans Lau by the same method.

## A PSYCHOLOGIST'S DENIAL OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

HE story of the subconscious mind can be told in three words: "There is none." Thus does that greatest of contemporary psychologists, Doctor Hugo Münsterberg, professor of psychology at Harvard, deal with the subconscious in the course of his newly issued work on psychotherapy.\* Dr. Münsterberg is entitled to speak on this whole subject not only as a psychologist but as a physician. For him the relation between psychology and medicine is not a chance episode in his career. It has been an important factor in his work since his student days. He has gone through five years of regular medical study and he holds the degree of doctor of medicine from the University of Heidelberg. Doctor Münsterberg presided over the first university course in hypnotism given anywhere. Since that time he has never ceased to work psychotherapeutically in the psychological laboratory. His conclusion that there is no subconscious mind is, therefore, as weighty as it must seem novel to readers of the current popular literature of psychology.

It may need many words, our authority concedes, to make clear what denial of the existence of a subconscious mind means and to show whence originates the misunderstanding of those who give to the subconscious almost the chief rôle in the mental performance. The psychology of suggestion, for instance, figures in most popular books as a wonderful dominance of the subconscious mind. The subconscious mind alone receives the suggestions and makes them effective, according to current popular ideas. The subconscious mind is supposed to come into the foreground and take entire hold of the situation when the hypnotic state sets in. Yet it must be acknowledged that the scholars somewhat disagree as to the dignity of the "lower mind." The subconscious personality is made out to be in reality a metaphysical power which transcends the limitations of the earthly person altogether and has steady connection with the endless world of spirit and the inner soul of the universe. Doctor Münsterberg urges us to leave what he calls these fantasies of psychological fiction.

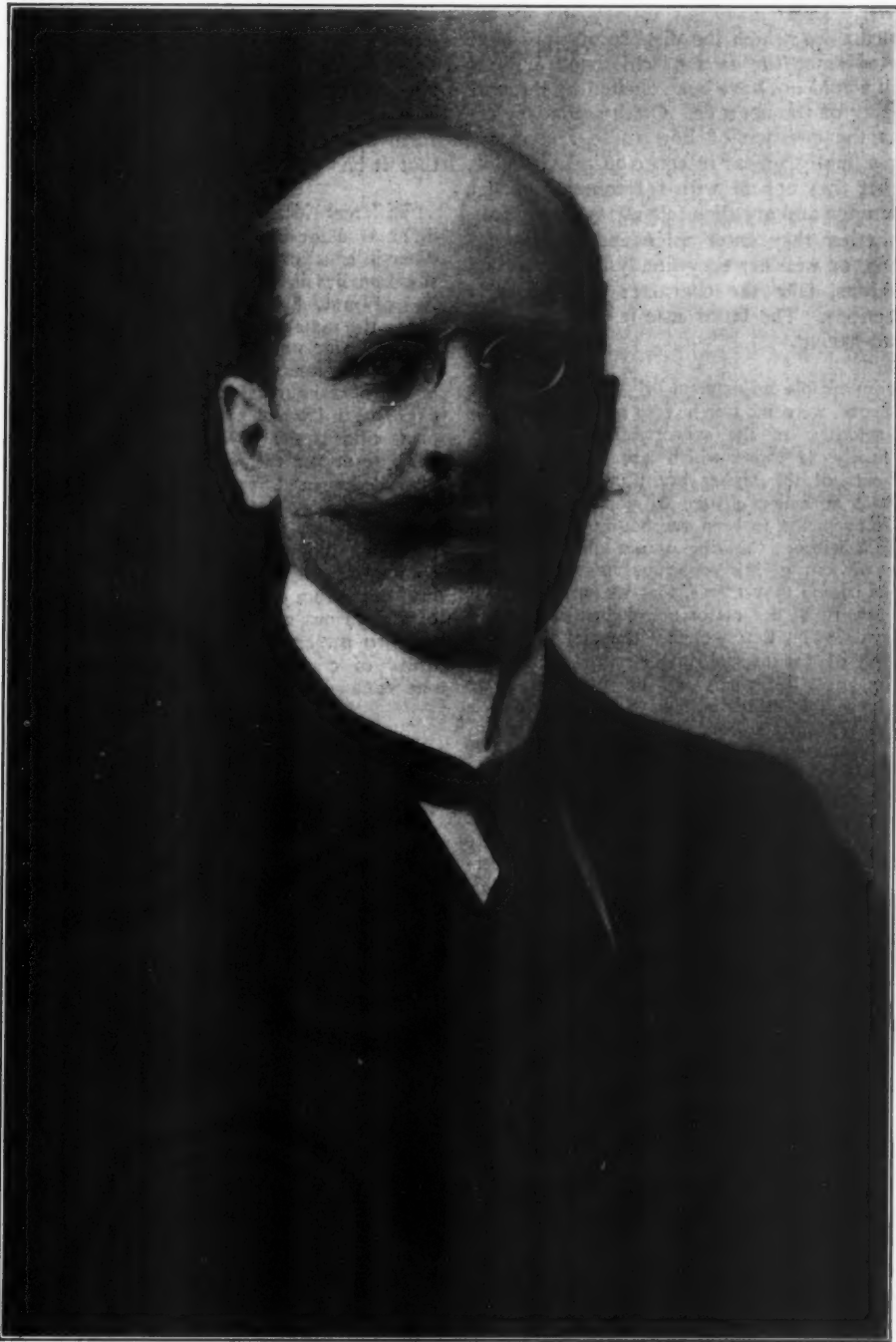
"If, instead, we stick to the scientific view, we find the following facts. First, we have everywhere with us the fact that earlier experiences

may again enter into consciousness as memory images or as imaginative ideas, that is, in the order in which they are experienced a long time before or in a new order, either with a feeling of acquaintance or without it. Certainly at no time is the millionth part of what we may be able to reproduce present in our consciousness. Where are those words of the language, those faces of our friends, those landscapes, and those thoughts; where have they lingered in the time of their seclusion? Scientific psychology has no right to propose any other theory as explanation but that no mental states at all remain and that all which remained was the disposition of physiological centers. When I coupled the impression of a man with the sound of his name, a certain excitement of my visual centers occurred together with the excitement of my acoustical centers; the connecting paths became paths of least resistance, and any subsequent excitement of the one cell group now flows over into the other. It is the duty of physiology to elaborate such a clumsy scheme and to make us understand in detail how those processes in the neurons can occur and it is not the duty of psychology to develop detailed physiological hypotheses. Psychology has to be satisfied with the fact that all the requirements of the case can be furnished by principle through physiological explanation. Least of all ought we to be discouraged by the mere complexity of the process. If a simple sound and a simple color sensation, or a simple taste and simple smell sensation, can associate themselves through mere nervous conditions of the brain, then there is nothing changed by going over to more and more complex contents of consciousness."

The memory idea is linked with the past experience entirely by the lasting physiological change in the brain. We have no reason to alter the principle, when we meet the memory processes of the hypnotized person or the hysteric. It is true their memory may bring to light earlier experiences which are entirely forgotten by conscious personality, but that ought to mean, of course, only that nerve paths have become accessible in which the propagation of the excitement was blocked up before. That does not bring us nearer to the demand for a subconscious mental memory. The threshold of excitability changes under most various conditions. Cells which respond easily in certain states may need the strongest stimulation in others. The brain cells which are too easily excited perhaps in maniacal exultation would respond too slowly in a melancholic depression. Hypnotism, too, by closing the opposite channels and opening wide the channels

\*PSYCHOTHERAPY. By Hugo Münsterberg. Moffat, Yard.





#### A MASTER OF THE SCIENCE OF MIND

Dr. Hugo Münsterberg, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, was the pioneer of the new psychology, having inaugurated the prevailing system of investigation and research which has revolutionized all previous ideas of the operations of the intellect. His latest statement, in his work "Psychotherapy," conflicts with the theory of a subconscious mind, seeming to point to the conclusion that there is no subconscious mind at all.

for the suggested discharge, may stir up excitements for which the disposition may have lingered since the days of childhood and yet which would not have been excited by the normal play of the neurons. Quite secondary remains the question of how these reproduced images finally appear in consciousness, that is, whether they appear with reference to earlier happenings and are thus felt as remembrances, or whether they enter as independent imaginations, or whether they finally, under special conditions, take the character of real, new perceptions. The latter case is well-known in crystal-gazing.

"From simple adjustment of reactions of the spinal cord, we come step by step to the more complex activities of the subcortical brain centers, and finally to those which are evidently only short-cuts of the higher brain processes. That we react at every change of position with the right movements to keep our bodily balance, that we walk without thinking of our steps, that we speak without giving conscious impulse for the various speech movements, that we write without being aware of the motor activity which we had to learn slowly, that we play the piano without thinking of the special impulses of the hands, that we select the words of a hasty speech, if we have its aim in mind, without consciously selecting the appropriate words—all that is by continuous transitions connected with those simplest automatic reactions. And from here again, we are led over gradually perhaps to the automatic writings of the hysteric who writes complex messages without having any idea of their content in consciousness. It is in such cases certainly a symptom of disease that the activity of these lower brain centers can go over into the motor impulse of writing without producing secondary effects in the highest conscious brain centers; it is hysterical. But that the message of the pencil can be brought about by such operation of lower brain centers, or at least with imperfect coöperation of the higher brain centers, is certainly entirely within the limits of the same physiological explanation."

Superficiality of thought is easily inclined to object to such a physiological interpretation and perhaps to denounce it pathetically as a crude materialism which lowers the dignity of mental work. Nothing shows more clearly the confusion between a purposive and casual view of the mind. In the purposive view of our real life, only our will and our personality have a meaning and can be related to the ideas and higher aims. Nature is there nothing but the dead material which is the tool of our will and which has to be mastered by the personality. In that world alone lie our duty and our

morality. But as soon as we have gone over to the casual aspect of our life and have taken the point of view of the psychologist, making our inner life a series of contents of consciousness, of psychical phenomena, we have transformed our inner experience in such a way that it has become itself nothing but nature.

"Different ideas of the own personality with different associations and impulses follow each other in consciousness and the abnormality of the situation lies in the lack of memory connections and of mutual influences, but consciousness remains the same throughout. It remains the same, just as we do not change consciousness if we feel ourselves in one hour as members of our family, in the next hour as professional workers in our office, again later as social personalities at a party or as citizens at a political meeting or as aesthetic subjects at the theater. Each time we are to a high degree a different personality, the idea of our self is each time determined by different groups of associations, memories, emotions and impulses. The differentiation is to be considered as normal only because broad memory bridges lead over from one to the other. The connection of the various contents with the various ideas of the own personality constitutes thus in no way a break of consciousness itself and relegates no one content into a subconscious sphere."

The complexity of the process is no argument against the strictly physiological character of the event. That various activities can coexist in such a way that one of them may at any time slide down from the conscious centers to the merely physical ones, we all know by daily experience. We may go home through the streets of the busy town engaged with our thoughts. For a while the idea of our way and of the sidewalk is in our consciousness, when suddenly we reach our house and notice that for a long while we have no longer had any thought at all of the way. We were absorbed by our problems, and the motor activity of walking towards our goal was going on entirely in the physiological sphere. But whether we prefer the physiological account or insist on the coconscious phenomena, in either case is there any chance for the subconscious to slip in? That a content of consciousness is to a high degree dissociated or that the idea of the personality is split off is certainly a symptom of pathological disturbance, but it has nothing to do with the constituting of two different kinds of consciousness itself. The most exceptional and most uncanny occurrences of the hospital teach after all the same which our daily experience ought to teach us: there is no subconsciousness.

## THE LUST FOR BLOOD AS AN INCENTIVE TO MURDER

**U**NFORTUNATE beyond his fellows is that man whose emotion impulse leads him to commit crime. The intellectual side of his nature may prompt to crime as well. But it is held to mitigate his responsibility—when it takes the form of delusion. However acute, on the other hand, the mere feeling may be, however strong its compelling force, however morbid in its intensity, such a plea as “affective” or “emotional insanity” rarely, if ever, succeeds (unless to the concession of extenuating circumstances) in procuring acceptance. Nevertheless, adds Dr. T. Claye Shaw, from whose recent address before the London Medico-Legal Society these extracts are taken, feeling and emotion are the chief sources, the well springs, of action in life. What is the poet, the painter, the worker in any art, without the gift of emotion and of impulse? What secures the upbringing of the infant with its endless accompaniments of trouble and worry, but the emotional side of the mind? Indeed, the will itself is so largely made up of the emotional element that it is doubtful if it could exist without it. Certainly any preponderance or diminution in the intensity of the emotional part of the content in any state of willing must seriously impair its validity. If, as experience shows, there arise conditions or cravings which the sight of blood satisfies, we have to inquire into the nature of those conditions, whence they spring to such heights and with such force and whether their existence is a morbid one. As Doctor Shaw elaborates his theme in the *London Lancet*:

“There has always been an element of mystery about blood. From all time it has been bound up more than any other constituent of the body with life. Our earliest lessons from the Bible have held the flow of blood as necessary indemnity for the remission of sins and at the time of the Passover the sight of blood on the door posts was the sign of protection for the destroying angel. It is the one constituent of the body forbidden by the Mosaic law to be used as food. The very smell of it is peculiar and to many is sickening.

“To those unaccustomed to the flowing of blood there is an emotional tone, induced partly by the sight, partly by the smell, and in part by the idea that life is in danger, and even to those accustomed to it a large hæmorrhage is always a matter involving anxiety and nervousness. I have

noticed that surgeons whose operations are attended with much hæmorrhage, such as those on the tongue and throat, find the mental strain more than other classes of operators and sooner retire from their sphere.

“Animals seem to associate life not so much with movement as with blood. They obey their tamer however much he may move about, but if he should happen to scratch himself and cause blood to flow, so that they see it and get the odor of it, there is no longer any safety for him. A man in the clutches of a wild animal may have a chance as long as he is perfectly still and has no wound, but the wild beast in quest of food knows that movement in its prospective prey means possible resistance and a potential fight, and therefore it may possibly attack a moving object, but if on the moving object there is blood then an attack becomes a certainty.

“Young soldiers in action are said to be unnerved at the sight of blood, and for this reason it is said that the scarlet uniform was used either to conceal the color of the blood as it flowed or to accustom the men to the color of it. There is no doubt that the custom of “blooding the hounds” and the inauguration by “blooding” into the clubs of hunting men and women have the same object—viz., to render them familiar with the sight and smell of blood, to baptize them into the corporate body, and by creating a familiarity and a membership to elevate to an ideal to be grasped what might otherwise have acted as a forbidding sentiment.”

There is, says Doctor Shaw, an inclination gradually rising from the pleasure of seeing anything killed to the most overpowering desire to kill. It is possible to pass by imperceptible gradations from the extreme case to the normal state in the following order: the pleasure of killing, the overpowering desire to kill, the pleasure of looking on at killing, the pleasure of seeing the blood of animals shed, the pleasure due to the representation of violent and blood-thirsty melodrama, and lastly, the pleasure of reading blood-thirsty novels or hearing accounts of murders, which is purely an affair of the imagination. If there is one psychological law more firmly established than another, both by facts and argument, it is that every intense representation—i. e., idea—of an act tends to realize itself. How is it, he goes on, that artists who feel things violently never pass them into action? Because the law is in them subject not to an exception but to a *deviation* by the creation of a work of art which delivers them from the haunting idea. Morbid art is thus

a defence against abnormal tendencies which otherwise would tend to transform themselves into action. Man being a carnivorous animal retains the trend of idea that the blood—in his acts of necessity and amusement—is the main thing—he must always be killing something, and with many the killing is the chief object of life. Hence big battues and other sport. Early men and savages, to whom cooking was unknown, ate the flesh raw and drank the blood of their victims, and there are now many who prefer meat raw or underdone. Some years ago Doctor Shaw had to examine the mental condition of one of the survivors of the *Mignonette*, the yacht which was wrecked, when some of the crew were exposed to the greatest hardships of hunger and thirst. They were reduced finally to killing the boy (who was almost dead before his veins were opened), and one of the participants in the carnal feast told the doctor that he never experienced anything more delicious than drinking the blood—no doubt he was in the state to appreciate anything in the form of nutriment; but even the remembrance of his experience came back with a satisfaction which it is difficult to believe would have been so forcible with any other medium.


"What chance would a delinquent have who, on the plea of a morbid desire for blood, claimed mitigation of penalty—and yet such a person might be more dangerously unsound than the man who, through his incoherence and delusions, gets off without any difficulty. The man who has inordinate cravings and dangerous trends or tendencies may complain that society has no right to allow him to go about as a free agent and then to avenge itself upon him when his acknowledged morbid trend forces him to deeds which he is unable to keep from. As a rule, we inflict a money tax on libertinism due to emotional *lâchetés*, the co-respondent is heavily fined, the man who commits an assault under angry or jealous feelings (perhaps mixed up with sexualism in some degree) is fined or perhaps imprisoned, the emotional *suffraget* is fined or sent to gaol, but the man who sheds blood can only pay for it in kind—that is the one law of the Old Testament which we exact, perhaps because we are ourselves so susceptible to feelings of horror on the mere suggestion of blood-spilling. If, then, to normal persons the idea of blood-spilling is so repugnant, what must be the state of mind of the person who finds his only satisfaction in taking the blood of innocent persons? And yet there are such people, and we allow them to go about in our midst while we calmly await catastrophes! The feeling of curiosity is often the basis from which cruelty springs—inordinate curiosity, I mean. There is something magnetic in all urgent accessions of the horrible, and here it takes very

little to see the feeling pass into action of some kind. In the lower orders of society there are more emotion and more display of it than in the upper classes, and this partly because the latter have long been educated to conceal their feelings; there is not the actual stress of life which it is the object of emotion and feeling to alleviate, whereas the urgency of living in the former leads to those acts of violence which are so much more common in it than in other platforms of the social scale. People talk about the apathy and the sobering influence, the calmness, and the dry, intellectual judgment of the middle and upper ranks, it is the absence of *nécessité de vivre* which conditions this peaceful state, this agapemone of conflicting interests; but even here the element of the original lust of blood may be seen in the crowding of fair women to see the most dangerous jump in the steeplechase, in their presence at a sensational murder trial, or in their interested and eager contemplation of the writhings of the witness in the box under cross-examination in the divorce court. Very curious are the cases where the desire for the sight of blood prompts to suicidal attempts. I had under care a young lady who was suffering from an attack of adolescent insanity, during which she poured a canful of paraffin oil over her head and hands and then fired it with a match. She was badly burned and afterwards was much scarred. What surprised her was that at the time of the act she felt no pain, owing, of course, to the condition of anæsthesia which sometimes occurs in these cases, more especially in the cataleptoid forms. Being anxious to see if her power of sensation had returned she afterwards cut herself seriously in order to ascertain whether the blood flowed and to show that she was really alive."

What is the condition which calls for blood? In reply Doctor Shaw says it is a psychical craving due to a mental state which ordinarily has no force beyond being a sign that what is required for nutrition is in a condition ready for satisfying the craving, and it is a notable instance of the transference from the object to the subjective condition on which the objective rests for its accomplishment. Such transferences are not uncommon, witness how women buy things merely because they are tempted into shops or bazaars; they do not want them, they may have no use for them, but the mere *act of buying* must be satisfied because the idea of acquisition is so intensified that it becomes ideo-motor. A person at a great height throws himself from a platform, not because he *wants* to kill himself, but because the idea of throwing becomes ideo-motor; the man of the ideal trend does badly to keep firearms or poison in his possession because the fact of possession adds to the intensity of the idea.



## ARE ANIMALS OR PLANTS THE SIMPLEST LIVING THINGS?

OME of the simplest living things, consisting of but one microscopic cell, are animals and some are plants. The essential difference between an animal and a plant, says Sir E. Ray Lankester, is shown very clearly by some of these microscopic creatures. Animals, he says, feed on the flesh or "proteid" substances manufactured by other animals or by plants; they also feed on oils or fats, and on sugar and starch manufactured by other animals or by plants. But they cannot construct these "foods" themselves from the simpler stable chemical compounds called "mineral bodies," which, nevertheless contains the elements they require—carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen. Such stable mineral bodies are carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. In fact, ordinary "smelling salts" (which is chemically carbonate of ammonia) dissolved in water, if we add to it a trace of phosphates, sulphates, and chlorides of potash, soda and lime, contains all the actual chemical elements that an animal needs. Yet no animal can be nourished by such a "mineral" soup. Sir Ray Lankester, whose paper appears in the *London Telegraph*, says further:

"On the other hand, it is the special distinction of plants—of green plants, be it noted—that they can feed on this simple diet, and, moreover, cannot feed on anything else. The green coloring matter which gives its beautiful tint to the grass and weeds and the leaves of the big trees which clothe the earth is absolutely essential in this process; so also is sunlight. The living protoplasm of the green-colored parts of plants is crowded with microscopic discs or plates of a brilliant transparent green color. The peculiar substance causing the color is called "leaf-green," or "chlorophyll." It can be dissolved out of a leaf, not by water, but by spirit or by ether, and separately studied. It may be seen in solution (to cite a commercial instance) in the liquor known as "crème de menthe," being used to give its fine green color to that preparation. Sunlight shining on to the green parts of plants is "screened" or "strained" by the leaf-green, so that only some of the colored rays pass through it, and it is only by this peculiarly "strained" green sunlight that the protoplasm of the cells of the leaf is stimulated to its remarkable chemical activity. The carbonic acid in the air or in the water in which the green plant is living is taken up by the protoplasm. Carbonic acid consists of oxygen and of carbon. The protoplasm, when the green sunlight acts on it, actually takes out of carbonic

acid and throws off as a gas (seen as bubbles in the case of a water plant) some of its constituent oxygen, thus keeping up the supply of free oxygen in air and water. Then at the same time it combines the carbon and the rest of the oxygen with water (hydrogen and oxygen) inside itself, forming solid starch, which, with the microscope, we can see actually manufactured as little oblong grains in the green cells. Not only this, but the element nitrogen is, so to speak, "forced" in other cells of the plant to combine with the three elements of the newly-formed starch (carbon, hydrogen and oxygen), and thus the first steps leading to the building up of those wonderful bodies, the proteids, are passed. Nothing of the sort can be done by the protoplasm of an animal cell."

Consequently we distinguish among the simplest living things those which are provided with leaf-green and feed as do the larger green plants on dissolved "mineral" solids and gases. There are many thousands of kinds of them—single simple cells which are known to microscopists as Desmids, others known as Diatoms—often of curious spindle or crescent-shape, others star-like. The Diatoms form on their surface a delicate wonderfully-sculptured coat of grass-like silica (quartz), which resists destruction and persists long after the protoplasm is dead and washed away. They are favorite objects for examination with the microscope on account of their great beauty and variety.

"Those simplest living things which have not got leaf-green to enable them to feed on mineral food must—unless they are parasites (as many important kinds are)—get their food, as do bigger animals, by feeding on the solid substance of other living things. All living things are, in fact, ultimately dependent on the green plants—whether microscopic or of larger kinds—not only for food, but for oxygen gas. If you could take away green plants altogether from the world, the animals would eat one another and use up the oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and at last there would be a few only of the strongest left, like the last survivor of the shipwrecked crew of the *Nancy Bell*, and even they would be suffocating for want of oxygen. The single cells, which are independent animalcules and feed like animals on whole creatures smaller than themselves, or on bits of the fresh substance of other animals or of plants, are of extraordinary diversity of form and activity. Unlike the unicellular plants, whose food is dissolved in the water in which they live, the single-cell animals of necessity take their food in "lumps" into their inside and digest it, and so their cell

protoplasm has either a soft surface which can take up a food-morsel at any point or it has a firm surface with a definite mouth, or aperture, in it. Many of them, especially those with soft glutinous protoplasm, which extends from the main-mass in long threads or branching processes searching for food-morsels, form marvelous, perforated shells by chemical deposit, either of silica or limestone (*Radiolaria* and *Foraminifera*.) The kinds with a firm or tough surface to the cell-protoplasm and a permanent mouth and gullet leading into the cell-substance have very usually a single large lashing-whip (*Flagellata*), which drives them through the water in search of prey, or they are clothed with hundreds of such lashing threads of smaller size, arranged in rows or circlets (*Ciliata*). These enable these one-celled animals to move with all the grace, variety, facility, and apparent intelligence of the highest animals, and also create powerful vortex-currents by which food particles are driven into the cell-mouth."

It is a most remarkable and thought-stirring fact that here we have "animalcules" which are no more than isolated units of the kind and structure which go by hundreds of thousands to build up a larger animal—just as a brick is a unit of the kind which to the number of many thousands build up a house.

"And yet each of these free-living units has a complete organization—mouth, pharynx, renal organ, locomotive organs, and so on—similar in ac-

tivity and general shape to the system of large, capacious organs built up by the agglomeration of millions of cell-units to form the body of a higher animal. It is as though a single brick were provided with door, windows, staircase, fireplace, chimneys and wine-cellar! It is clear that there is only a resemblance and not an identity of origin between the organs of the multi-cellular animal and those of the single-celled animalcule. The history of the growth of an animal from the single egg-cell, and also the series of existing many-celled animals, leading from simple forms to the most complex, proves this. And in view of that fact the wonderful elaboration of these diminutive creatures—many of them so small as to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye—is all the more curious and impressive. We have, in fact, parallel organization and elaboration of structures with special uses, in two absolutely separated grades or strata of living things—the one grade marked off by the limitation that only a single cell, a single nucleated corpuscle of protoplasm, is to be the basis and material of elaboration—the other and higher grade permitting the use of millions of single cells, of endless variety and plasticity, capable of hanging together and being grouped in layers and tissues, in such enormous masses that an elephant or a whale is the result. And we see that the same needs are, not actually in the same way, but in the same kind of way, in the two cases—the food-orifice, the cilia, and the "pulsating vacuole" of the unicellular animalcule do the same services as those done by the essentially different mouth, legs, and kidneys of the elephant."

## PHOTOGRAPHIC MYSTERIES

**M**OST amateur photographers of any experience have been confronted at some time or other with a photographic mystery, observes London *Science*. The result seemed to baffle all attempts at explanation, being set down, as often as not, either to supernatural intervention or to a shortcoming on the part of a manufacturer. In photographic materials, plates and films more especially, we have a product which has been prepared from first to last with a view to confer upon it the very utmost sensitiveness to the most feeble external impulses. It is coated with a preparation designed to respond instantly to the gentlest and most momentary touch of the delicate finger of light itself.

"The insensitiveness of photographic materials is as remarkable as their sensitiveness. A plate which has its composition profoundly altered by the impact of a faint light for a fraction of a

second may be subjected to most violent experiences with other forms of energy and emerge unscathed. It may be heated or cooled, jarred, strained, electrified, and still be unharmed. But it is not wholly irresponsive to other agencies than light, and now and again these reach it and leave their impress to puzzle the photographer. Besides these there are unsuspected ways by which light itself may reach the sensitive surface.

"The  $x$ , alpha, beta, and other rays share with light the responsivity of the photographic emulsion. A bottle of an uranium salt left standing near a box of plates will leave its trace upon them. So will an incandescent gas mantle and other radio-active substances. No matter may appear to pass; the packet may be completely impervious to light; but the plates are affected. A few years ago such a result would have been baffling. It was a mystery which defied solution. Now we look upon it as a commonplace.

"Those who like to try an experiment should take two unexposed plates, face to face as they

are left by the makers, wrap them in enough black paper to be perfectly sure that there is no risk whatever of light getting to them, and place on the outside of the packet some piece of metal of well-defined shape, a coin or piece of perforated zinc for example. On top of this may be put a piece of paper on which is a little heap of the fragments of an incandescent gas mantle; one that is worn out will do. The whole may be left undisturbed for two or three weeks; and then, if at the end of that time the plates are developed, they will be found to show the outline of the metal, which has been impressed on them through all the black paper and through the glass of the plates themselves."

This is a case of radiation; but chemical emanations may play tricks of a very similar kind on the photographer. If we take the perforated zinc, give it a rub with a piece of glass-paper so as to leave the metal bright, and leave it, not in contact with the film of the plate, but very near it, separated, say, by the thickness of a visiting card, it will impress its pattern on the film in a few hours, as is seen when the plate is developed. Aluminium does the same. This is due to material emanations from the bright metal, which can be stopped by interposing a sheet of glass. A film of oxide on the metal is a protection, and cleaning it was therefore suggested.

"Many a photographic mystery has had its origin in this action. Both aluminium and zinc have been used for the shutters of dark slides; the former is still popular for the purpose and answers very well. But if the side next the plate is rubbed or scratched so as to leave the metal bare, there may be trouble. Quite recently an amateur photographer was puzzled by two straight black lines which appeared in the same position every time on a certain proportion of his negatives. The subject was investigated, and it was found that all the plates so marked had been exposed in one particular dark slide and in the same half of it; and on looking at the aluminium shutter two straight bright scratches were found on its inner surface exactly corresponding with the marks on the negatives. Something in the top of the slide made the scratches, as the shutter was put in and out, and had kept them bright; and as soon as this was remedied the trouble vanished. Metal sheaths may act in the same way.

"Every photographer knows that if he wraps up a plate with its sensitive surface in contact with printed matter, the print will set off and show in development. But it is not so generally known that this will take place even if the print is not in actual contact with the surface of the plate. If there is a film of air, or even if a clean piece of paper is interposed between the print and the plate, given time enough—a few days

is generally sufficient—the plate will be affected. This action is a chemical one and closely related to that of the metal just mentioned. The interposition of a sheet of glass between print and plate stops it absolutely.

"Yet in spite of this a pair of plates, face to face, have been wrapped in printed paper, and the print has shown on development, its image having been impressed on the film through the glass from the back. Here was a mystery, indeed; but its solution was found."

The paper was an "art," or coated paper; its coating was found to contain calcium sulphide, akin to luminous paint, and although its luminosity was too feeble to be perceived by the eye, it was patent enough to the plate, except where the printing ink obscured it. This therefore was not a case of radiation nor of emanation, but of actual light-action itself.

"A photographer went to photograph a Royal party leaving a big public building. He got a number of other views and kept his final plate for the party. At the last moment their plans were altered, they left by another door; and his wait of half an hour or so was wasted. However, he put all his plates, including the unexposed one, into a dish and developed them, and on the unexposed plate he got a good negative of the door by which they should have left. He was certain he had made no exposure, yet there was the picture. The solution of this was found to be that his shutter had not quite closed, and all the time he was waiting with his slide drawn, he was, unknown to himself, exposing with what amounted to a small stop on the building.

"The most prolific source of mysterious images is to be found in pinholes in the camera or bellows. A pinhole acts as a lens. It requires a long exposure, it is true; but it gives a fairly sharp image at any camera extension, and it is a well-defined image that attracts the photographer's attention. The vast majority of the results of these subtle agencies go unnoticed because they take the form of more or less general fog; but when he gets on his plate not only the thing he was photographing but an unmistakable picture of something else which he has not knowingly photographed, he realizes that there is something going on beyond his control. Some of the images due to pinholes in the camera have been very remarkable in their clearness and definition, altho they are the simplest of photographic mysteries. For example, a number of otherwise successful photographs taken during an exploration in Central Asia were marked by the constant presence of figures which were not before the camera at the time; and some of these figures were recognized as those of members of the party. They were traced to a hole in the camera front which had been made by the extreme point of a screw that had subsequently dropped out."

## PERCEPTION OF OBJECTS WITH THE EYES CLOSED

**M**ANY people have the feeling that if they are in a room in the dark they have some perception of their relation to objects in the room and particularly can appreciate when they are near one of the walls. That well-known English man of science and physician, Dr. Charles H. Melland, an investigator of much experience, remarks in a recent issue of *London Nature* that he can remember having had this feeling for many years but never had the opportunity of putting it to scientific test until he became one of the medical officers in a large London hospital. To quote:

"Working as I was frequently until a late hour in the pathological laboratory, which opened off the entrance hall, I had, in order to reach my room, to cross the hall obliquely and enter the corridor by a wide door, some 6 feet wide, with folding glass doors, which were, as a rule, fastened back. The hall and corridor were unlighted. I usually walked well out into the hall from the door of the pathological laboratory, turned to the right when I thought I was opposite the door opening into the corridor, and then walked straight forward between the doors. I found, a great deal to my surprise, that though in the dark (even though I shut my eyes) I could judge as I walked through, very accurately, to which of the two doors I was nearest. I made a large number of observations, and the constant result was sufficient, I think, to preclude any idea of mere coincidence. I found I could even form a trustworthy estimate if I was only a few inches nearer one side than the other; and, further, if I gradually moved towards one or other side, when I got within a few inches of the door I 'felt' that I was getting very close to it. The way in which I felt this is difficult to describe, but the sensation of 'nearness' was situated in my face, on my forehead and cheeks, and seemed to be particularly keen on turning my cheek in the direction of the surface that I was approaching. The conclusion that I came to was that there were two different processes involved; in the first (1) the nearness of a solid body was made evident by difference in the reflection and resonance of my footsteps as I walked, and in (2) the differences in the reflection of the heat of the face from a surface at varying distances were the cause of the sense of nearness or farness. It will be seen that I had arrived at almost precisely the explanation which Dr. McKendrick puts forward as the explanation of the power of the blind to recognize their relation to externals."

To test his theory of sound reflection the

doctor tried the effect of walking in stockinged feet, and found that it sensibly diminished his power of recognizing his position; this is, of course, quite analogous to the difficulty experienced by the blind when there is snow upon the ground. A still more conclusive test of the correctness of the theory would be to go through the same experiments with the ears effectively stopped. The doctor adds:

"Since I made these first observations I have noted many other occasions on which minute sound changes have given rise to a correct idea of relationship. Any one may readily prove for himself in walking in the dark or with the eyes shut along a corridor with doors opening off it, some of which are open and others closed, how easy it is to recognize when one comes opposite one of the open doors, and a very little consideration will convince him that the explanation lies in the difference in resonance from the walls of the corridor and from the space into which the open door leads. Again, I have more than once noticed, when riding on top of a tram-car in the crowded city, that I have been 'sensible' of another passenger sitting quietly down on the seat behind me, not through any sound that he has made, but by his cutting off from my ears a portion of the general roar of traffic. It is the finer sound indications of this type, to which we customarily pay little heed, since our eyes yield us more rapid and more complete information, that convey so much information to the blind, whose ears, if not more keen, are more intent, and the blind man's stick undoubtedly serves, not only to feel his way with, but by its tap to supply a source of sound the resonance of which may be noted. There is still much haziness, even among those who have to do with the management of the blind, as to their psychology, and one superintendent of a blind asylum with whom I am acquainted, indulging in that mysticism which at the present day is so fond of explaining phenomena, of which by experiment one may learn something, by theories of which we know nothing, would drag in that blessed word 'telepathy' to explain the blind man's knowledge of surrounding objects."


The second principle involved, viz., the reflection of the heat of the face from adjacent surfaces, is not so easily verifiable. Dr. Melland professes to feel fairly confident, however, that accurate observations with a delicate surface thermometer would show that the cheek was receiving a certain amount of reflected heat as it was approached near to a solid object. That the skin of the cheek is peculiarly sensitive to the degree of temper-



ature will be readily admitted by anyone who has seen a laundress testing the proper heat of her iron by holding it to her face. Further, the repetition of the experiment with the use of a mask, which would minimize the sensitiveness of the skin to changes of tempera-

ture, has struck the doctor as likely to give conclusive results, "and I am particularly interested," he writes, "to find this supposition supported by Dr. McKendrick's statement that the blind do not so readily avoid an obstacle if the face is covered."

## A MEDICAL DENUNCIATION OF "VAUDEVILLE HYPNOTISM"

 FORM of humbug that "so far as intelligent centers are concerned," the *New York Medical Journal* thought was "dead and buried twenty years ago" has, it says, been revived in the vaudeville circuits, much to the mystification of those whose knowledge of mental science is not what it ought to be. This is the supposed effects of hypnotism exhibited on the public stage on "subjects" apparently volunteering for experiment from among the audience. These "volunteers" undergo a series of theatrical free arm passes, associated in the minds of the vulgar from time immemorial with the hypnotic sleep. The performer then "suggests" to these persons that they are engaged in a baseball game, a Marathon, a balloon ascension, a high jumping contest, or the like. A stick is given one and he is told he cannot drop it until permitted by the performer, another at the word of command is inhibited from walking.

The most striking "test" is the placing of an evidently frail young man or boy upon two chairs, some distance apart, the body being apparently supported only by the heels and the occiput. The performer mounts upon the boy's abdomen and jumps up and down thereon a few times, the body yielding and recovering its horizontal position when the performer's weight is removed. These "hypnotists" occupy the same relation to genuine and skilful sleight-of-hand performers as advertising quacks do to decent physicians. Their exhibition is amusing and the acting of the "subjects" consummately artistic. It is, however, a base fraud upon the audience, and it is a question whether such an exhibition should not be prohibited by law. The public induction of hypnotism upon perfect strangers is almost an impossibility, and such complete control as is apparently manifested is a farce.

Professional men know well, altho apparently most others do not, adds *The Medical Journal*, that hypnotism is strictly a subjective

phenomenon, and that the "power" claimed by these humbugs is quite fictitious. It is unwise that weak minds should be allowed to think that such a power exists, or that there should be a general belief that hypnotism has such possibilities as are seemingly shown. The effect upon possible future jurymen is a case in point and might lead to a grave miscarriage of justice in a capital trial. Children of sensitive nature should certainly not be permitted to witness such performances; in them a foundation might easily be laid for a piteous credulity and abject superstition in the future, rendering them an easy prey to spiritualists, fortune tellers, astrologists and the other quacks that infest our cultured centers.

The crowd that pushes its way on the stage upon request of the performer is made up of some genuine inquirers and a half-dozen or more of carefully trained confederates, who are taken from town to town on regular salaries. Some of the "hypnotists" carry over a dozen people on their travels. The genuine volunteers, after a little foolery, are excused as not being "good subjects," and the main farce begins. In the smaller towns the advance agent secures, by bribery or by subtle appeal to vanity and the desire to appear in public, young men willing to be parties to deception of their fellow townsmen. Strange as it may seem, many are found anxious to assist in the fraud without pay. This betrays a singular attribute of human nature, which is extensively used by "spiritualists" visiting a town for temporary residence. These unworthy citizens receive careful instruction and join the regular confederates at the proper time.

The explanation of the "stunts" done by the subjects is obvious. The suspension of the youth between two chairs, very astonishing to the uninitiated and usually exhibited as an example of "cataleptic trance," is effected by the use of a steel harness, carefully adjusted to the confederate's body and fastened to his neck, thighs and legs.

# Recent Poetry



WE HAVE supposed that in Great Britain, with its continuance of the classical traditions in the universities, the love and appreciation of good poetry is still a lively and wide-spread emotion. But if the London *Academy* is right, there also a true appreciation for poetry is "excessively rare." Even the critics are a helpless lot, we are told: "Those whose professional duty it is to pass some kind of judgment upon contemporary verse are helpless when any new volume appears. The majority of reviewers are guided by one golden rule, depending upon the rarity of good poetry: except under special circumstances, condemn all new verse. This they do, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred they are right, tho they do not know why. Yet so timid are they that if but one voice of any strength is raised in praise they all follow like sheep, so that about once in each year, or perhaps more rarely, a new verse-writer is hailed as a poet."

This is rather discouraging. Yet why should it be? One might find similar despondent utterances concerning the lack of appreciation for poetry in any age. There are probably no more of them now than there were "in the days of old Rameses," and in every generation since. Poets always have starved and begged, but the good Lord continues to send them to us, and there is no indication that the supply will fail in our day. At its best, poetry is the highest form of self-expression, and the world is not really careless about good poetry, tho it may be very careless indeed about good poets. And if a man may send one good lyric singing down the ages, he can afford to have the world careless about him while he lives and he can afford even to be a little careless about himself. It is heartbreaking to read of the tragic lives of some of our poets; but after all it is a question whether blind Homer would not have preferred to beg his bread through the seven cities that warred over him dead rather than to have eaten cake while living and be promptly forgotten as soon as he died.

We are still producing good things. The following sonnet is in proof. We find it in *Scribner's*. What we would like to say of it is that it is one of the best sonnets in the English language. We hesitate only because we haven't quite enough confidence in our own

critical ability to deliver such superlative praise as that. But it certainly is an excellent piece of work:

## COR CORDIUM

By GEORGE CABOT LODGE

Breathless and unforeseen, it comes!—the hour  
When, on the breast of the Beloved, we feel  
Almost the secret sense of life reveal  
Its meaning, and the source of life its power;—  
When, as in some vast sunrise, like a flower,  
Our soul stands open and our eyes unseal,  
While all that fear and ignorance conceal  
Seems in perfection life's predestined dower.  
Then, as it were against the inward ear,  
We hold, in silence, like a chambered shell,  
The dazed one human heart—and seem to hear  
Forever and forever rise and swell  
And fall and fall on Death's eventful shore,  
Tragic and vast, Life's inarticulate roar!

As we write, the newspapers are telling of the beginning of the journey of the new *Half-Moon*, from Amsterdam, on the way to the New World, to engage in the anniversary exercises of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. The return has already elicited poetic tribute. The Albany *Argus* several months ago contained verses written for the birthday of a lady in that city who is a lineal descendant of one of the old Dutch statesmen, Jan De Witt, who died in 1672, and of another later De Witt, who was Washington's surveyor general. The verses, revised for us by the author, follow:

## THE RETURN OF THE HALF-MOON

By WILLIAM HOYT COLEMAN

When the Half-Moon sails from Holland,  
And is tossed on stormy seas—  
When she enters New York harbor,  
Before a favoring breeze—  
When her prow is turned to the Hudson,  
Renewing her ancient quest  
For the long-sought Northwest passage,  
At the Dutchmen's high behest—  
When through the narrowing Highlands,  
Over Newburgh's broadening bay,  
Past the blue peaks of the Catskills  
She follows her foretime way—  
When her antique sailors doff their caps  
As they reach Albania's strand—  
Will the shade of the sturdy Jan De Witt  
Move forward to the land?

Lo, he comes!—to learn of his children:  
 See!—he climbs the Stadt Huys hill,  
 To study the ancient records  
 And know of their good or ill.  
 Long he turns the old-time pages,  
 Till a proud smile lights his face,  
 As in state and city councils  
 He beholds their honored place,  
 With those who laid firm foundation  
 For men of a mighty race.

Closing the time-stained volume,  
 The Half-Moon he regains,  
 And as she drops to the southward,  
 His proud smile still remains:  
 "Tho my life was cut short in Holland,  
 It reviv'd on this western shore;  
 In my children's deeds my spirit leads—  
 What more can I ask, what more?  
 They have kept their tryst with freedom  
 In the land where the people reign,  
 And the truth that once I died for  
 Is the truth that lives again."

Do the children of today feed upon fairy  
 tales as those of a generation ago fed upon  
 them? We have our doubts. The scientific  
 atmosphere and the realistic methods have  
 brought a blight upon fairyland. But they  
 can't blight the fairyland that dwells in our  
 memories—and in Mr. Cawein's. The poem  
 below is taken from the *Woman's Home*  
*Companion*:

#### FAIRY TALES

BY MADISON CAWEIN

When dusk falls cool as a rained-on rose,  
 And a tawny tower the twilight shows,  
 With the crescent moon, the silver moon, the  
     curved new moon in a space that glows,  
 A turret window that grows a-light;  
 There is a path that my Fancy knows,  
 A glimmering, shimmering path of night,  
 That far as the Land of Faery goes.

And I follow the path, as Fancy leads,  
 Over the mountains, into the meads,  
 Where the firefly cities, the glow-worm cities, the  
     fairy cities are strung like beads,  
 Each city a twinkling star;  
 And I live a life of valorous deeds,  
 And march with the Fairy King to war,  
 And ride with the knights on milk-white steeds,

Or it's there in the whirl of their life I sit,  
 Or dance in their houses with starlight lit,  
 Their blossom houses, their flower houses, their  
     elfin houses of fern-leaves knit,  
 With fronded spires and domes:  
 And there it is that my lost dreams flit,  
 And the ghost of my childhood, smiling, roams  
 With the fairy children so dear to it.

And it's there I hear that they all come true,  
 The fairy-stories, whatever they do—  
 Elf and goblin, dear elf and goblin, loved elf and  
     goblin and all the crew  
 Of witch and wizard and gnome and fay,  
 And prince and princess, that wander through  
 The story-books we have put away,  
 The fairy-tales that we loved and knew.

The face of Adventure lures you there,  
 And the eyes of Danger bid you dare,  
 While ever the bugles, the silver bugles, the far-  
     off bugles of Elfland blare,  
 The fairy trumpets to battle blow;  
 And you feel their thrill in your heart and hair,  
 And you fain would follow and mount and go  
 And march with the Fairies anywhere.

And she—she rides at your side again,  
 Your little sweetheart whose age is ten:  
 She is the princess, the fairy princess, the princess  
     fair that you worshiped when  
 You were a prince in a fairy-tale;  
 And you do great deeds as you did them then,  
 With your magic spear and enchanted mail,  
 Braving the dragon in his den.

And you ask again, "Oh, where shall we ride,  
 Now that the monster is slain, my bride?"  
 "Back to the cities, the firefly cities, the glow-  
     worm cities where we can hide,  
 The beautiful cities of Faeryland.  
 And the light of my eyes shall be your guide,  
 The light of my eyes and my snow-white hand—  
 And there forever we two will abide."

The most mysterious thing in the world—  
 what is it? Personality. We lose somewhat  
 of the sense of mystery dwelling in a person-  
 ality with which we have become long fami-  
 liar; but the sense is restored in watching the  
 advent of a totally new personality, different  
 from all the billions that have preceded it  
 and the billions that are to succeed it. Some-  
 thing of all this is found in a poem in *Har-  
 per's Bazar*:

#### TRINITY

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE

We took no thought, dear Love, we took no  
 thought!

We only knew our summer-time was come—  
 The birds were nesting, orchards were abloom,  
 And joy burned in us like a holy flame.

And now, behold our little miracle!

Our shining star, come to us wondrously  
 From out the farther dark! Our mystery,  
 Too soft and sweet to be called anything—  
 Or miracle or mystery—but just  
 Our babe!

Our own—yet not our own!

A gift, uncomprehendingly to prize!  
 His laughter, bright as sunshine on a wave,

Sets our whole world ashimmer, and his dreams,  
Darkening his liquid eyes, are drawn, I think,  
From those deep cisterns of our secret prayers,  
Which we have strangely hidden, each from each.

And yet, at times, his pretty whimsy-thoughts  
Shut soft the door on us and close us out!

We clasp him close and probe his lips for  
sweets—

Great, greedy bees upon a tender flower—

Yet cannot reach the little sacred self

That, like a god, is shrined in his bright shell.

Ah, Love, ah, Love, let us not call him ours!

Let us confess he cannot wonder more

At the amazing world than we at him.

—How can we voice our awe-in-gratitude—

Our poignant heart of sorrow-in-delight?

Silence indeed is best! Look deep, dear one,  
In his sweet eyes and learn there what you  
may—

That love is service; yes, and mystery;

And in this lovely, wordless babe we hold

Is hidden safe the secret of the world.

*The Bang*, Mr. Alexander Harvey's little  
three-by-six magazinelet, has been printing a  
series of poems by Joseph Lewis French, under  
the lugubrious title "The Book of De-  
spair." The poems are very uneven in qual-  
ity, but nearly all have the real poetic flavor.  
The one we reprint rises to the height of  
distinction:

### SALOME

BY JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan—ay  
Even tho thou liest dead beneath my lips.  
This blind desire that smites me like a flame  
Runs blighting through my veins, chokes my life  
up,

Till e'en desire itself seems blotted out,  
And death alone—an impulse!—

Is not a thing born now nor yesterday.

For ages I have loved thee. I have known  
Thy face, thy hair, in centuries long gone.  
The dead years rise and beckon as I dream  
On thee and thy perfections. O! my love  
This deed I dream is not a thing of shame,  
My passion is not any mortal lust;  
'Twill live a light, a symbol to all time  
Of all high deeds forever,—of the dream  
Of all the gods. Osiris . . .  
And Moloch, Bel, yea and Astarte, too,  
Ay! mighty Jove himself, command me this—  
That I must slay thee. I, the doomed, the dead,  
Called thee the living, and thou answeredst not,  
Only with scoffing. Ay! 'tis enough.  
Shall time stand still while all his creeds decay?

Behold! I am the despair of all the world,  
The lure, the Lamia of a charmed past,  
And thou the joy-star risen on the dawn

Of a new day. Nay! for we *must* be one!  
If not in life and death, then I will do  
Far more than strange Medea, or that queen  
Who wooed her son for consort, to her doom.  
I will in my despair kill all my love  
And bid my life live on, a mockery.

I tell thee 'tis the ages charge me thus—  
I, the inheritor of ancient time,  
The fond survival of that pagan world  
Which thou hast come to harry and destroy  
With thine evangel. Ay! Enough!  
We cannot live and love, so thou shalt die.  
And I will live a shadow among tombs  
Till my bones, too, shall whiten the same soil.  
"But I will kiss thy mouth!"

When you fail to hit upon a good title to  
a poem, clap a Latin word or phrase at the  
top of it and let it go at that. This seems to  
be the rule of many of our bards. We do not  
like it overmuch, but it is not worth while  
quarrelling with the title of a poem if the  
poem itself is a good one. This, from *The  
Forum*, is rather good:

### FORSITAN

BY BRIAN HOOKER

Labor for Love; thy labor shall be vain.  
Conquer it; God shall laugh and feed thee dust.  
Deserve it; thou shalt clasp a broken trust,  
Learning a wise unfaith. For joy or pain  
Love falleth wantonly, as falls the rain  
Alike upon the just and the unjust.

Take all unclean that lieth to thine hand—  
There is no shame but wherewith Love may be.  
Be pure—thou fool, what shall it profit thee?  
Thine uttermost endeavor may command  
Upon the shore a grain the less of sand,  
A drop the more of water in the sea.

Because the heart of Love is hidden higher  
Than ever poet sang or prophet saw,  
Beyond all dream of glory and of awe—  
The very holiness of thy desire  
Shall blind thee to the gold within the fire,  
And hold thee from the best. This is the law.

Therefore deserve; give wholly; do no ill;  
Labor, and overcome. So the one kiss  
May overflow a greater soul with bliss  
More curiously sought; or, if Chance will,  
Thou shalt, remembering old beauty, still  
Worthily suffer, knowing what Love is.

A poem with the true Irish tang is the  
following from *The Smart Set*, one of a series  
of "Irish songs" by Mr. Stringer, published  
in this same number. Is Mr. Stringer, by the  
way, getting ready to lead in a Gaelic revival  
in America?



## WIMMEN FOLK

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Toime was I thought av wimmen, sure,  
 As made to reverince, limb be limb;  
 As something holy-like and pure  
 Thro' all the snow white lingth av thim!

I dreamed av gurls as angels, lad,  
 Wid all their wistful holy ways,  
 To leave you tremblin' when ye'd had  
 A word wid thim . . . in oulder days!

But now I've learned me topsail lore  
 And roved the sea from rim to rim,  
 I seldom wait and quake before  
 The soft and snow white lingth av thim!

For when gurls love you well, me lad,  
 They're thrue to nayther law nor letther;  
 And when they're most disheartenin' bad  
 Ye learn to love such angels better!

Another Celtic poem, but written in the minor key, with a note of heart-breaking resignation in it, appears in the *New Ireland Review*. Why is it that with all the invincible gayety of the Celts their poetry should be so invincibly sad?

## THE HILL O' DREAMS

BY HELEN LANYON

My grief! for the days by an' done,  
 When I was a young girl straight an' tall,  
 Cornin' alone at set o' sun  
 Up the high hill-road from Cushendall.  
 I thought the miles no hardship then,  
 Nor the long road weary to my feet—  
 For the thrushes sang in the cool deep glen  
 An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng  
 An' many a dream as I never told;  
 My heart would lift at a wee bird's song.  
 Or at seein' a whin-bush crowned with gold.  
 An' always I'd look back at the say  
 Or the turn o' the road shut out the sight  
 Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,  
 An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a dacent man,  
 As many would call a prudent choice,  
 But he never could hear how the river ran  
 Singin' a song in a changin' voice.  
 Nor thought to see on the bay's blue wather

A ship with yellow sails unfurled,  
 Bearin' away a king's young daughter  
 Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The hills seems weary now to my feet,  
 The miles be's many, and dreams be's few,  
 The evenin' air's not near so sweet,  
 The birds don't sing as they used to do.  
 An' I'm that tired at the top of the hill  
 That I haven't the heart to turn at all,  
 To watch the curlin' breakers fill  
 The wee round bay at Cushendall.

We have already made mention of Miss Garrison's volume of poems (Mitchell Kennerley). Tho it is called "The Joy of Life," after the initial poem, the strain running through the book is a rather serious one, deriving from the Puritan rather than the Pagan view of the world; but Miss Garrison is a Puritan on the rebound, so to speak. We have already quoted many of the poems in her volume as they appeared in the magazines. The following is a pleasing fancy:

## FIRST LOVE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

"Why do you look from the window so,  
 Little Felicia, daughter of mine?  
 There still is the long white seam to sew  
 And the white lambs' wool to spin."  
 "Oh, mother, below here in the snow  
 Stands a little lad with a mouth like wine—  
 A little lad with a carved bow  
 And he makes as tho he would enter in,  
 Mother of mine."

"Nay—there is no one there at all,  
 Little Felicia, my idle one;  
 Naught I see but the white snow's fall  
 And thy task is still the same."  
 "Oh, mother, harken, I hear him call,  
 'Pray, sweetheart, is the door undone?  
 Let me in who am weak and small.'  
 May I bid him enter in Pity's name,  
 Mother of mine?"

"Nothing I hear and naught I see,  
 Little Felicia, who works so ill;  
 And there's much to do ere darkness be—  
 Come daughter, thy task begin."  
 But little Felicia blushing  
 Turned away from the window-sill;  
 "Oh, mother, I spake no word," quoth she,  
 "But I fear—I fear he hath entered in,  
 Mother of mine."

## THE HEART OF A BEGGAR—A STORY BY GORKY

Maxim Gorky is always vivid and usually terrible in his portrayal of the underworld of Russia. In this little character-sketch (translated for us by Montessor Paul), he strikes a note of tenderness that is less usual with him.



VAGRANT, a brother of beggars, a vagabond like himself, whom he met at a turn of the country road as night came, said to him, "If you wish to do a neat trick, walk straight forward, go across the bridge and follow the edge of the wood, and on the right you will find a villa that looks like a castle. There is no outer wall, and there is no moat. There is nobody guarding it—the gentleman and his family have not yet returned, and the gardener is sick abed. And there is no dog,—a little while ago I stroked his snout with this stick. Once in the house you will be highly puzzled to make a choice. If you have a heart in your body," said the vagabond in conclusion, "don't fail to use this opportunity. You can turn the neatest kind of a trick there, sure thing!"

Uttering not a word of comment, Red Fox, as he was known among his fellows, followed this suggestion promptly. After a night spent in the open air of the fields—it was in July and the sun was glowing upon the earth with scorching heat—he had gone his way at break of day. A fresh breath was caressing the horizon, and a light, transparent blue vapor was rising from the meadows. The expanses where the ears swayed on high stalks seemed to be living carpets, and the river in its sinuous passage through the plain looked like a bright, clear, silvered ribbon.

The Red Fox strode across the bridge and thence to the edge of the wood, where he began to walk hastily along, expecting the villa soon to come into sight. Clad in dull tatters and with noiseless shoes of coarse cloth on his feet, he seemed to glide like a gray shadow through the grass, that was now glistening with patches of liveliest color.

His face was that of a prematurely old man, furrowed and devastated by most bitter privations long suffered. It seemed to have not the faintest expression. Only in his eyes was there a gleam of life. And only the foxy hair of his scalp and his beard seemed to distinguish him from the other beggars who were slinking up and down the country road. For this reason, too, he was known as the Red Fox among his companions in suffering, and among the farmers who sometimes gave him shelter and did not know his name.

The wood lay behind him, and before him, almost a hundred yards from the road, an occasional portion of the villa was visible where the luxuriant bushes of bloom of the great garden-beds were not a delightful screen. The various shapes of its roof covered with slate, the walls of brick trimmed with blocks of stone, its co-

quettish slim towers and the broad, distinguished stairway of its portico,—all these gave to the villa an air of elegant majesty as it stood facing the horizon. They dominated the whole vicinity and seemed to say, "Look at this! All this belongs to us! We are the masters!"

The stroller stood still; but before he made a final, stern resolve, he let himself sink into the grass. A kind of swoon, as it were, was pervading his very soul. It was the first time he found himself engrossed by an intention to steal.

Certainly till the present day he had been wont to commit numberless little sins along the many country roads over which fate had led him. Never, however, had he broken open a door or climbed a wall or taken in any criminal manner the most trivial sum of money. And, indeed, why should he have done such a thing? Did he not feel, after all, that a life of vigor was bounding through his veins, and who could persuade him to believe that he was not happy?

It was sheer accident that had brought together him and the old beggar who had taught him to weave baskets. Having acquired a trade, he wandered from one neighborhood to another, working in summer among willow bushes along charming streams, and in winter beside some hospitable hearth. Wherever he went he found a ready sale for his light baskets. They looked as if they had been woven of the switches of willow of gold.

In the twilight of an evening of spring he had met a woman at a well that was near a village that seemed lost to the rest of the world. She was neither beautiful nor pretty, but she had tender eyes and a smile of humility and resignation. Her face bore the expression that is given only by great suffering. She was an orphan, a poor girl of the country, who had been treated harshly by her employer. The vagabond and this unhappy woman saw and loved each other. He vaunted the freedom there was under the immeasurable skies whose sun shone down so kindly upon the poor. She followed him, and from this day on they wandered together through the moist valleys in which the rushes grew like great scepters.

The years had glided away. As the wanderers felt no concern for time they never gave to it the slightest thought. Then one day came a child. Yes, between these two miserable persons there forced its way a little, still more miserable creature that, in spite of circumstance, soon became so pretty, so rosy, so graceful, so blond, that anyone who saw it would have taken it for a child of wealth who had come to the world in laces. Father and mother were astounded at this unexpected gift from fate, their souls were won-

drously enthralled by it, and they were filled with admiration. This son became their idol. So that he might feel well and be vigorous, so that he might always have enough to eat, so that he might sleep in most refreshing comfort, they sacrificed themselves eagerly, abandoned themselves to toil by day and by night, suffering, and without a word of complaint.

The child grew larger. It was four years old when its mother suddenly died. "She caught the fever from being near the water so often and so long," a farmer said to the basket-maker. "Take care, I tell you. If he, still so young, lies round in the willow bushes the little fellow will surely come to the same thing."

The father gave no heed to this warning. Now as formerly he led the same life. His tenderness for his departed comrade, this tenderness which as time passed became a jealous, wild passion, he transferred to the child, for the child was the living reminder of the dead woman and the pledge of her love. Yes, it was still more—it was the hope, the pride, indeed, of this vagabond, it was his ideal of gentleness and of beauty! Ah, the fine curly hair, the deep, deep eyes, the rosy smile on the little white teeth! How insistently the father loved all this! What a tremor of joy rushed through him when he contemplated all this!

But why had he found so trivial the advice that had been given him, the warning? The child, too, was consumed by fever. In the first weeks of summer it died, precisely as the mother had died. And the vagabond—perhaps for the first time in his life—cried bitterly.

He cried, but his tears brought him no alleviation. He felt as if the blood had ebbed from his veins, as if everything around him had become hideously black, as if the beats in his bosom had ceased. Ever his eyes were seeking the child. Ever he tried to conjure it up before him in spirit—its dear picture—its smile—its movements. His endeavor was vain, grimly vain. And not a single familiar object of the dead little fellow's group of treasures remained for the father, whose pain became the more persistent and cruel the more he felt the lack of every token of remembrance.

From this day forward this man became bad. A blind hatred rose steadily in his sore heart, and at the same time he was conscious of an impulse to do evil and to destroy.

"Whether apples or gold coins are stolen there is really no difference," a companion of the road had said to him in a whisper one day. Tacitly he had said to himself, "Indeed, yes, and like the others I intend to steal now, too."

The Red Fox, stretched out at his full length in the grass, had just repeated this oath. He rose now, sprang across the shallow ditch near him

and soon went striding through the deserted avenues of the park. The nearer he came to it the less shy he felt of the majestic villa. When he began to touch its walls he thought of it with contempt, as a man despises some defenceless creature he intends to torment.

Slowly he crept around the house. On the side where many trees were planted he discovered a glass door that was almost even with the ground. No one saw him. With his knife he destroyed the lock, he broke in a pane, and soon the door yielded. He was now inside.

At first he saw nothing. The lowered venetian blinds kept the room thoroly dark. But slowly, very slowly, his eyes accustomed themselves to the deep twilight. Suddenly he stood still as if transfixed. A refreshing coolness prevailed in the salon he had entered and it seemed to him that he noticed the odor of faded flowers. On the walls between golden arabesques, old paintings were smiling. Glistening oak and lacquer furniture surrounded him. Everywhere were costly and rare objects of vertu in abundance. Never had the beggar seen so many wonders. His astonishment at the sight of all these elegant and frivolous things was most keen. He sought to fathom the purpose of them, and a new fear pregnant with veneration came over him.

Yet he must act! But what of the many things here should he take with him? If some day he should attempt to sell the most trivial of these objects he would betray himself. Suddenly he caught sight of a secretary and opened one of its drawers. Two gold coins, which had been forgotten here, lay gleaming in the shadow. Already he was stretching forth his hand when his glance fell abruptly on a photograph that stood on the blotter before him. Astonished, confused, enraptured, he stood still, his hand in poise. It was the head of a child in a neat frame.

He contemplated the bewitching face, the fine curly hair, the deep, deep eyes, the rosy smile showing the little white teeth. Without a doubt it was the son of the master of the villa. But to the vagabond this picture was that of his own son. He again found the grace of the little beggar and his features in the picture of this rich child that had come to the world in laces. Not for a moment did it occur to him that this was only an accidental resemblance. Only one thing seemed to him certain—he possessed not one token of remembrance of the dead child, and this dead child lived again in this picture.

The vagabond made no further delay. He seized the portrait, covered it with kisses, stuck it in the pocket over his heart and fled.

All his hate had disappeared. He had just committed his first theft, and also his last. All other things, of whatever value, gave him no concern, for he now possessed a reminder of his child, on whom he had always showered such hot love from the heart of a beggar.

## THE WOMAN IN THE SECOND ROW

In how many towns and cities, we wonder, would the woman of this little sketch, written by Rosa Naomi Scott, have found a counterpart during the recent commencement exercises in our schools. We reprint the sketch from *The Woman's Home Companion*.

THE woman in the second row awkwardly edged her solid bulk past her delicately-gowned neighbors to her waiting opera-chair. Her square, iron-gray head and features had the stolidity peculiar to the woman whom life has battered from youth to middle life. It was the first time she had bared in public her grizzled hair and narrow, wrinkled forehead. She did not sit so, because she would not have felt more at ease with a modest head-covering. Yet God and her own soul alone knew the exact relief it had been to omit the cost of a hat for herself from her daughter's graduating expenses. It meant, in the accuracy of her meager dollars and cents, the white waist she wore, buttoned youthfully up the back in acknowledgment of the importance of the occasion, the hose on her daughter's slipped feet, and the fan for her class-day gown; items she had failed to reckon with, in her first rough estimate of the things that "just had to be bought for Cecile."

She sat in the second row of the family circle, because she could not finish the breakfast-dishes, iron Cecile's petticoat, press her waist and reach the ticket-office in time to exchange her card of invitation for a seat down-stairs.

From an elevation, therefore, she faced the rostrum and the one hundred and six graduates from the high school. The girls looked like snowy goddesses, moving together as if stirred by single instincts—the pipes of Pan or the breath of the Olympian hills. The boys lost, too, by the distance, their callow stiffness and represented youth with its immortal challenge. The spectator in the second row had never studied the spirit of the divine youth of Greek life, but the unconscious pathos with which these young things gaily faced life—as she knew it—tightened something hot about her heart.

The orchestra ceased and the program began.

The Reverend Doctor Goodman led in a scholarly prayer that thanked God for America and the public-school system, the teachers, the board, the superintendent, the pupils and the taxpayers, and evoked fervently a continuation of the same, for ever and ever more.

The graduates sat, stood or sang like a pageant of youth, or came forward singly as they were called, to give, in carefully trained conversational accents, their mixtures of platitudes and crude impressions.

The wife of a college professor down front laughed and cried in a breath at their untempered limitations and sincerities, but the woman in the second row family circle had no mental margin for aught above the essay Matilda Carson was reading or James Marshal's declamation.

She had a numbed sense of relief that the pinch of preparation was over and that Cecile had two better dresses for the summer than she had ever had in her life.

The orator pleaded for a greater high school; the essayist eulogized the teachers, the superintendent and the board in a single phrase; the valedictorian wept on the neck of the individualized class; the superintendent presented the class as a testimony of praise to the faculty, the school system, themselves, and the city at large, and the president of the board delivered the diplomas.

As Cecile received hers, the woman in the second row leaned back and fanned her square face softly with her program. Her struggle was over.

It had begun twelve years before, when Cecile entered the primary and she had set the present white-robed goal before the face of each. She was young then. She was work-aged now. Measles, whooping-cough, typhoid fever, the death of the baby, a husband who thought the grammar-school good enough for girls, hard times and the painful and complicating advent of new children had not prevailed against her. During the twelve years not a single friend had warmed her by a sympathetic word; worse, not a hint of recognition of what she was doing had reached her from another soul. Cecile, her only partner, in the nature of things was outside the pale of understanding. Yet during these two thousand one hundred and seventy days there was no day that she did not take up the struggle afresh.

Her hardened, stubby hands had cooked eight thousand meals, which stood not for a manual task alone, but for eight thousand distinct struggles to serve to a growing child a palatable meal from plain food, stinted variety, ugly service and with a limited time for preparation. Each of the eight thousand meals—an ugly, nerve-straining detail—had been served on time in spite of the conflicting demands of nursery-maid, washer-woman, dressmaker, housekeeper, and duties of mother to the other children, and wife. The meals represented almost as many small, sweating, catering enterprises and unreckonable weariness and longings to do what was in her to do if she had decent means at hand.

She had stitched, for that diploma, on an old sewing-machine, "without attachments," miles of homely, unattractive material into serviceable garments of more or less attractiveness. She had walked scores of hurried, fagged, shopping miles—in the brief time between putting the kitchen to rights after dinner and time to get supper, on those rare days when she could leave the

(Concluded on page 229.)



# Recent Fiction and the Critics



HE name of Elinor Glyn is to many American reviewers what a red rag is to a bull. They bristled with moral indignation when the heroine of "Three Weeks" stretched herself upon the tiger-skin, and Mrs. Glyn's latest effusion,\* her impressions of us,

ELIZABETH  
VISITS AMERICA

meets with stern and universal rebuke. Altho Mrs. Glyn is not a genius like Victoria Cross, she is clever and entertaining. Her gift is small, but she makes the most of it, and she has put into the mouth of her heroine, Elizabeth, Marchioness of Valmond, much that is deliciously and shrewdly observed. But the American is a thin-skinned animal where his conceit is involved, and we shall probably never forgive her for calling our men grandmothers and elderly aunts! Elizabeth is a thin disguise for Mrs. Glyn herself; we have met her in previous books and relished the curious mixture of naiveté and sophistication of her girl-ish career. She is somewhat more sophisticated now than of old, having been married for several years. After a period of really perfect domestic bliss, Elizabeth and "Harry" have had a tiff. He started in a huff to shoot big game in Africa, while she decided to accompany some friends to this country.

Her manifold experiences here are of an innocuous nature, and before she does anything naughty Harry has come to the rescue. The plot is very slender, being merely a peg for Mrs. Glyn's amusing observations of American life. These observations are not really malicious, but our sense of humor seems to desert us when the laugh is on us. Mrs. Glyn, complains William E. Curtis in the *Record-Herald*, has taken an extraordinary method of acknowledging the courtesies she received in this country. "If she actually saw and heard what she describes she has violated the most sacred laws of hospitality. If she did not see or hear what she describes she is guilty of vulgar, shameless misrepresentation. "However," the writer continues, "the persons who entertained her are the only ones who can complain. Lion hunters always ought to be careful, because the funny animals that roam about sometimes scratch and bite." The writer

refers to the slight received by Mrs. Glyn from Theodore Roosevelt and deplors the courtesies shown her by two members of the United States Senate. The Senators, he thinks, were badly handled by Mrs. Glyn.

"Elizabeth did not visit Washington and therefore the incidents of Mrs. Glyn's stay in this city in the spring of 1908 have not furnished any material for her piquant book. Most of the book is devoted to New York and a visit to a country home on Long Island. It will be difficult to identify her characters and the homes in which she was entertained. Her descriptions are so fantastic and preposterous that after one reads a few pages they cease to be amusing. Her satire is coarse and her caricatures are gross. Mrs. Glyn suffered much humiliation and received many snubs from the better class of people and evidently attempted to take her revenge through the observations of 'Elizabeth,' the heroine of her story. If you give a spiteful woman a pen and a bottle of ink she can do a great deal of damage, and Mrs. Glyn might have inflicted serious injuries if she had not carried her ridicule so far; but not one wound from this volume will leave a scar."


California critics, curiously enough, are particularly wroth with Mrs. Glyn. "Pointless padding," says *The Times* (Los Angeles). "Pot boiler," exclaims San Francisco. Jeanette Gilder disparages Mrs. Glyn's book in *The Argonaut* (San Francisco). Mrs. Glyn, she says, "has hurled the long expected bomb into our camp. It has burst, but I don't think it is going to do a great deal of damage, not to us at least; what it will do to Mrs. Glyn is another story!" The atmosphere of Illinois seems to soften the critical heart of Miss Gilder. In the *Chicago Tribune*, she confesses a keen delight in the sprightly successor to the heroine of "Three Weeks." "There are touches here and there," she informs us, "that reminds one unpleasantly of Mrs. Glyn's notorious novelet, but on the whole the work is amusing and often witty. I thought 'Three Weeks' an exceedingly dull tale, but I find nothing dull in this vivacious record of the author's visit to our shores." In the opinion of the *Boston Advertiser*, Mrs. Glyn is never guilty of anything worse than bad taste. Her criticisms scattered all the way from Long Island to the Golden Gate are, the reviewer admits, by no means devoid of truth; one objects to her supercilious manners rather than to the ideas

\* ELIZABETH VISITS AMERICA. By Elinor Glyn. Duffield and Company.

advanced. Least flattering to us is Mrs. Glyn's idea of the American man. American husbands, she maintains, "fetch and carry and come to heel like trained spaniels and it is perfectly lovely; everything is so simple."

"If you happen to get bored with your husband, or he has a cold in his head, or anything that gets on your nerves, or you suddenly fancy some other man, you have not got all the bother and subterfuge of taking him for a lover and chancing a scandal like in England. You simply get your husband to let you divorce him and make him give you heaps of money, and you keep the children if you happen to want them; or—there is generally only one—you agree to give that up for an extra million if he fancies it; and then you go off and marry your young man when he is free; because all American men are married, and he will have had to get his wife to divorce him. But when it is all 'through,' then it is comfortable and tidy, only the families get mixed after awhile, and people have to be awfully careful not to ask them out to dinner together.

"I have divided men up into two lots. Those one could go to Australia alone with, and those one couldn't, and it does not matter in the least their age or looks or station or anything, it is just whether or no they have got this quality. Well, as far as I have seen, Valerie Latour's husband and one or two others are the only men who have it in New York, tho lots are very good-looking and intelligent and all are kind; but there is a didactic way of talking, a complete absence of subtlety or romance. And even those it would be perfectly safe to go with, because they would not dream of making love to one; but they have the igniting quality in themselves."

UCH more serious than Mrs. Glyn's criticism of the American man is Mrs. Humphry Ward's indictment\* of the American woman. Probably, remarks Miss Gilder, in the *Chicago Tribune*, no two women could be more unlike than Mrs. Ward and Mrs.

Glyn. They are as wide apart as the poles in every thought, look or action. The thing that impressed Mrs. Glyn most in our country was the decency of the men, which she interprets as lack of temperament. What impresses Mrs. Ward most is the moral "anarchy" of the American woman and the laxity of our divorce laws.

Mrs. Ward's hero, Roger Barnes, a conventional young Englishman, handsome and

Mr. William Marion Reedy seems to have read Mrs. Glyn's impressions with a chuckle of delight without regarding them with the seriousness of certain provincial reviewers. Elizabeth, he tells us, in *The Mirror* (St. Louis) is sprightly but superficial as a rule; but she's right in her assertion that this country is dominated by its women in all matters not relating to politics.

"Women fix our literary and esthetic ideals. Women are the ruling factor in our religion. Women are all the society there is. Women make the moral tone of the country, and the men yield obedience with a perfunctoriness that makes for hypocrisy. The country is biggest in business, and there woman has not had sway, tho she soon will have it if her present rate of progress is maintained. She will soon be in politics and undoubtedly will then give it more of the moral tone that is hers peculiarly. Mrs. Glyn is good reading, even at her shallowest, but now and then she strikes true. Her main complaint about America, uttered as a sort of *fugue* in her letters, is that life here lacks the sort of color and tone that effloresces in 'Three Weeks.' She's right. Life in the United States is emotionally drab and lacking in the esthetic values that are the gift of the continental temperament."

The *Chicago Evening Post* regards Mrs. Glyn's jewels as paste. "Worldliness," we are told, "when it has the insouciance of an Oscar Wilde comedy, is a thing quite fascinating in its way—but from this cheap worldiness of a gimcrack Marchioness of Valmond, with her gimcrack coronet, we would wish to save even the prurient."

impecunious, travels in America in search for a wealthy spouse. He falls in love with Daphne Floyd, an orphan heiress with advanced views on marriage. "There's only one life," she exclaims, "and we don't mean to have that one spoiled. The old notions of marriage—your English notions," cries the girl, facing young Barnes, "make it tyranny. Why should people stay together when they see it's a mistake? We say everybody shall have their chance. And not one chance only but more than one. People find out in marriage what they couldn't find out before, and so—" "You let them chuck it just when they're tired of it?" laughs Barnes. "And what about the —" "The children," remarks Miss Floyd calmly. "Well, of course, that has to be considered carefully. But how can it do children any good to live in an unhappy home?"

\*MARRIAGE A LA MODE. Mrs. Humphry Ward. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Daphne reciprocates Roger Barnes' affection; they marry, and her money regilds the family mansion. But her self-assertion brings her in constant conflict with her mother-in-law, and estranges her neighbors. She is, moreover, furiously jealous, and constructs in the worst possible way the efforts of Roger's former innamorata to lure him back to his old allegiance. A nurse supplies false evidence of assignations, and Daphne now almost insane with suspicion, leaves her home in her husband's absence, carries off her child to America, and avails herself of our contradictory divorce laws to dissolve her marriage. The husband, being subject to English law, is not freed by his wife's emancipation. He succumbs to the blow, his health is shattered, and when, after the death of the child, the contrite wife returns to him, he argues with fatal force against the experiment of a reunion. Mrs. Ward's own views on the marriage question are presumed embodied in a letter written by a clergyman to one of the characters in the story. After noticing certain formidable statistics revealing the marital unrest in this country and dwelling on the somewhat curious fact that the women having divorced their husbands seldom marry again, the writer continues:

"It is not passion, therefore, that dictates many of these actions; no serious cause or feeling, indeed, of any kind; but rather an ever-spreading restlessness and levity, a readiness to tamper with the very foundations of society, for a whim, a nothing!—in the interests, often, of what women call their 'individuality!' No foolish talk here of being 'members one of another!' We have outgrown all that. The facilities are always there, and the temptation of them. 'The women—especially—who do these things,' my correspondent writes me, 'are moral anarchists. One can appeal to nothing; they acknowledge nothing. Transformations infinitely far-reaching and profound are going on among us.' 'Appeal to nothing!' And this said of women, by a woman! It was of men that a Voice said long ago: 'Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you to put away your wives'—just such grounds, apparently—trivial and cruel pretexts—as your American courts admit. 'But I say unto you!—I say unto you!' . . . Well, I am a Christian priest, incapable, of course, of an unbiassed opinion. My correspondent tries to explain the situation a little by pointing out that your women in America claim to be the superiors of your men, to be more intellectual, better mannered, more refined. Marriage disappoints or disgusts them, and they impatiently put it aside. They break it up, and seem to pay no penalty. But you and I believe that they will pay it!—that there are divine

avenging forces in the very law they tamper with—and that, as a nation, you must either retrace some of the steps taken, or sink in the scale of life."

The English reviewers regard Mrs. Ward's novel on the whole in a favorable light. Daphne, the *London Bookman* asserts, is not one of the most charming, but she is certainly one of the most vitally and vividly human women Mrs. Ward has ever fashioned in any of her books. *The Spectator* confesses its uncertainty as to how Mrs. Ward's indictment will be received in America. "In view of the high motive, and the good will of the writer, her sincere admiration of a kindred race, and her strenuous efforts to hold the balance fairly between the representatives of the conflicting ideals," the reviewer asserts, "we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel will excite resentment or indignation."

But *The Spectator* seems to have underrated our sensibility to criticism from without. *The Independent* speaks of the novel as being "too offensive and bigoted so as not to attract attention. In it will be found the least flattering, most insulting estimate of American womanhood that has yet been offered to the public." To quote further:

"The reader of 'Marriage à la Mode' should look through a few columns of the divorce proceedings in the *London Times*. He will find it unpleasant, because it publishes details which the yellowest journal in America would not dare print, but he will also see the workings of the legal system which Mrs. Ward prefers to ours. In short, she regards the American marriage laws as unjust and immoral, and we are equally convinced that the British marriage laws are unjust and immoral."

The *Boston Transcript* subtly selects another point of attack. Mrs. Ward, we are told, has done her work so vigorously and with such a determination to compel the world to listen to her message that she has written something that is half tract and half novel, that abounds in sensational excess, and that would do credit to the melodramatic powers of Hall Caine or of Marie Corelli. Mr. H. W. Boynton detects in Mrs. Ward's treatment of her subject a shrill note not to have been predicted of her, which her admirers on either side of the ocean must deplore. We cannot help feeling that national prejudice colors the general condemnation of Mrs. Ward's novel by her American critics.



MYSTERY enshrouds the authorship of one of this season's most prominent novels. There are many hypotheses as to the sex and literary status of the novelist in question, but Harper Brothers maintain the inscrutability of Buddha in answer to all suggestions. Aside from

THE INNER SHRINE the adventitious importance derived from the clever exploitation of the anonymity of the author, "The Inner Shrine"\* is a creditable performance. The atmosphere of the novel is reminiscent of Mrs. Wharton. Diane, the heroine, is a social butterfly in gay Paris. She flirts with an abandon that would not be countenanced in America, without, however, actually disgracing herself. But her name is blackened by a Marquis de Bienville whose attentions she has derided. Her husband in a duel for her honor raises the pistol against himself and falls by his own hand. The motive for his action is not his belief in the calumny, but the impending wreck of his financial fortunes. Diane goes to America practically penniless, to earn her own living in the household of Dereck Pruyn, a Knickerbocker and a man of wealth and social distinction. Pruyn falls in love with her, but the Frenchman has followed her across the ocean. He repeats his slanders, and the old lie finally deprives her of friends, home and lover. In the end, however, the calumny rebounds upon the Frenchman himself.

Pruyn now implores Diane's forgiveness. He asks her to marry him, but she refuses. He has proved his love in many ways, but the magic word has not escaped his lips. "But, Diane," he exclaims, puzzled, "I love you."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Tell you, Diane? What was the use of telling you—when you knew? My life has been open for you to look into as you would."

"Yes, but not to go into. There's only one key that unlocks the inner shrine of all—the word you've just spoken. A woman knows nothing until she hears it."

"He looked at her with the air of a man getting strange information."

"Well," he said, after a long pause, "you've heard it. So what—now?"

"Now I am willing to say that I love you."

"Oh, but I knew that already, he returned. A man doesn't need to be told what he can see. What I want to learn is, not what you feel, but what you'll do."

"If you insist on my telling you that," she said, glancing up at him shyly, "I'll say that—since the inner shrine is unlocked—at last—I'll go in."

The litany of guesses as to the author, Edwin Markham informs us, includes the names of Margaret Deland, W. J. Locke, May Sinclair, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Gilbert Parker, Alice Brown and others. "It seems to me," the poet asserts in the *New York American*, "that Edith Wharton is the fictionist who has the accurate inside knowledge of French and Knickerbocker society which is possessed by the writer of this clever tale." The literary editor of the *Record-Herald* (Chicago) indorses this view. "I should not like to stake all my millions on this guess," this evidently plutocratic reviewer asserts, "but certainly if Mrs. Wharton were to invent a highly dramatic plot and 'let herself go' in a popular treatment of it, she would be one of the very few American novelists who could make so good a story of it as 'The Inner Shrine.'" The assumption has been that only an old hand could write so finished a story; but, insists the *Globe* (New York), it is easier to say what some known person could do than what an unknown could not do. "Whoever wrote it, within its scope, 'The Inner Shrine' is a well-nigh perfect story. It is a pure story, pure novel—no muck-raking, no problem, no politics, no purpose, no padding. The author's methods are direct, dramatic."

Gertrude Atherton, in a vivacious letter to the *New York Times*, protests against the over-praise bestowed by indiscriminating reviewers upon conventional fiction. "The Inner Shrine," she upholds, is a rattling good story—no more. Its careful writing is seasoned with epigrams; it is rapid in movement, with an abundance of dramatic situations; it has a society flavor and a happy ending. But why, she asks, call it "great"? She goes on to say:

"I will venture to guess that 'The Inner Shrine' is by a playwright, for it is constructed on the lines of the drama, and can be turned into dramatic form with little of the agonies which must beset playwrights when transposing most best sellers into plays. But here again all the puppets are pulled about to fit the various dénouements, therefore it is not a work of art, for it purports to be a novel, and if the imagined story is not logical, and not written along the lines of life, it is unworthy of being called anything but a good yarn. A good yarn exactly describes 'The Inner Shrine'; but the rhetoric invoked in its booming leaves nothing to be said for good novels when they do appear, and retard the cultivation of the reader."

\* THE INNER SHRINE. Harper and Brothers.



# BULLETIN OF LATEST BOOKS

**To Our Readers:** With this issue we inaugurate a new department, which is especially started for our readers' benefit. This department is a "Bulletin of Latest Books." We include all of the latest publications offered by the several publishers, and we believe it will be of special interest to you.

You will find each book arranged alphabetically by name, but should you desire to ascertain whether your favorite author has a late publication, this you can readily settle by running down the list of authors' names on the right-hand side of the page.

We shall be glad to furnish such further information regarding any book in which you are interested upon request to the address below. In fact, it is our desire to co-operate most fully in giving you the benefit of our close connections with all of the publishers. We only ask in return that you will carefully examine the list as presented to you from month to month.

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A fascinating, dramatic novel of action, picturing as never before the big problem of the American girl.  
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### WOMAN IN QUESTION, THE

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Mr. Scott's latest novel is distinctly modern in tone and theme. He has remained home in America and has woven his story in and around Fairlawn Hall, an old mansion with a marvellous garden, where the new master comes to find mystery, misfortune and love awaiting him.  
Colored illustrations by Underwood, \$1.50.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

(Continued from page 222.)

ever-present baby—trying to purchase a blouse or skirt, shoes, underwear or hat that “would do,” please the child and “last well,” all for one-third the money necessary to buy comfortably an article with only one of the foregoing qualities. She had developed, with painful ingenuity, as Cecile had grown up, a corresponding ability to cope with longer skirts, jackets, even raincoats and caps. Her scanty means had been drained by the experimental changes of text-books of succeeding state superintendents, her limited diplomacies taxed to keep peace between an ordinarily restless child and the score or so of teachers of differing ideals and tempers who had encountered Cecile from the primary to the high school. All, she might have said, had come to her mill.

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“Yes, dearie?”

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—*Harper’s Magazine*.



MYSTERY enshrouds the authorship of one of this season's most prominent novels. There are many hypotheses as to the sex and literary status of the novelist in question, but Harper Brothers maintain the inscrutability of Buddha in answer to all suggestions. Aside from

THE INNER SHRINE the adventitious importance derived from the clever exploitation of the anonymity of the author, "The Inner Shrine"\* is a creditable performance. The atmosphere of the novel is reminiscent of Mrs. Wharton. Diane, the heroine, is a social butterfly in gay Paris. She flirts with an abandon that would not be countenanced in America, without, however, actually disgracing herself. But her name is blackened by a Marquis de Bienville whose attentions she has derided. Her husband in a duel for her honor raises the pistol against himself and falls by his own hand. The motive for his action is not his belief in the calumny, but the impending wreck of his financial fortunes. Diane goes to America practically penniless, to earn her own living in the household of Dereck Pruyn, a Knickerbocker and a man of wealth and social distinction. Pruyn falls in love with her, but the Frenchman has followed her across the ocean. He repeats his slanders, and the old lie finally deprives her of friends, home and lover. In the end, however, the calumny rebounds upon the Frenchman himself.

Pruyn now implores Diane's forgiveness. He asks her to marry him, but she refuses. He has proved his love in many ways, but the magic word has not escaped his lips. "But, Diane," he exclaims, puzzled, "I love you."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Tell you, Diane? What was the use of telling you—when you knew? My life has been open for you to look into as you would."

"Yes, but not to go into. There's only one key that unlocks the inner shrine of all—the word you've just spoken. A woman knows nothing until she hears it."

"He looked at her with the air of a man getting strange information."

"Well," he said, after a long pause, "you've heard it. So what—now?"

"Now I am willing to say that I love you."

"Oh, but I knew that already," he returned. A man doesn't need to be told what he can see. What I want to learn is, not what you feel, but what you'll do."

"If you insist on my telling you that," she said, glancing up at him shyly, "I'll say that—since the inner shrine is unlocked—at last—I'll go in."

The litany of guesses as to the author, Edwin Markham informs us, includes the names of Margaret Deland, W. J. Locke, May Sinclair, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Gilbert Parker, Alice Brown and others. "It seems to me," the poet asserts in the *New York American*, "that Edith Wharton is the fictionist who has the accurate inside knowledge of French and Knickerbocker society which is possessed by the writer of this clever tale." The literary editor of the *Record-Herald* (Chicago) indorses this view. "I should not like to stake all my millions on this guess," this evidently plutocratic reviewer asserts, "but certainly if Mrs. Wharton were to invent a highly dramatic plot and 'let herself go' in a popular treatment of it, she would be one of the very few American novelists who could make so good a story of it as 'The Inner Shrine.'" The assumption has been that only an old hand could write so finished a story; but, insists the *Globe* (New York), it is easier to say what some known person could do than what an unknown could not do. "Whoever wrote it, within its scope, 'The Inner Shrine' is a well-nigh perfect story. It is a pure story, pure novel—no muck-raking, no problem, no politics, no purpose, no padding. The author's methods are direct, dramatic."

Gertrude Atherton, in a vivacious letter to the *New York Times*, protests against the over-praise bestowed by indiscriminating reviewers upon conventional fiction. "The Inner Shrine," she upholds, is a rattling good story—no more. Its careful writing is seasoned with epigrams; it is rapid in movement, with an abundance of dramatic situations; it has a society flavor and a happy ending. But why, she asks, call it "great"? She goes on to say:

"I will venture to guess that 'The Inner Shrine' is by a playwright, for it is constructed on the lines of the drama, and can be turned into dramatic form with little of the agonies which must beset playwrights when transposing most best sellers into plays. But here again all the puppets are pulled about to fit the various dénouements, therefore it is not a work of art, for it purports to be a novel, and if the imagined story is not logical, and not written along the lines of life, it is unworthy of being called anything but a good yarn. A good yarn exactly describes 'The Inner Shrine'; but the rhetoric invoked in its booming leaves nothing to be said for good novels when they do appear, and retard the cultivation of the reader."

\* THE INNER SHRINE. Harper and Brothers.



(Continued from page 222.)

ever-present baby—trying to purchase a blouse or skirt, shoes, underwear or hat that “would do,” please the child and “last well,” all for one-third the money necessary to buy comfortably an article with only one of the foregoing qualities. She had developed, with painful ingenuity, as Cecile had grown up, a corresponding ability to cope with longer skirts, jackets, even raincoats and caps. Her scanty means had been drained by the experimental changes of text-books of succeeding state superintendents, her limited diplomacies taxed to keep peace between an ordinarily restless child and the score or so of teachers of differing ideals and tempers who had encountered Cecile from the primary to the high school. All, she might have said, had come to her mill.

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—*Harper’s Magazine*.

# Humor of Life

## LO, THE POOR EMPLOYER

"How many people work in your office?" asked one city man of another.

"Oh, I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them," was the reply.—*London Tit-Bits.*

## REMINGTON'S VERDICT

Frederick Remington, the illustrator, fresh from a Western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor as they were coming out. "Didn't you like them?"

Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then: "Like 'em? Say! I've got two maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can knit better pictures than those!"—*Everybody's.*

## HE LIKED IT STRAIGHT

"Intemperance," said Horace Bixey, the oldest Mississippi pilot, "is what killed most of us off. Once we fished out a passenger who had been soaking in the river for half an hour. When the whiskey was brought, the victim's lips moved slightly, and I stooped to get his last words.

"'Roll me on a bar'l fust and gr some o' this water out,' he said faintly. 'It'll weaken the licker.'"—*Success.*

## HOW SHE SANG

A maid was brushing her mistress's hair when she mentioned that she had heard Miss Evans sing in the parlor the night before.

"And how did you like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, mum!" answered the maid, "it wuz beautiful! She sung just as if she wuz gargling!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

## OVERHEARD AT THE PLAY

"This play in its intensity," said the go-out-between-the-acts young man, "fairly takes my breath away."

"I only wish it would!" gloomily remarked the lady in the next seat.

## HOW'S THIS FOR MUD?

Of all the yarns that ever came down the line, regarding deep mud, the following should be entitled to the blue ribbon. It happened in the place where mud originated.

A man was walking along the roadside one summer day and noticed a fairly good looking hat out in the road. Reaching out with his cane, he gave it a cut and was startled to hear a voice exclaim: "Here, what the deuce are you doing?"

Then he made the astonishing discovery that the owner of the head-piece was under the hat, up to his ears in mud.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the man who had hit the hat. "Is that mud as deep as that?"

"Deep!" cried the victim. "Why, man alive, I'm standing on a load of hay!"—*Lippincott's.*



THE QUARREL

—*Harper's Bazar.*

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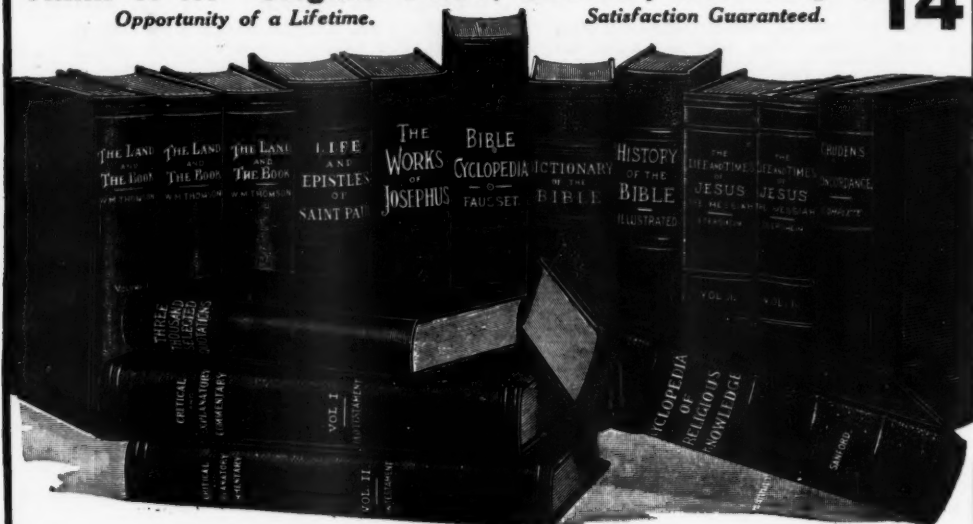
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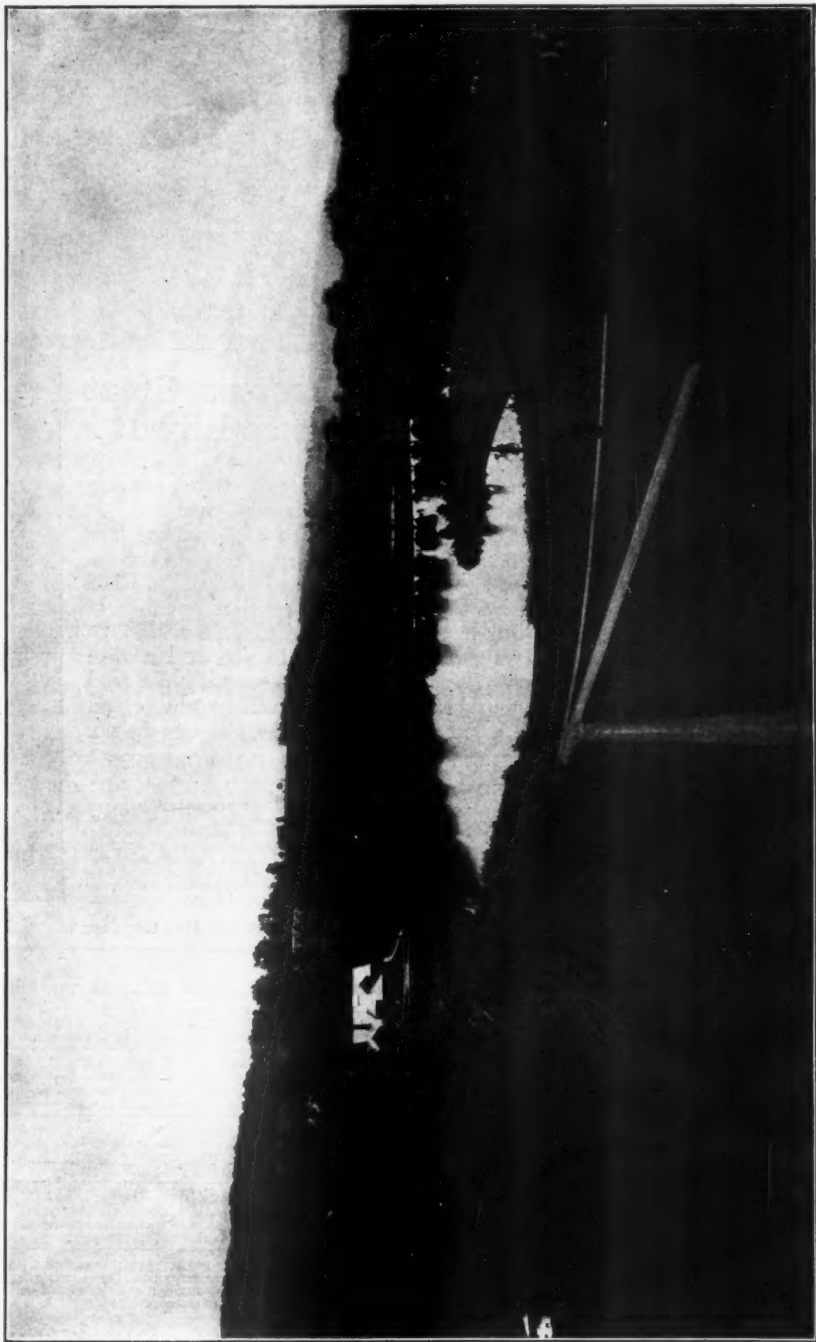
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THE LAKE ON THE CAMPUS, COLGATE COLLEGE, HAMILTON, N. Y.

# College Training As A Foundation For Success

BY VINCENT BARRETT FISK

A FEW years ago a young man came to his uncle, a prominent professor of chemistry, for advice. The young man said, "I desire to be a physician, and I want to go by the shortest possible course to my goal. I feel that it is necessary for me to get out into the world, win success and a fortune." The young man had just completed his High School course and desired to enter the Medical School in the University where his uncle occupied a professor's chair. The uncle said, "Follow my advice and you will in the long run win the largest success and far greater financial wealth than would be possible by your plan. First, take a full course in college, then the full medical course, then spend one year in hospital practice, and finally spend one or two years in the Old World specializing in some particular branch of medicine. If you do this, you will before the close of the first year of practice be earning money at the rate of \$10,000 a year and be on the sure road to lasting success."

It is an axiom proved a thousand times that sound training cannot be secured by short-cut courses. The failures about us may frequently be explained by the fact that men have sought immediate success without taking the necessary plodding steps to reach it. The rule for the man who would attain lasting success in any line is thoroughness in training, and exceptions to the rule do not count. The career that rises to sudden brilliancy like a rocket may as quickly drop into obscurity. At the very entrance to their courses colleges recognize that short-cut preparation will not do, and they demand from those seeking admission not simply that they shall have passed an examination in given subjects but that these subjects shall have been studied for a certain number of years. For example, English for entrance must represent five periods of recitation each week for three years, or three periods of recitation each week for four years. Time is essential to thoroughness.

For practical efficiency in modern life, specialization is essential, but specialization without breadth of foundational training means narrowness, lack of grasp and, in the end, far less of reward and success than would otherwise be possible. Time spent in making foundations broad and deep is never lost, no matter from what standpoint you view it.

Thoroughness of fundamental training characterizes the best professional education today. The leading Law and Medical Schools are beginning to demand a college degree for entrance to their courses and some of the best Engineering Schools are making equivalent demands.

The thoughtful young man, therefore, will not stop at the close of his High School course, nor will he go directly from High School into the professional or technical school. He will take the full college course, and then the professional or technical, neglecting nothing in a complete, well rounded training. The natural result of such training is far greater success than comes to the superficially trained, and when success comes with such a foundation it is lasting.

So long as there are professional schools which admit men without college training there will be thoughtless young men who will believe that college training possesses no particular value for them. The thoughtless student of medicine will continue to think that Biology, Chemistry, Materia Medica, Pathology and kindred subjects are the only subjects that are vital to a successful career in medicine. But,

more and more, thoughtful men will include the college training before beginning professional or technical studies. They will choose a College whose intellectual and spiritual ideals are high, a College of democratic spirit, where character and real worth rather than wealth dominate the social life. It must have been men trained in such a college that the Governor of one of our States had in mind recently when he said: "Into the hands of the college man are given the keys of life."

The higher and finer aspects of college life are not to be realized in the teeming universities, but rather in the smaller college, where the student and professor come into close personal fellowship and where, in a choice community, the great ideals of character, of efficiency, of honor and of culture can come to the flower of manhood.

Colgate, at Hamilton, N. Y., is a college with such aims and ideals. Founded eighty-nine years ago by the prayers and gifts of earnest men, she has been true through all these years to the vision of her mission as then conceived. She has sent forth great numbers of young men strong in character, trained in mind and heart for life with its duties, its opportunities and its privileges. She has sent forth men prepared to be greater than their work, broader than their daily toil—men who contribute something vital to the larger life of the world and civilization.

The Colgate of today is rich in splendid traditions, traditions that mean much to the undergraduate in the formation of character, traditions that he learns lovingly to cherish and that finally send him out strong, determined not only to *do* but to *be*.

The institution has kept pace with educational progress and her fine plant is fully equipped for efficient work. The library occupies a building erected at a cost of \$150,000.00. There are some 52,000 volumes and the collection is constantly growing. In this building are also the administrative offices. The physical and biological laboratory was recently erected at a cost of nearly \$100,000.00, and is thoroughly furnished with the best modern apparatus. The central portions of the two upper floors are arranged in circular corridors occupied by the museum and the various collections of the university. These collections are extensive and touch every branch of the laboratory study. They are not provided for exhibition purposes only, but for the use of the student in securing by actual contact and examination first hand knowledge of the subject studied.

The chemical laboratory was recently enlarged at a cost of \$40,000. and is now one of the best for its purpose to be found. On the first floor is a laboratory for Organic Chemistry, on the second floor are the quantitative and qualitative laboratories, while the third floor is occupied with lecture rooms, private laboratories, instructors' offices, etc.

There is a large modern gymnasium equipped with the best apparatus, with swimming pool, bowling alleys, batting cage, etc. On the campus is a quarter-mile cinder track of modern construction. Besides the buildings described, there are others to the number of twelve, on a campus of 225 acres, constituting the material equipment of this progressive College.

The campus is one of the most beautiful in the country, stretching as it does from the edge of the village of Hamilton, which lies in the valley, nearly to the crest of the hill above. Nature and art have combined to make the campus what it is to the eye, and hallowed associations have added their dear charm to its tiny lake, its shaded walks, its grassy slopes and classic halls for all who have spent their college days there. It speaks well for the college that active alumni associations are today scattered all the way from New England to the Rocky Mountains.

But magnificent material equipment alone does not make a great college. Other elements already hinted at are needed,—the elements that powerfully mould men intellectually and morally. Colgate takes high rank intellectually. Her faculty is composed of men widely recognized for their scholarship, men who are authors of

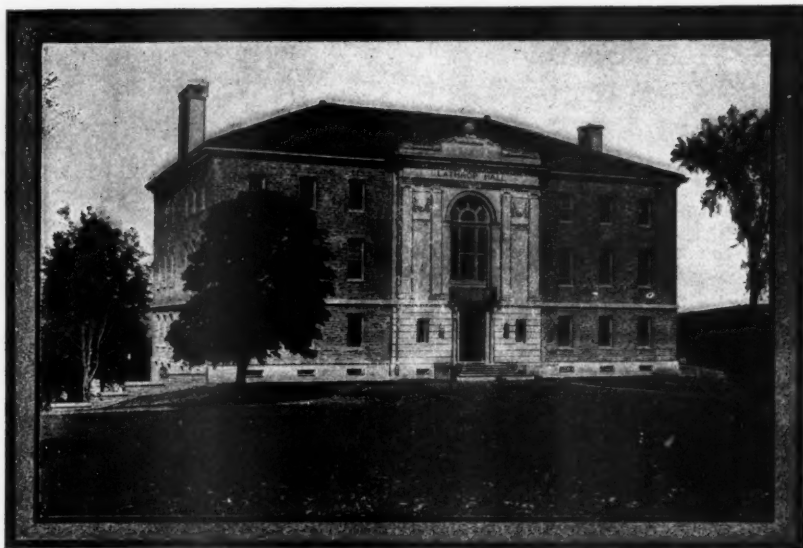




LIBRARY READING ROOM

books used in other colleges; and these men come into close personal relations with the student, directing his energies into wise channels. In other ways also the high scholastic standards of the school are maintained. The elective system in many schools has gone too far. Men carry a large number of subjects at one time, making concentration of attention difficult and tending to superficial study. While recognizing the value of election of subjects within proper limits, Colgate has arranged her schedule of recitations so that a student will carry only three different subjects during a given semester. Experience has proved that finer scholarship is developed if three five-hour subjects are pursued during a given semester rather than five three-hour subjects. Thus while not losing the value of a wide range of subjects in different semesters, the limiting of the number of subjects in any given semester secures greater concentration.

A college possesses what a university never attains—close personal associations. This characteristic, which so sharply distinguishes the college from the university, is, as one great educator puts it, “the most precious and the most potent influence in college life.” The college, with its community of life and interest, is a place of sane, wholesome fellowship and around this life many of the finer qualities of manhood are developed. Loyalty, comradeship, enthusiasm, altruism and high ideals of honor grow strong in a college like Colgate, and the eyes of the old graduates grow moist as they recall how in the old days they stood together through victory and defeat in forum and field. In this college life, as distinct from the



PHYSICAL AND BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

classroom drill, many a young man has first "found himself," learned properly to gauge his own powers and to understand his own character. Here he learns the important lessons taught by team work, merging his own individuality in a common cause, responding to a common enthusiasm, subordinating himself to the needs of an organized effort.

It is the opening of the Fall semester. Work on the hill has not yet fully begun, and the incoming students gather with interest along the side lines of the Foot Ball Field to watch their heroes at early practice. There may be seen grave upper class men who speak with conviction about matters athletic. Green capped freshmen, also much in evidence, hang upon their words and look with longing upon the brawny forms in uniform. Later, as the season progresses, an air of greater seriousness comes over the squad. It is reflected in the faces of the boys on the side lines, and with loyal interest they gather daily during practice, in sunshine or storm, to sing and cheer themselves hoarse in support of the team.

It is this unity, this devoted support, which has made Colgate teams largely what they are. For years she has played Cornell, Syracuse and West Point on nearly equal terms. In the Fall of 1905, the entire student body accompanied the team to Syracuse, confident of victory. It was a mighty team and well trained. The game was hard fought, but the fates were against Colgate. Despite defeat by a score of 11 to 5, the student body arose as one man, giving cheer after cheer for their team. The spirit had been high during the contest, but the very climax of loyalty was reached in the songs and cheers that followed defeat. No one who was in the marching, cheering throng that night, as down the city streets it went, will ever forget the deep steady undercurrent of loyal devotion which glowed in his heart as he marched and sang. To be loyal in defeat is greater than to be loyal in victory. This is fellowship, this is college spirit. It enlarges the heart, kills snobishness and brings in true democracy. This spirit is present in the college not

only on the football field but in classes, in debates, in club life and everywhere in the college community. And it goes out into the world with the college man to make him loyal to his ideal and brave in defeat.

There are a few words more regarding Colgate life and ideals which are needed to complete what has already been said. Strict honor characterizes her life in all her activities. No student can play on any athletic team or belong to any musical, dramatic or other organizations unless he is carrying the full number of hours

of recitation and study required of all other students; and if he falls behind in any subject he is debarred from further participation in these student organizations until the Registrar's books show he has made up his deficiencies.

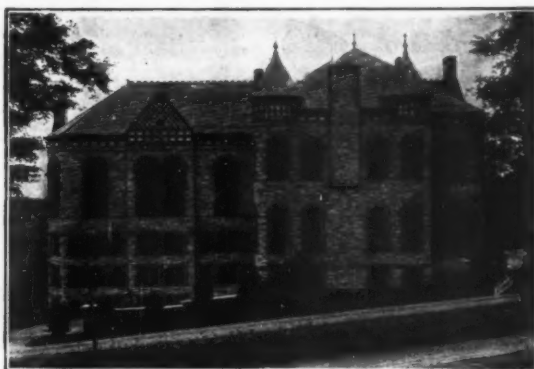
It is a matter of great pride among Colgate students and faculty that no athlete has ever been paid either directly or indirectly for services on her teams. There is no such thing as commercial athletics at Colgate. Every player must be a *bona fide* student carrying as severe a schedule of studies as any fellow student, and clearly and honestly entitled to amateur standing in athletics. Such a code of honor lends real value to victories and gives true ground for loyal support when a hard fought game ends in defeat. There is no dishonor in defeat under such conditions.

The honor system is used in examination, and the students themselves, through their honor committees, ask the faculty to separate from the college any man found cheating in examination. Thirty cash prizes are bestowed each year for various forms of academic and forensic excellence.

Colgate is a college with adequate equipment in libraries, in laboratories, in gymnasium and in other buildings needful for the best work; she possesses a faculty of strong personality, of recognized scholarship widely known by the books they have written; she is characterized by high ideals that make for the best development of sturdy manhood; she possesses the prestige of a splendid history combined with a

progressive spirit. College training in a school like this lays broad and deep the foundation for true success in life. It helps a man not only to "make a living," but, what is far more important, to "make a life."

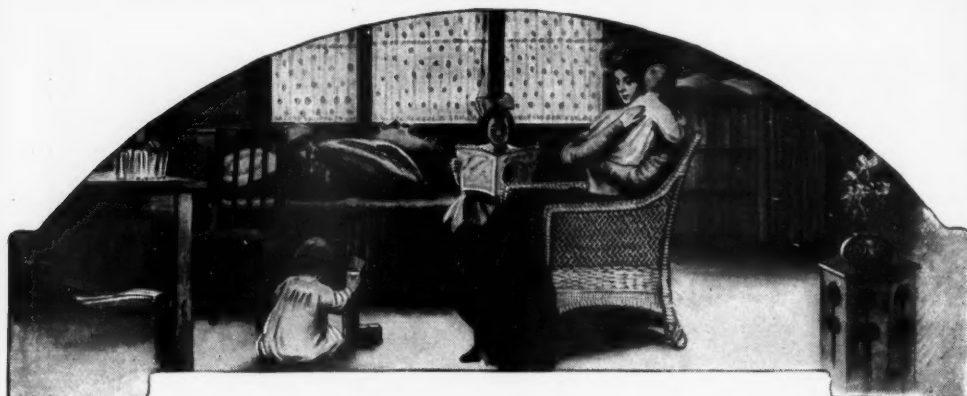
Any young man contemplating a college course or any parent about to send his son to college should write the Registrar, Colgate College, Hamilton, N. Y., for complete information about this splendid institution.



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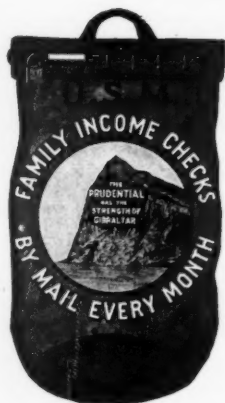
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#### BLERIOT'S INVASION OF ENGLAND

Louis Bleriot, the French aeronaut, is here shown on his way across the Channel in the celebrated monoplane which carried him from the immediate vicinity of Calais, France, to the meadow outside Dover. The French warship which followed him and aboard which his wife watched his progress until he was carried out of sight, did not afford Bleriot the least assistance.